

# Hermann Goering: D.34 THE MAN AND HIS WORK

*THE ONLY AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY*

*By*  
ERICH GRITZBACH

*Translated from the German by*  
*Gerald Griffin*

With a Preface by R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART



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## PREFACE

IT is a long-standing grievance of every German Nazi that his Party leaders have been subject to misrepresentation in Britain. To-day, the grievance has become an obsession. It is exaggerated, but it is not wholly unfounded. There have been many wild stories in the British Press about the Nazi leaders. There have been too many unnecessary insults, and, as Lord Hewart has rightly said, insults cause more wars than injuries. Since all forms of misrepresentation, including misrepresentation of what we dislike, are harmful to international relations, I welcome the decision to publish an English translation of Herr Gritzbach's life of Hermann Goering.

I doubt if the average Englishman possesses anything like a true picture of the personality and character of Herr Hitler's chief assistant. I remember at least one book which portrayed him as a man whose hands were dripping with blood. His physical bulk, his extravagance, and his love of uniforms have made him an easy target for the caricaturists, and from their barbed shafts he has not escaped lightly. In the minds of the average Englishman General Goering is probably fixed as a cross between a brutal tyrant and a festive Falstaff with a private wardrobe as large as that of the late Marquess of Anglesey.

How far Herr Gritzbach's biographical study will correct these false impressions is a matter for conjecture. But the book must be read. It is of prime importance as a study of present-day German mentality.

Herr Gritzbach is General Goering's personal chief of staff. His book which has received the official imprimatur of the Nazi Party has had a very large sale in Germany. It is written in that spirit of hero-worship which to-day pervades the German atmosphere. In all probability its superlatives will afford fresh scope for jest and for attack to

the General's enemies in this country. The laudatory references to the early development of Goering's racial consciousness and to his anti-Semitic activities in his school-boy days will be repellent to most people. And in a minor degree there will be a similar reaction to the casuistry employed to explain the General's views on law and justice. These views can be summarized in the aphorism: 'The people were made before the law' which is merely our old friend 'My country right or wrong' in another form.

There are other revelations which in a propagandist book would be regarded by the youngest newspaperman as bad propaganda. But Herr Gritzbach is not a deliberate propagandist. His book is written with that grim earnestness which is to-day the chief characteristic of the new generation in Germany. And what stands out behind the glamour and the hero-worship is the achievement of Goering himself.

Whatever views one may hold of Nazi-ism in general and of Goering in particular, there is no denying that in the new Nazi Germany he has accomplished much. Doubtless, he has been greatly aided by the all-powerful propaganda machine which has helped to create the Goering legend. But when every disparaging allowance has been made, the achievement stands out as truly remarkable. Herr Gritzbach calls his hero Hitler's paladin whose strength is derived from 'the boundless love, the profound respect, and the unshakable trust which bind him to his Fuehrer.' What is true is that ever since that day in 1922, when the two men found themselves standing side by side at a meeting in Munich, Goering has been Herr Hitler's man of action. Entrusted by the Fuehrer with the task of forming the first Brownshirt battalions, he has been in the front line since the beginning of the Nazi movement. Wounded in the war by an English airman, he received a second machine-gun bullet in the ill-fated November Putsch of 1923 when he was standing in front of Herr Hitler. He is the creator of the Gestapo and of the German Air Force. He suppressed with energetic ruthlessness the Roehm-Streicher revolt. When the German warship *Deutschland* was bombed by Spanish Government aeroplanes, the Fuehrer telegraphed

for Goering who was then absent from Berlin. No action was taken until the paladin had reached the capital with a characteristic dash by air. The bombardment of the defenceless Spanish town which followed the attack on the *Deutschland* was undertaken on Goering's recommendation. To-day, when the Fuehrer tends more and more to withdraw to his mountain fastness in Berchtesgaden, it is Goering who acts as his representative in Berlin, who receives the foreign diplomatists, who undertakes the special power politics missions abroad, and who conducts the current affairs of Germany.

These examples of Goering's dynamic energy will not appeal to all British people. As a man of action he has no sympathy with the dilatoriness of democracy. In the eyes of his countrymen he stands as the active champion of Western civilization against Bolshevism. The knight-errant obviously regrets that he has few supporters in Britain, but, according to Herr Gritzbach, he has found one. This is Mr. Lloyd George, who is quoted as saying: "Through her defence and her attack in the Communist question Germany has indeed saved the culture of the world from the downfall which threatened it."

Goering's ruthlessness in action may be ascribed to the fact that he is, first and foremost, a soldier. As a boy he played with soldiers. He made his parents take him away from school in order to be a soldier. To-day at his home at Karin Hall he has a wonderful model railway six hundred yards long, and here for the benefit of his nephews and his own enjoyment he stages marvellously realistic sham-fights with tin-soldier armies complete with artillery, tanks, and aeroplanes. He talks like a soldier. On occasions, like most ex-soldiers, he can express his disbelief in the utility of war. Then almost in the same breath he can say: "Germany's air force is not made for parades."

"An upright soldier with the heart of a child," Herr Gritzbach calls him, and in all truth there is something of the child in Goering's character. He is a bundle of contradictions. He is a passionate shot who loves to fill his various homes with trophies of the chase. Yet he has a genuine love

of animals. His favourite pet is a lion-cub. He abolished vivisection in Germany. Merciless towards what he calls traitors, that is, opponents of the Nazi régime, he is capable of acts of magnanimity. It was on his initiative and under his signature that the two big amnesties were granted to political prisoners. He is a generous spender. He is fond of children.

Other good deeds which may be set to his credit are his order forbidding the singing of the stupid anti-French song 'Siegreich wollen wir Frankreich schlagen', his constant readiness to assume responsibility for the mistakes of his subordinates, and his willingness to protect anyone who has served him well. Although Herr Gritzbach does not touch on this subject, Goering's protection has been extended to more than one man whose blood is not purely Aryan.

Partly, because he comes from a different class than the majority of the Nazi leaders (his father was a German diplomatist) and, partly, because he seems to like his creature comforts too much, these qualities of Goering have made him popular with many Germans whose Nazi sympathies are not excessive. Like Cæsar they regard a fat man as not too dangerous. They hope that Goering will modify his Nazi-ism.

This attitude is based, I think, on a delusion. Goering is a natural child of the Nazi movement. The exceptional place which he holds in Herr Hitler's affection is due not only to his personal services to his Fuehrer, but also in a very high degree to his perfervid loyalty to the Nazi cause. He may have much of the narrowness of the German soldier, but he has also a soldier's horror of treachery. He is certainly no doctrinaire, and mysticism is wholly foreign to his character. But as long as his Fuehrer lives he will not go back on his impulsive vow: "What I am, I am only through the Fuehrer; whatever comes to me, I shall receive it only from the hands of Adolf Hitler."

Goering's future is difficult to predict. He is only forty-six. How long will that massive figure support the strain of short sleep and long hours of tireless energy? When will the dynamic force and the capacity for quick decision begin

to sag? Courage, energy, quick decision : these form the keystone of Goering's success. Above all, quick decision. In this respect, more even than Herr Hitler himself, he is the exponent of the Fuehrer's dictum : 'The others (i.e. the democratic countries) plan, we act.' And this capacity to act has made him to-day the most popular figure, after Herr Hitler himself, in the new Germany.

Englishmen who may be described as sentimental pro-Nazis are fond of saying that the Germans are more like us than any other nation. This is, at best, a half-truth. The gulf in mentality between Britain and the new Germany is wide. I give only one instance : the difference between the photographers' shop-windows in London and Berlin. In Bond Street the windows are full of charming debutantes, whose lips are generously daubed with lipstick, and of good-looking young men. In Unter den Linden and the Leipzigerstrasse huge photographs of Nazi leaders and of stern, monocled German generals dominate the whole lay-out. It is a difference in hero-worship. In Germany the gods of the public are the men of action.

A belief in hero-worship and in his own particular hero ! This is the leitmotiv of Herr Gritzbach's book. Between panegyrics he gives many interesting details of Goering's career. One piece of information may be new to most British people. Goering's father, seconded from the German Foreign Office, was the first Governor of German South-West Africa and the virtual creator of the colony. One of Goering's sisters was born there. The father left Africa two years before Hermann's birth. Otherwise, like Hess, Rosenberg, Darré, and other Nazi leaders, the paladin himself might have seen the light of day outside of Germany. Nevertheless, the family connection with Africa has given Goering a special interest in the colonial question. It is an interest with which Britain, sooner rather than later, will have to reckon.

It is always a mistake to underestimate a friend or an enemy. If we wish to understand the new Germany, we shall do well to take Herr Gritzbach's book with some seriousness. We shall do well to bear in mind that, if Nazi

methods are unfathomable to us, they are accepted by, and are apparently palatable to, the vast majority of the young men and women of Germany. Above all, we shall do well to put out of our minds the Goering of the caricatures, the fat man who changes his uniform six times a day, who gives fantastic shooting-parties, and who provides cheap stories to foreign journalists. These are the external weaknesses of the man, and it is to his credit that he makes no attempt to conceal them. It is his strength which we should study. It is as a soldier that he should and must be considered, and it is no exaggeration to say that by the youth of his own country he is regarded as a greater figure than any of the generals of the Great War.

He is, indeed, something more than a soldier. He is to-day a very considerable force for good or evil in the affairs of Europe. We shall do well to remember him as the man who, more even than Adolf Hitler, is responsible for the stupendous and disturbing increase in the military strength of Germany.

It is true that without Hitler Goering might have remained in obscurity. It is equally true that in Goering the Fuehrer found the hand which could forge his ideas and his wishes into deeds without fear and without hesitation.

In a world in which realities have to be faced--and this implies an honest attempt to bridge the gulf between British and Nazi mentalities--Goering might conceivably be a loyal friend. In more untoward circumstances he must be reckoned potentially as a ruthless and efficient enemy.

R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART.

## FOREWORD

A FEW days after he had been entrusted with the task of putting the Four Year Plan into execution, stacks of letters piled in gigantic heaps in the office of the Prime Minister, Field-Marshal Hermann Goering. They expressed the congratulations of thousands of people on the honourable task which the Fuehrer had entrusted to his most loyal paladin. These letters came from abroad, from the homes of German workmen, farmers, inventors, and industrialists—from all sections of the German people. There was a mighty echo of this latest testimony of confidence on the part of the Fuehrer—an echo that found expression not merely in letters to the Prime Minister himself, but also in numerous questions which were addressed to his most intimate fellow-workers. How was it possible, they asked, that a man like Hermann Goering, who had devoted his life and all his work to the Fuehrer and to the Third Reich, could also shoulder this colossal task in addition to all his other offices which entailed such great responsibilities? What was the programme for a working day in the life of Hermann Goering? How had he built up that colossal piece of machinery in all its ramifications, and by what means did he control that machinery?

In these days when an intimate sympathy with the tasks and the achievements of Hermann Goering has developed into a tide of testimonies of trust in him the idea developed of writing this book. His German fellow-citizens have a right to hear about the strenuous life of the man who stands by the side of his Fuehrer in a position of such great responsibility. The common destiny that binds loyal adherents to their leaders, which is the basis of German strength, will be the more close and the more personal, the more they all know one another mutually in good and evil days, in their greatness as well as in their petty human weaknesses.





WITH THE FUHRER

## JANUARY 30TH

**I**N front of the palace of the President of the Reich in the Wilhelmstrasse a dense mass of people had assembled. There they stood in silence—a veritable rampart of men, women, boys, and girls, waiting for the news that would symbolize their redemption. In their inmost souls they were anxiously wondering whether they would be once more disappointed or whether their fervent hopes would be fulfilled.

When the Fuehrer, accompanied by Hermann Goering, had entered the venerable field-marshal's residence shortly before 11 a.m., 10,000 hands were extended towards him with the Hitler salute. Since then they had waited there in motionless patience while the minutes dragged along seemingly endlessly. Those minutes seemed hours to the anxious spectators that hovered between fear and hope.

And then suddenly a thrill went through the crowd. Goering had just come out of the field-marshal's house, his face aglow.

"Hitler has been appointed Chancellor of the Reich," he shouted triumphantly, as he dashed for his car.

His announcement was greeted at first with hushed silence, followed by an outburst of tempestuous cheering.

"The Fuehrer is Chancellor of the Reich!" cried the people, embracing one another, and shaking hands while tears of joy flowed down their cheeks. They were all swept along by a tide of enthusiastic emotion, as they dashed down the street, young and old alike, to spread the joyful tidings and instil happiness into the hearts of others. They felt that with the appointment of Hitler as Chancellor fate had changed everything for the best.

"Let us hang out Hitler flags from every window!" they shouted gleefully. They felt now that the gate of freedom had been stormed—that it had at length given way to

the pressure of the brown and black battalions, who, undeterred by failure and persecution, had valiantly hurled themselves against it for thirteen long years. To them the resurrection after the long Calvary which the German people had trod—a Calvary more painful than any other nation had ever trod—was wonderfully glorious. Forgotten for ever were the oppression from foreigners and persecution by their fellow-citizens. They knew that one man alone held sway in Germany now—that the German people had only one leader.

After a very arduous ordeal Goering had swept aside the last stubborn stand of the nation's enemies, and was in a position, in the afternoon of January 29th to announce to the Fuehrer that the task had been completed in its main outlines, and that the time had come for his appointment as Chancellor of the Reich.

'That was decidedly Goering's most glorious moment,' wrote Goebbels later on in his book, *Vom Kaiserhof zur Reichskanzlei*. 'As the result of long years of exhausting work Goering had prepared the ground, both diplomatically and politically, for the Fuehrer. His prudence, his fearlessness, but above all else, his strength of character and his fidelity to the Fuehrer were genuine, unflinching, and admirable. His soul was wrung with anguish when, in the very thick of his difficult campaign, his beloved wife was snatched from his side by death. Yet never for a minute did he flinch, but continued grimly and resolutely on his path, an unswervingly faithful shield-bearer for the Fuehrer.

'And this upright soldier with the heart of a child has remained consistent in his loyalty. And to-day he stands before his Fuehrer and brings him the most joyful tidings of his lifetime.'

It was only his most intimate friends who were with the Fuehrer. They alone knew about the latest turn of events. For a long time they faced one another in silence, and then still silent they clasped hands. They asked themselves whether a miracle had happened after all the disappointments that an unremitting campaign of thirteen years had entailed. And were not their final doubts justified

when; on the evening of January 29th, new intrigues like the ghosts of the past loomed in the background? Schleicher had planned a systematic revolt, and steps were being taken to mobilize the Reichswehr in order to thwart the work of a constitutional form of government. And once more Hermann Goering burst through the meshes of the net, in which his enemies tried to entangle the Fuehrer. It was an ordeal to test iron nerves.

And now the task was accomplished. How strangely the wheel of fate had spun round! The multitude in front of the Kaiserhof had swelled to hundreds of thousands. They poured forth from all the side streets to see the Fuehrer. Inside the Kaiserhof, in the Fuehrer's room in which Goering had received many instructions from Adolf Hitler, his master extended his hand to him. That handclasp was more eloquent than words. It was the proudest hour of his life—that hour when the Fuehrer expressed to him his gratitude for his fidelity and his zest in the fray—that hour when Goering pledged himself anew to the Fuehrer for all his life.

Day merged into night as though the whole thing were a dream. The new cabinet was held at five o'clock. By the Fuehrer's side sat Goering—no longer Captain Goering, but Hermann Goering, Minister of the Reich and Minister of the Interior for Prussia, as well as Air Commissioner for the Reich. A thrill of joy went through the hearts of all his ministers, when Adolf Hitler now, for the first time, addressed them as Chancellor of the German Reich, explained to them his aims, and in a statesmanlike manner assigned his special task to each of them.

An hour later Hermann Goering was sitting in his office as Minister of the Interior for Prussia. He had lost no time in taking his stand at the tiller which he was henceforth to steer. That building was the ancient bastion from which the Red rulers had brought Prussia and the whole Reich to ruin. In that building a task surpassing that of Sisyphus awaited him, a task which he had to tackle even if the burden were greater than that which Atlas bore upon his shoulders. In that building was to be undertaken the stupendous work

of the political evolution of the nation, in that building stood the anvil on which the German iron had to be forged in the new mould into which Germany's future was to be cast. In that workshop he had been installed by the Fuehrer. That ancient house had a glorious heritage—a tradition which had been destroyed, and had to be rebuilt afresh. It had once been the home of the Prussian Military Academy, and now a soldier once more held sway within its walls.

A spirit of jubilation was abroad in the streets of Berlin. The first brown battalions were marching westward for the torchlight procession which was to be held at nightfall. Their songs of triumph echoed in the study of the new Minister of the Interior.

The first impression produced by the building was very depressing. The whole place seemed dead and desolate. Very few of the officials looked jubilant. Most of them looked very uncomfortable and uneasy. An 'Oberregierungsrat' and a 'Ministerialrat' presented themselves to their new chief for instructions.

"Let them wait," said Goering to his friend Koerner. He himself was just then absorbed in his new work.

He could see at the first glance that the task that he undertook was a difficult one. But the instructions that he gave the two officials for the following day's procedure showed clearly that a new spirit had entered the spirit of administration for which Freiherr von Stein had laid the foundation. And the following motto was devised in keeping with the new era: 'Service to Prussia is service for honour and is also service for the German Reich.'

At a late hour Hermann Goering left the office of his new ministry and went to see the Fuehrer.

Night had fallen, but the jubilation was still going on. A spirit of rejoicing had spread throughout all Germany. In the spacious grounds of the Tiergarten in Berlin the 'S.A.' and the 'S.S.,' the 'Steel Helmets' and the 'Fatherland Associations,' coming from all directions of the capital, had lined up in serried ranks for the torchlight procession. The thunderous booming of the drums reverberated from the direction of the Brandenburg Gate. As far as the eye

could reach dense masses of people swarmed in the Wilhelmstrasse and the Wilhelmplatz. So closely packed were they that there was not the tiniest gap in that dense mass of humanity through which a pin could drop to the ground, and the head of the column had just begun to debouch into the Wilhelmstrasse.

Deeply moved and elated at this demonstration given by a nation that had shaken off its fetters and was once more proud and happy, the venerable Field-Marshal stood at the window of the brilliantly illuminated old Reichskanzlei. In the adjoining building, the home of the new Reichskanzlei, at another window stood the man to whom an entire nation was demonstrating its profound gratitude, the man who had never shown any weakness throughout the bitter ordeal of his unflinching fight—the man who always held that standard aloft when weaker men wavered, the man who through weal and woe always remained faithful to his own pledge and faithful to his people, the leader of the German nation—Adolf Hitler, the Chancellor of the German Reich. And by his side stood Hermann Goering, and all his loyal lieutenants who had remained steadfast by his side during the fray.

‘Sturmabanns’ marched past in endless succession. In the vanguard were the old warriors, the ‘Holy Grail’ guardians of the National Socialist ideal—the rock on which the ‘Fuehrer’ had built his edifice. The Wilhelmstrasse rang under the tramp of the marching feet of the battalions that were proudly treading the path of their new-found freedom. And when the sound of their footsteps had died away, hundreds of thousands of people were still marching past the windows of the Reichskanzlei. They were inspired by a spirit that was unparalleled except in the days of the ‘Freedom Movement’ of 1813 and in those August days of 1914, when a nation had risen once more to defend all that was sacred to it.

For many years the clarion call of the National Socialists, ‘Germany Awake!’ had, day by day and night by night, endeavoured to arouse the spirit of Germany. And now Germany was awake, Hermann Goering stood by the

microphone of the 'Deutschlandsender' as the Fuehrer's ambassador, and his words rang out away beyond the boundaries of Germany over the wide world :

"January 30th, 1933, will be recorded in German history as the day when the nation was restored to glory once more, as the day when a new nation arose and swept aside all the anguish, pain, and shame of the last fourteen years. This is the day on which in the book of German history the chapter of those recent years of misery and degradation has been finished, and a new chapter has been started.

"And the motto of this chapter will be 'Freedom and Honour are the foundation-stones of the new State that is coming into being.' To-day we give thanks not merely to the leader of this great movement—we also thank the venerable Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, who has made a pact with the younger generation.

"There stands the renowned Field-Marshal of the World War, and by his side the young Fuehrer of Germany, who is about to lead the people and the Reich to a new and better era. May the German people herald this day as joyfully as it is heralded by the hundreds of thousands in front of these windows who are inspired by a new faith and look forward to a brighter future. And when that bright future dawns they will join hands once more. Confidence will be restored. And so we can now venture to hope that the future will bring us what we fought for in vain for a long time—bread and work for our fellow men, and freedom and glory for the nation."

(2)

Hermann Goering was unable to sleep all during that memorable night which followed the day of the birth of Germany's freedom. The experience he had gone through had been too tremendous. His exultation in having helped his beloved Fuehrer in his task had been too overwhelming. From the consciousness of having done their duty there is born among men of action a greater determination to fulfil the task for which they are destined. And his task was only

beginning at that moment. 'To work and fight and have faith' was Goering's motto during the fray. And now that the reconstruction of the German nation was beginning, that was to be the motto for his plan of action.

His thoughts went back to November 9th, 1923, when the Fuehrer took the fate of Germany in his hands—that day which should have wiped out the stain on Germany's honour, but on which instead her honour was still further tarnished by a grovelling democracy. Fate, providence, and the inscrutable will of God had decided otherwise. But it was all for the better in the long run. The people were not yet prepared. They had to drain the chalice of suffering to its last bitter dregs. And Hitler and his faithful henchmen, who in the process became as unyielding as steel, had to undergo the same ordeal. A shattered nation—a nation demoralized spiritually and materially—was destined to become strong again in the struggle, a new Reich was to be moulded.

And now those Governments had passed away which had brought ruin to Germany. They had defiled Germany's honour as well as Germany's culture and freedom. They had left a stain on Germany's history, but they had been unable to prevent the onward march of Germany's glorious future.

The process of reconstruction had to begin from the very foundations. Of that there could be no doubt. The force that would co-operate in that task was the army of a million German men which had grown from seven warriors to hundreds of warriors, and from hundreds to thousands and hundreds of thousands, and had continued to swell until it became the huge and mighty force that stands to-day behind Adolf Hitler.

As yet a considerable section of the people adopted an attitude of unsympathetic aloofness to the movement. What did they know of the Fuehrer's integrity of purpose? What did the world know of that movement which had taken Germany by storm? There was still a great gulf yawning between proletariat and *bourgeoisie*. The former were clamouring for Socialism—the latter for Nationalism. And



the two ideologies adopted a hostility to one another that was based on a fallacy. Goering decided for himself that night that the Germany people were brave, heroic, and industrious, as well as being honourable and passionately devoted to their freedom, and that all they needed was a form of leadership that would lead them aright. It was always the case in the history of the world that when the leadership of the people was sound, the people were likewise sound, because it was leadership alone that decided the fate of a nation. Solidarity of the people was not a chimera. It could and would become an actuality. Goering decided that the millions who had applauded Hitler that day must evolve into a united nation of 68,000,000 souls, with a common concept of life in which there would no longer be any room for class feud or class distinction. A new era of German history had dawned, over which in glowing letters the name of Adolf Hitler would be indelibly inscribed for all time.

## THE PRUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER AND THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

THE Fuehrer had decided that Goering should fly to Rome on a diplomatic mission. The start, which had been arranged for 8 a.m. on April 11th, 1933, was postponed. The engines, which had already started running, were stopped, as Goering had been summoned again to the presence of the Fuehrer, who had further special instructions for him. Half an hour later everything was ship-shape, and the JU 52 steered a straight course for Munich.

Until the plane reached the Brenner the sky was overcast. And then, all of a sudden, there was a rift in the clouds, and the sun shone out in all its glory. The Alpine landscape spread out beneath with its snow-capped peaks in the glorious sunshine. The spirits of Goering and his companions were wonderfully elated. They had a feeling that if their flight were to last for all eternity, every moment of it would be a thrilling experience.

At the airport in Rome the German colony, headed by the German Ambassador, Von Hassell, was waiting to receive them. He was holding in his hand a telegram from Germany addressed to 'Prime Minister Hermann Goering.'

The plane landed, and after greetings had been exchanged, Goering read the message from the Fuehrer :

'I appoint you Prime Minister of Prussia, and the appointment takes effect from this day. I request that you will take over the duties of your office in Berlin on April 20th. I feel happy to be able to give you this testimony of my confidence and of my gratitude for the great services which you have rendered for the regeneration of the German people during the course of over ten years as a champion of our movement for the victorious carrying out of the national revolution in your role as Minister of the Interior for Prussia.

and, last but not least of your services, for the whole-hearted loyalty with which you have joined your fate with mine.'

The little German colony in Rome greeted the visitors with hearty handshaking and cheers of welcome. The geniality of the reception found a responsive echo among the Italians in the airport. In no nation beyond the German frontiers was the appreciation of a conscientious discharge of duty better understood than in Italy. Fascism had also undergone a long period of bitter struggle. In the land of its birth there was also a lofty conception of the philosophy of the political fray.

The motor-cars moved slowly along the runway. But before his departure Goering had yet another duty to discharge—a duty in his role of Goering the soldier and Goering the statesman. He firmly gripped the hand of his old friend, Paul Koerner, who had always been his most devoted friend in times of direst stress. From that day forward that old fellow-campaigner who had shared his ideas and his ideals for many years was his most trusted counsellor and the Secretary of State to the Prussian Ministry. That he should receive that honour seemed just as much a matter of course as that twice two should make four. It was just loyal appreciation of loyal services.

Throughout Germany the newspapers in bold headlines announced the appointment of Goering as Prime Minister. Column after column extolled the services of the man on whom Adolf Hitler had conferred such signal honour. And it was not in Prussia alone, but also throughout all Germany, that the decision of the Fuehrer was greeted with jubilation. Every National Socialist knew that Germany's future was intimately bound up with the fate of Prussia. Every National Socialist was aware that at least a man was placed at the head of the Government of Prussia who was himself the very personification of the Prussian spirit, of the Prussian sense of duty, of the Prussian military spirit, and of Prussian ideals, and that he would grasp the tiller of the storm-battered ship of state firmly in his hands.

In the Palazzo Venezia, which was begirt with sturdy

ramparts full of historical associations, Goering had an interview that evening with Mussolini, the head of the Italian State.

At that moment the thoughts of both Mussolini and Goering were inspired by those lofty ideals which had their practical fulfilment for the first time in the year 1924. That was eight years previously. The Duce was then in the very throes of his colossal task, while Goering was the political fugitive, whose courage was fired by the feats and the ideals of triumphant Fascism.

"I heartily congratulate you, and I deem your Fuehrer lucky in having you by his side," said Mussolini, as they shook hands. Even in those far-off days one wonders whether they had already a premonition that the political fate of their respective nations would one day draw them more closely together.

Beginning on the following day, Goering gave a series of detailed statements in Rome about the German point of view. His task was an easier one than he had imagined it would be at the start. Goering had the advantage of knowing Mussolini personally. Balbo, the intrepid Air Minister of Italy, was his friend, and he had also spent many hours in intimate converse with other leaders of Fascism. In addition to this, the German and Italian nations had a great deal in common in their political outlook. And although National Socialism is somewhat different from Fascism, both ideologies have sprung from the same root, from the same intimate sense of nationality and homeland. Both have by the revolutions they have entailed proved the truth of the statement of Leopold Ranke that the nations are not led by a policy of timidity, but by an appeal to their higher sentiments. They have in common the fact that they have overthrown and shattered the decaying old democracies which were devoid of blood and spirit. They both imply the longing for a form of discipline which consists of voluntary submission which is alone capable of inspiring a spirit of devotion to the system of a strong authoritarian State.

On the Fuehrer's birthday Goering took over his duties as Prime Minister of Prussia. When he undertook that

office there was nothing foreign to him about it. For ten weeks previously he had been skilfully and energetically moulding the office of Minister of the Interior of Prussia into the shape it was destined to assume in its new guise. This was a remarkable achievement on his part. But it was not until he had become Prime Minister of Prussia that he was given full power to link up the whole of Prussia once more in all its departments with those days which had made the nation so great and famous in history.

On May 19th Hermann Goering in his role of Prime Minister of Prussia moved into the Prussian government buildings. His chief work, however, centred, as previously, in the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, in which he laboured for two months, day after day and night after night until dawn. His few colleagues thought that he would take it somewhat easier later on. Their surmise was wrong, however. When Goering left the office of the Ministry of the Interior after working all night he usually met the Berlin workers hastening to their day's toil. "It whets their energy," he said to his colleagues.

It took him a long time to complete his task in the Prussian Ministry of the Interior. For fourteen years that Ministry had been a hot-bed of Marxist leaders. It had been the headquarters of their campaign against Nationalist Germany. From its offices the German people had been inoculated with the poison of Marxist leaders. From it had come the orders from time to time for the suppression of one organization after another which refused to fall into line with the 'Red' overlords. The Civil Service of Prussia, once the best and the most reliable in the whole world, had been treated with contempt and ridicule by the selfish high priests of Marxism. All the work of the loyal and conscientious Prussian officials of that Government department had been completely undone. To restore things to their old normal condition in this fortress of the Novembrists, to put an end to the existing disorder and to build up a new system was the most difficult of the tasks which the Fuehrer could entrust to a faithful follower.

Hermann Goering had been entrusted with a difficult

task. His Ministry was the headquarters for the maintenance of the power which the National Socialist State had acquired. The tide of the German yearning for freedom and reconstruction was to be directed from it into its new channel. If things were in a settled condition this would have all been a very simple affair. But there was no time for leisurcly and elaborate development. Swift action and effective action was of paramount importance. The enemy was already preparing for a counter-attack. The Communists were hoping, as they did in the past, that the trouble would soon blow over. The Social Democratic Party also maintained a stiff attitude in those February days. Neither the Marxist Press nor the democratic Press has as yet realized the extent of the revolution. The *Vorwärts* held that the battle between Democracy and Fascism was far from being decided, and the *Germania*, its loyal ally, chimed in :

‘The Central Party maintains an icy attitude towards this Cabinet which has been formed without its desire and support.’

In the so-called national middle-class circles, the sceptical attitude of former days was still maintained. They were waiting to see how matters would develop.

The new Minister of the Interior had no time, however, for waiting and observing. He felt that if Prussia was to be restored to her ancient glory, the old Prussian spirit of command and also the spirit of obedience must be born anew. This conception he considered to be as obvious and as simple as it was right. And inspired by this conception Hermann Goering set about his task of ending the chaos of corruption and indolence of officialdom.

This conception, consequently, was the leitmotiv of the address which he delivered on February 1st to the members of the Civil Service when he took over his office :

“At the command of the President of the Reich and Chancellor of the Reich I have taken over the task of Commissar of the Reich for the Prussian Ministry of the Interior. At this moment I cordially greet the members of the Prussian Civil Service over whom I have been placed,

and I demand that in common with me they shall be faithful to the ideals of the Civil Service of old-time Prussia, and that they shall make Prussia once more a citadel of orderliness, thrift, and loyal fulfilment of duty. It must be our aim once and for all to eradicate all those evils which for many years under the ægis of a false conception of freedom and a disregard of Prussia's past and of Prussian national spirit had nothing in common with true patriotism and self-sacrifice on behalf of the nation as a whole.

"If I demand loyal fulfilment of duty from you at a moment when in their most dire distress the united energies of the whole German people have banded together to guide the fate of our Fatherland, I do so as one who is conscious that he is the representative of the new patriotic spirit that has risen—as a man who with all his will and with all his energy has always kept his people and his Fatherland before his eyes as his only ideals.

"I am, incidentally, firmly convinced that the core of Prussian officialdom has not so far been tainted with that ideology which in the past has placed the false doctrine of class conflict above the unity of the nation and has striven to turn patriotism into ridicule. And consequently there is no reason for uneasiness among the members of the Civil Service with regard to the fixity of tenure of office or with regard to their position as bread-winners. If they are ready to work with me honestly in this spirit and to the best of their ability for the regeneration of the Fatherland they will always find in me a warm-hearted supporter of their interests. If, however, there are officials who do not think that they can travel with me in the ship, whose tiller I have gripped in my hand, I expect that as honest men they will resign from my crew before we start the voyage."

These words made a deep impression on the Government officials. His address had made the position clear to them. Officials who had openly identified themselves with the 'Party' system, voluntarily resigned, while others were dismissed very politely. Hermann Goering made no mistake about what he was doing, and those who remained were most enthusiastic in attaching themselves to their new chief.

In a very calm and matter-of-fact way Goering set about his task. Wherever he saw any remissness, he himself gingered up the officials, and, supported by his old friend Koerner, he kept things on the move. He even induced officials to give up their night's rest in imitation of his own example. He was in attendance at his Ministry from early morning until late into the night. He did not even go out for dinner or supper. He ordered rolls and a jug of water to be fetched into his office for dinner, and in the evening he had a bottle of beer. That was his sustenance for the whole day. Eventually his colleagues felt that this state of affairs could not go on indefinitely. Accordingly a little kitchen was rigged up in the Ministry, which catered for Goering's requirements during his first two months in office. During that time his life was more like that of a soldier in the field than a Minister in time of peace.

Occasionally ultra-zealous colleagues tried to make the wheels of history revolve too quickly, in which case after calm deliberation on the issues involved, he judiciously applied the brake. Goering was very go-ahead, but he always looked to his right and to his left, and took care that under the powerful stimulus of enthusiasm values and sources of energy that were needed for the upbuilding of the new State should not be swept away. Anybody whose character was personally irreproachable was protected by him, and he was as magnanimous in forgiving as he was relentless in punishing.

The sweeping aside of the Marxist leaders was regarded by Goering as an essential preliminary to the overthrow of Marxism through the National Socialist conception of solidarity. The hysterical progress of Communism towards the Asiatic nihilism of Bolshevism could only be fought by adopting the most relentless methods.

The most urgent task in the impending fight against Communism and the other political enemies of National Socialism was the creation of an absolutely reliable body of political and 'Sicherheits' police, organized so thoroughly as to be able to act with energy and precision. He decided that to guarantee the absolute security of the new Reich a



force must be brought into being capable of working with confidence and certainty against the enemies of the State in every form and under every mask - a force that would be incessantly vigilant, and that could swoop down on the foe with lightning speed. During the early weeks of the new régime Goering established the Department of the Secret Police for Prussia, a replica of which later on was extended to the other States of the Reich.

The ordinary police force was not adequate to meet the needs of the Reich. In States which allow every citizen to follow his own bent and permit a variety of political parties and political ideologies, so long as they get the approval of Parliament, the policeman's function is just to see that public order and peace are preserved. Not so, however, in a state whose constitution has been drawn up on lines diametrically opposed to the conception of parliamentary democracy, and has insisted upon a strict supervision of and subordination of all those who hold office in accordance with the 'Fuehrer' principle, and has insisted on the annihilation of all the enemies of the State.

The authoritarian State of the new Third Reich required special policing. It had values to protect and to secure which were precious State possessions. It had to institute an ideology against lies and persecution and to protect its champions against threats of violence at the hands of criminal elements among the population.

There had been no prototype in the whole world of the new Germany. But there was one thing that Goering was certain of from the outset. The fight had to be carried on by the hand of the chief of the State himself against the enemies of the State who at first had only crawled into hiding, dazed by the victory of the movement, and who now began to organize themselves for a fresh resistance.

The notorious department known as 'I a' in the police presidium in Berlin, which until then had been the political headquarters of 'Red' Prussia, was absolutely hopeless, and so Hermann Goering decided right away to disband it. For weeks on end he took a hand personally in reorganizing the political police force, and by the end of February the



WITH THE FUEHRER IN SUDETENLAND



HERMANN GOERING

cratic methods of action at all. The sensational coups of the pre-War anti-Tsarist conspirators in Russia were amateurish dilettantism compared with the services adopted by the Communists in Germany. It was a campaign carried on in the dark. It was not a matter of pitting force against force, but of pitting shrewdness against the cunning underhand methods of a criminal gang. It was a struggle that involved incredible efforts and nerve-racking patience. The ordeal of running the suspects to earth was extremely exacting. It was a blend of detailed routine work and guerrilla warfare for the highest and lowest member of the Gestapo. Many nights were devoted by Goering to the task of making this body as efficient as possible and to supervising its operations. During this exacting time when some of his devoted friends were anxiously enquiring about his health, as he had just undergone a very serious operation on his jaw, he replied to them : " I shall sleep again when the last traitor to my country is destroyed."

To sum up, it may be said that the Gestapo never rested—they worked both by day and by night. The work of the Gestapo official was as proud and as unpretentious as that of a soldier in war-time—it was service at the front in the truest meaning of the term.

Daily—nay, almost hourly, in a manner of speaking—Goering received information of what was going on throughout the complicated maze of Prussia. The most remote hiding-place of the Communists was known to him. No matter how they changed their tactics—no matter how often their emissaries assumed false names, the Gestapo picked up the clue a few days later once more, and kept the conspirators under supervision and eventually laid them by the heels.

In his fight against Communists Goering considered that any weapon he employed was justifiable. Letters complaining about his system of administration—anonymous ones, of course—had been piling up daily on his desk, when one day, just a month after he had taken up his duties, he stated at a meeting in Dortmund :

" Yes, I know two types of men—the men who stand by

their people, and the men who aim at destroying their people. Under these circumstances I shall for the future show no impartiality—the words ‘right’ and ‘justice’ have lost their meaning. When the issue is between the reconstruction and the annihilation of Germany, I am not here to dispense justice, but to destroy the destructive forces. The fate of our people inexorably demands that we must with iron determination put a brake on the precipitous downfall into the abyss of destruction.

“And to-day we can only request our comrades not to forget the past—not to forget that at the Elections in March, 1933, 6,000,000 votes were cast for Communism and 8,000,000 for Marxism. The vast majority of them were honest Germans who had been misled by the will-o’-the-wisp of Marxist and nihilist ideology, and misled, too, either by the lack of restraint or the cowardice of the democratic parties. These people had to be rescued from the error of their ways and restored to the community of the German nation.”

Goering took up the fight just as inexorably with those agitators who tried to egg on others to do their dirty work for them. This was the origin of the concentration camps. Those camps had been denounced and attacked in foreign countries, until eventually some foreigners, after making painstaking enquiries during their travels in Germany, had to admit that they were necessary, and that the exaggerated reports about inhuman treatment were the figments of fantastic imaginations. To be sure, there were instances of prisoners being harshly treated. There were always some over-zealous people who exceeded their orders—who did more than the Fuehrer would have approved of. Incidents of this kind happened on two or three occasions, and that was the end of them.

Goering was relentless in his attitude towards those who took it upon themselves to act contrary to his instructions, as the famous trials at Stettin and elsewhere showed.

“The man who has recourse to petty vindictiveness is lacking in character. You can fight your enemy face to face, but you must remember that a man is a human being.” In these words he uttered the sentiments of the old air ace

of the war—sentiments which actuate him to-day as a statesman. And Goering himself has restored the criterion of Justice, based on ancient Prussian tradition.

Hundreds of travellers were given opportunities by Goering himself of seeing the conditions in which political prisoners live. He did not wait for them to ask to see the concentration camps—he anticipated their wishes. A Norwegian, Major Trygave Gran, who had fought as an officer in the Air Force on the side of the English during the World War, and with whom Goering had exchanged machine-gun bursts over the shell-torn plains of Flanders, first when he was chief of the 27th German Fighter Squadron and later on when he was Commander of the Richthofen Squadron, tells a very interesting story apropos of all this.

He called on Goering at the Reichstag on a February morning in 1931. He was deeply impressed by the optimism with which Goering said to him as they parted: "The foundation stone of a new Germany was laid to-day." This was the time when the National Socialists walked out of the committee-room when an attempt was made to embroil them in the labyrinth of the Party system.

The Norwegian major was in Berlin again in 1933, and congratulated his old enemy of the World War on his success. For airmen are always the comrades of airmen, even though in the roar of battle they may have turned machine-guns on one another.

At that time Goering had already left the Ministry of the Interior, and it was in the Air Ministry in Behrenstrasse that the interview took place. When the Norwegian officer arrived there he found the waiting-room full of officers and civilians, and was conducted through a labyrinth of passages to his old ex-enemy. Goering recognized the Major immediately.

"I shall be delighted to see you again in the evening," said Goering, shaking his head ruefully. "Unfortunately, I cannot go with you now. I haven't a moment to spare. But, by the way, would you like to see the concentration camps this afternoon? Or would you like to speak to any of the political prisoners?"



VISIT TO PRESIDENT HINDENBURG AT NEUDECK



HERMANN GOERING HANDS OVER THE COMMAND OF THE  
SECRET STATE POLICE TO THE LEADER OF THE S.S.



"No."

"Good!" replied Goering with a broad smile. "I am very glad indeed to hear you say so. What I mean by that is that I do not like our political opponents to be stared at in their helplessness as if they were wild beasts. They are men, and it is my wish that they should be treated as men."

Goering's outlook is not only that of a statesman—it is also the outlook of a man, although at a casual glance that might not always seem to be true. His attitude towards his enemies is just and chivalrous. He does not wish that those who have undergone a fundamental change in their political outlook should have difficulties placed in their way when they desire to return to the community of their fellow-countrymen.

"They must be given a chance, too," was his order regarding some 5000 prisoners in concentration camps to whom an amnesty was granted at Christmas 1933.

It would be quite understandable if the released men found doors and gates barred against them wherever they went. But that would not be in keeping with the act of grace, in Goering's view, and so he issued an order in unequivocal terms to the effect that no difficulties should be placed in the way of the liberated men either by the authorities or by the public. This gesture was meant by him to point out that every effort must be made to restore these men who had committed offences against the State to their former status as citizens with all the rights of citizens.

"The education of the prisoners which commenced in the concentration camps," he said, "can only be continued effectively if it is impressed on the liberated men that they will not be left to their own resources after they have been given their freedom. Consequently I expect that the local authorities, with full consciousness of their responsibility as the organs of the National Socialist State, will accord to the ex-prisoners their help and support."

He also gave instructions that those who had left the country should not be prevented from returning to the Fatherland, provided that they showed a complete change in their political outlook. Goering was always firmly

convinced that Communism and Marxism could neither be beaten at the barricades nor crushed by police methods. Such devices only coped with the external symptoms of those political maladies. The police could neither diagnose nor heal the actual source of the malady which was much more deeply seated. Consequently it must be treated by internal methods. The fight against the most terrible malady that could afflict the State must be carried out by the people themselves, he held. It must be fought man to man in the workshop and in the office, if there was to be any hope of success.

Goering always showed deeply human generosity of feeling in his endeavours to win over his fellow-countrymen and to save them. But, on the other hand, he never hesitated to act with severity where severity alone could prevent a further spreading of the disease of Communism. To quote his own words :

"When a leader takes his task seriously, when he is conscious of the great responsibility that devolves upon him of helping his people in this grim and terrible plight, and of setting his people on the right path, he must not be hampered by certain formalities, but he must be stern, because his country's existence is at stake."

He was always very keen on converting misguided Communists, or other enemies of the State, who were in the concentration camps from their pernicious outlook by seeing that they got work which bound them to the soil. In September, 1934, he liberated a further 2000 prisoners. During the period that had elapsed since he took up office the system of protective arrest has been stopped to a very great extent. Several concentration camps have been broken up completely. And anybody now who gets harsh treatment at the hands of the State belongs to the most pernicious elements among the people, to the incorrigible anarchistic rabble whom any other nation would also put safely away behind lock and key. In dealing with such scum he has showed himself inexorably severe. And he does so up to this very day.

The fight of the Communists against the National Socialist

State had shown how this erroneous ideology could turn men into fanatics. Goering could never forget—nor could the world forget—that even after the National Socialist Government had come into being a large number, of brave S.A. and S.S. men lost their lives in this fight. On the very night of January 30th, in the midst of the jubilation of the followers of Adolf Hitler, the streets of Berlin echoed to the shots fired by the murderous rabble. Maikowski, the leader of the Sturm Abteilung, and Police Sergeant-Major Zauritz were killed by the assassins' bullets. And there were still more loyal followers of the movement who were sent to an untimely grave.

In the early days of the year 1933 the Communists tried to organize a general strike, but when the German workers refused to listen to their criminal propaganda they immediately changed their tactics. A systematic attempt at an armed revolt was planned with extraordinary cunning. It was the aim of the conspirators that through the medium of civil strife the Bolshevik World Revolution would be ushered in. During those fateful days reports reached Goering from all parts of the country of the ever-increasing activities of the Communists. The Red 'Self Help' even disseminated its poison among the ranks of the Social Democrats. Towards the middle of February extensive Communist terrorist organizations were unearthed, and plans for systematic bomb and poison outrages were forestalled. In this fight in which the Communists had nothing to lose, but in which—according to their own calculation—there was a last desperate chance of success, all types of weapons were justified according to the view of these murder-gangs. Groups of about two hundred men, each in the uniform of the Brown Shirt, nay, even in policemen's uniforms, terrorized the citizens, business houses, and the Press whenever the opportunity opened—they even attacked S.A. units and the Steel Helmets. In this way they hoped they would wear down the solidarity of the movement. As they failed in this attempt they turned to their last desperate expedient. A general strike on the issues of the nation's man-power, disarmament, etc., was secretly

arranged for February 25th. And then, on February 27th, the German Reichstag went up in flames.

That very evening Goering struck with relentless lightning-swift force. Thanks to the fact that within a few days after the advent of National Socialism to power the organization of the Gestapo had already been completed, he was able to put the entire armed forces of the nation into action at a moment's notice. That very night some four thousand Communist officials were placed under arrest. At dawn the Communists realized that the new State would not stand any nonsense even for one moment, and that they had been very badly beaten. The Communist and Marxist newspapers were suppressed. Under the guise of voicing public opinion they had been aiming at poisoning the minds of the German people with their corrupt ideology.

Never did the foreign Press behave in a more shameless manner than on that occasion. They flung mud at the men who were leading the new Germany. The 'Red' beasts did not even shrink from insulting the immortal memory of Karin Goering, whose name is revered by all the German people. In foreign countries Jews and German emigrants poured a deluge of foul propaganda to defame the land and the people whose hospitality they enjoyed for many years.

There was a great feeling of relief among the people in Germany when they saw that the Government had at last hit the Communist Movement with shattering violence and paralysing suddenness. They were grateful to Adolf Hitler and his faithful paladin for ousting the Communist brutes.

The Prime Minister replied in the following terms to the threatening letters which had been arriving in sheaves daily at his house: "My nerves have not been shattered so far, and I feel quite strong enough to deal with your criminal activities." And even after he had routed the Communists he followed up his victory with a relentless pursuit of the enemy. As a soldier he knew that a defeated foe will not run away unless you follow close at his heels, and that it was obedience to this principle that during the course of history always led to decisive victories.

The Fuehrer and Goering acting on his orders fought

this battle against the Communists relentlessly and fiercely in order to save Germany from destruction. Had they lost the fight, the 'Red' steamroller would have swept on irresistibly farther westward. The National Socialist Movement conferred a great service on Europe in having held up that steamroller. And yet the universal recognition of this fact has never been made so far. Only one man, Lloyd-George, had the courage on the occasion of the Communist debacle to speak out openly : " By her offensive and defensive tactics in dealing with the Communist problem Germany has saved the civilization of the world from the menace of imminent destruction."

Germany will always stamp out the flames of Communism wherever they flare up. The man who in the struggle for power faced the ordeal of battle a hundred times and always stood the test, Heinrich Himmler, the leader of the S.S., in whose hand Goering has placed the weapon of the Secret Police, is sufficient guarantee to the people on this score.

. . . . .

This radical change and reorganization of the police which Goering brought about will always be remembered as a feat of outstanding importance in the history of the National Socialist Movement. It was a feat that showed to what great heights of achievement a man could rise when he was inspired by patriotic zeal. Probably many another might have succeeded in normal times in building an organization after making all definite arrangements and getting a longer time for the job. But to complete such a task in a comparatively short space of time under the most difficult circumstances and in the midst of a continuous fight against the enemies of the State, was possible only for a man who went about his task with an indomitable energy and who succeeded in stimulating all his colleagues to work at their very hardest.

And so within the lapse of a short time the police were restored to their old position of honour and were led by a man who was both their superior officer and their comrade,

a man who shared all the troubles that beset his men, and who championed the interests of every one of them even down to the very lowest, a man whose motto for all his actions was : ' I shall only claim one privilege from you all, the privilege of going one yard ahead of you whenever we are facing danger.' In the fight against Communism and against the enemies of the State the Secret Police, the ' Schutz ' police and the ' Landes ' police have always stood by Goering. On one occasion he spoke of them as his ' beloved children.' He most decidedly always gave abundant proof of his special interest in them.

On the initiative of Goering the entire German police were united under one department in June 1936. It was then that Himmler, the Commander of the S.S., took over from Goering ' his old commander in the past, the present, and the future,' as he stated in writing to him, a body of police organized in accordance with the principles of National Socialism and internally co-ordinated in the spirit of National Socialism. And Goering's direct and intimate connection with the German police remains as direct and intimate to-day as it was when he placed Himmler over them. And that connection finds a very special expression in the heartfelt mutual trust and comradeship which unites the Prime Minister and Heinrich Himmler, the Commander of the S.S., in the pursuit of their common task.

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The great tasks which the National Socialist State had to accomplish above everything else in order to provide a cure for economic depression could only be accomplished with success by putting the other departments of the Government in a condition as efficient from the point of view of organization and staff as the police force had now become. And Goering saw that such was the case after he had spent his first week in the Ministry of the Interior. Even among the officials of the internal administration of the department ' Party ' economic policy had been paramount during the period of the System. The appointment of political officials, chief administrators, Government administrators, com-

missioners of police and sheriffs was made from the ' Party ' point of view. Parliamentarianism had broken the backbone of officialdom through the medium of committee of officials and other irresponsible organizations.

From Goering's speech on the occasion of taking up his duties in the Prussian Ministry of the Interior the officials knew that a fundamental change in conditions from those appertaining to the System had come about. He demanded from his officials work and character. And in return the official, when he did his duty, was under the protection of his chief in accordance with old Prussian custom. This was no empty gesture.

The new chief adopted a very stern attitude to informers and spies. He loathed nothing more than anonymous letters, which invariably went into the waste-paper basket. On this point his instructions were uncompromising. He said that if officials were anxious to contribute with joyful co-operation to the best of their ability to the building up of the National Socialist State, they could give the best proof of their zeal by cherishing those ancient Prussian virtues, all the more as they were in absolute accordance with the fundamental outlook of National Socialism with regard to the nature and the duties of the official.

The purging of Government offices of unsuitable elements, especially of such as owed their position merely to the fact that they were members of the Marxist Parties, was carried out in accordance with the provisions of the act for re-establishment of the permanent Civil Service.

In addition to the changes in personnel in the interior and general administration there was a complete revolution in the system of administration in accordance with plans laid down by the Fuehrer as essential for the National Socialist State. Goering did not find a system of public administration which he could take over just as his Marxist predecessors had left it. The National Socialist State had shaken the tottering pillars and the whole rotten structure had collapsed. Accordingly, starting from the very foundations, the National Socialist State had to be entirely reconstructed on lines which were in keeping with the

individualistic, straightforward and clearly defined outlook of National Socialist ideas.

Never was such a gigantic task undertaken and never was a State so sure of its goal as this new Prussian State, created and developed by General Goering. The ancient State of Frederick the Great, which comprises two-thirds of Germany, is the guardian of the German Reich. It was fitting, therefore, that the ideals for the National Socialist State should originate there and be translated into living realities as soon as possible. The former 'Fuehrer' principles of the old Prussian rulers must be resurrected to support the ideals of the National Socialist State and to further its work. These were the thoughts which were uppermost in the mind of the Prussian Prime Minister when he made the new laws for the new Prussian Privy Council. Instead of the thoroughly un-German state organization which had sprung up on the basis of the Western parliamentary systems, a new 'leader' régime was created, which corresponds to the original Germanic idea of government and which is expressed in the thoughts and ideals of National Socialism. It was not without design that Goering coupled the enunciation of these new laws with the solemn installation of the members of the new Privy Council in the Great Hall of the Berlin University. This was a State ceremony at which not only Berlin but all Prussia was represented. It was a day of victory for the glorious National Socialist revolution and proved beyond all doubt that parliamentary government in Germany was dead and buried. When the hour arrived for the 'swearing in' of the new members all public and municipal services were suspended so that workers, clerks, and Civil Servants could listen in to the broadcast and thus take part in the historical act. The schools were on holiday. As a sign of his confidence the Fuehrer presented a new standard to Prussia and thanked Goering for his work, saying : " This day is your day ! "





PRESENTING THE COLOURS TO THE PRUSSIAN STATE  
POLICE



VIEW FROM KARIN HALL, LOOKING OVER DÖLNSEE

It would need a special volume to deal efficiently with the entire range of Goering's work in Prussia, and to give a detailed account of his triumphs as a constructive statesman since the advent of National Socialism in that great State. How many hundreds of times has he shown initiative in spheres with which officially he had no direct contact ! As Hermann Goering never personally concerned himself with petty details but with the lines of broad statesmanship, the aim of this chapter has been to deal concisely with the spirit that inspired his work.

In bringing forward all his measures Hermann Goering aimed deliberately and emphatically at establishing precedents in Prussia for the tasks he was to achieve later in the Reich. Wherever he could manage to do so, he strove earnestly to promote the cause of the building up of the unitary German State and to use Prussia as a nucleus for establishing a consolidated and rejuvenated Reich. To quote his own words : " Now the new Reich has come, the Third Reich, no longer the Reich of the Prussians, the Bavarians or the people of Württemberg, but the new Reich of the German in lieu of the old Reich. The mission of Prussia is to give to this Reich all that it has to give. In this way Prussia fulfils its last task."

It was in accordance with this principle which inspired all his actions that Goering as Prime Minister of Prussia requested the Fuehrer in March 1934 to transfer the portfolio of the Prussian Minister of the Interior to the Reichs Minister of the Interior, which portfolio also extended its tasks to the reorganization of the whole system of municipal administration and the placing of municipal finances on a sound basis.

On his own initiative Goering showed that as head of he Prussian Government he was ready to lead the way not merely with words and proposals, but with deeds. It was in accordance with the ancient Prussian evangel and the ancient Prussian sense of duty that he should be the precursor of the reorganization of the Reich.

The gratitude of the Fuehrer and his approval were the greatest satisfaction to Goering for the task which he

carried out in Prussia on behalf of the Reich. The reorganization of the Reich from Prussia was continued. Under the arrangements for this political conception the Prussian Minister of Worship and Public Instruction was at Goering's suggestion made Minister of Education for the Reich while also retaining his seat in the Prussian Ministry. And then there followed by degrees the incorporation of the Prussian Ministry of Justice, the Prussian Ministry of Industry and the Prussian Ministry of Agriculture in the Reich. With the exception of the Prussian Ministry of Finance, which had to remain independent on account of the vastness of the financial administration of that State, all the Prussian Ministers became automatically Ministers of the Reich also simultaneously.

By this step, for the first time in the history of Prussia and Germany, complete conformity between the Government of the Reich and that of Prussia was attained. In the process of implementing this development a vast amount of routine work was involved. The only man who could have any conception of its vastness was the man who himself participated in it. There were some very earnest people who thought that they saw danger ahead both for Prussia and for the Reich in such a speedy development. But the Prime Minister did not permit himself to be turned aside from the straight path he was following by such well-meant warnings, and merely replied thus to all those men who did not fundamentally grasp the magnitude of the achievement: "It does not matter if Prussia should at some future date disappear from the map as a geographical conception, so long as the greater Prussianism, the moral Prussianism becomes the mighty exponent of the spirit of the Reich. States may pass, but the people remain!"

## THE MASTER OF THE GERMAN FORESTS AND THE MASTER OF THE GERMAN HUNT

**H**E who is fighting for power, he who desires to sweep away a Government that is alien to the people in order to put a new Government in office, can only remain victorious after winning the fight if he has a clear idea of the goal ahead of him. Success can only be assured for a militant opposition when it has planned out its programme in the very minutest detail. He who fights to conquer must know what is to happen after the victory.

Hermann Goering was well aware that after he had attained to power the Fuehrer would entrust him with the building up of the German Air Force. Hermann Goering was also aware of the Fuehrer's decision to raise Germany out of the swamp of the 'System' period and to restore the glory of the honest old Prussianism. But it never occurred to him that in the process of the building up of the Third Reich he would also be invested with the office of Master of the German Forests and Master of the German Hunt. There are events in the course of the lives of men that happen to them without any co-operation on their part. That does not imply that people do not, although quite unconsciously, assist in the development of those events.

Hermann Goering had been a hunter for many years. As a sportsman who through lack of time could only occasionally devote himself to a pastime which was an ancient German passion, he loved German woods and the creatures that lived and moved in the German forest. But the office of Prime Minister of Prussia, to which the great department of the Control of Forests was subordinate, brought him officially into closer contact with the management of woods. In the Prussian State which had now to be built up afresh the administration of forests was a very important problem. He suddenly realized that there were abuses in that department which needed to be stamped out. That man was

always learning—that he never got out of the apprenticeship stage was a truism that impressed itself on Goering the statesman, as he saw that, as so often in his life before, he was now approaching the study of a problem that had hitherto been unfamiliar to him. Endowed as he was with a passionate love of nature and impelled by his inborn affection for woods and for the wild creatures of the woods, he was conscious of the great links between the German forests and the lives of the German people.

Hitherto the administration of forests was run on different lines by the various constituent states of Germany. The greatest areas of forest lands were in Prussia. Consequently Goering felt that in this sphere, too, Prussia had a mission to fulfil—that she had to set an example, and that she had to lay down plans for the incorporation of the entire system of forestry in the German Reich.

Eventually in addition to his other offices a new burden was placed on Goering's shoulders. As Master of the German Forests he was the trustee of the German forests and the guardian of our noblest monuments of nature, and as Master of the German Hunt he was the protector of Germany's game.

A lean period had come again in Germany's economic life. And if that lean period were to be ended a unified system of administration and of management of the public forests and a supervision by the State of the management of private forests and woods were essential, in order to guarantee the maintenance and the care of German forests, in view of their importance from the point of view of providing work and raw materials for the German people. As Frederick the Great in 1770 had appointed his own Department of Forestry with a Minister of Forests at its head, so now for the first time in its history there was a Master of the Forests of the Reich who saw a colossal task ahead of him. It was a case of building up from the very foundations. In no department was the chaos attendant on the separate administration of the various German states so obvious as in the widely divergent systems of the management of forests that obtained in each of those separate states.



BUFFALO IN THE SCHORFHEIDE



THE STAG-HUNTER'S CALL.



Forests as the unassailable property of the community and forests as the private hereditary property of private individuals were the beginning and end of a process of development which went on from the Middle Ages until the twentieth century, and which in the end left them at the mercy of all the chance economic changes from booms to slumps.

The collapse came during the 'System' era. Wild fluctuations in timber prices heralded it. The Liberal system of free trade was at its peak. Forestry and the timber trade were more and more driven into conflict with one another. Cheap timber poured in from foreign countries without having to pay any tariff. And then when tariffs were put on it was too late, and furthermore they were not adequate.

National Socialism alone could mend this system of dry rot. Even the mere idea of providing for the planting of new trees when old ones had been cut down, which in practice was tantamount to a sacrifice endured by the present generation for the benefit of future generations and a renunciation of the advantages of the individual in favour of the community, was an acknowledgment of the rightness of the principle that the commonweal must have precedence over the interests of the individual !

And then the National Socialist Hermann Goering, as Master of the Forests of the Reich, ordered that the principle of National Socialism which insisted the economic system of the State existed only for the people and had to serve the people, should be applied to forestry. The machinery which the Fuehrer had created in the Party and in the State made it possible to put this principle into effective practice in every part of the German forests, and—what was just as important—to put it into effective practice with regard to all forest-workers.

The question of meeting with national requirements on an economic basis took precedence of mere money-making considerations, and the need of reafforestation was more firmly emphasised, and just like the obligation imposed on the nation in general to aim at an increased economic output, so all those who owned woods were required to

devote all their energies towards efficient exploitation of their property and the systematic development of new plantations. From this intimate contact with the forest developed a knowledge of the importance of the role played by the forest in the life and in the civilization of the German people. From it evolved the new tendency to maintain the natural beauty of the woods, and where that beauty had been destroyed to restore it afresh.

Such was the impulse that inspired Hermann Goering when he took the helm of German forestry in his grasp. A system of effective legislation for this purpose was put in force.

In 1934 the Ministry of Forests of the Reich was established. At its head was the Master of the Forests for the Reich, who held the office and the authority of a Minister of the Reich. The independent administration of forests throughout the country was also now placed under the control of the Master of Forests for the Reich. By a comprehensive order issued by the Master of Forests for the Reich to the various departments for the administration of forests throughout the whole nation a uniform forestry scheme was established in the Third Reich.

In the year 1935, Hermann Goering fused the administration of the forests of Prussia with the department of forests for the Reich and placed them under control of one Ministry—the Ministry of Forests of the Reich and the Prussian Ministry of Forests.

In connection with the newly-instituted Ministry of Forests of the Reich, which was divided into four departments, an organized system was created which, under the leadership of the Master of Forests for the Reich, assisted by the General Manager of Forests and the Secretary of State, covered with meticulous attention to the smallest details the wide range of work involved in the domains of forestry and the timber industry. And this organized system formed the basis for the establishment of a unified code of laws governing the administration of the forests of the Reich.

Hermann Goering carried out his scheme for giving employment in the German forests on a scale that was boldly

conceived, and inspired all those engaged on forestry work with the spirit of National Socialism and with zeal for working in harmony for the welfare of the people. Furthermore, he devoted himself earnestly to the problem of improving the economic condition of the forestry officials and their families.

At the opening of the 'Green Week' in the year 1935, the Master of the Forests of the Reich explained in detail the tasks that German forestry had to undertake, and also the duties which the German forest worker had to shoulder :

"The German forest is not merely a concern to be economically exploited, it must be exploited in such a manner that in addition to national economic considerations, social and cultural considerations are also taken into account. The woods are given back to the German people in their virgin condition, which means that the beauty of the woods must be maintained and cultivated for the sake of the strength and the joy which they give to our German comrades. The German wood must be protected and improved for the sake of the protection which it gives to the country. Work has to be done in the forests of Germany, work which will ensure the delivery of the raw materials which are economic necessities to meet the needs of the people."

What can be more obvious than the fact that the woods are the protectors of the German people? And yet this duty of maintaining the woods as the priceless treasure of the German people was very much neglected before the advent of National Socialism. The law against wanton destruction of woods which the Government of the Reich passed in January, 1934, at the instigation of the Prime Minister, put a stop to this spoliation. In order to ensure the continuity of the German woods this law forbids the cutting down of immature pine trees which are under fifty years of age, as well as the clearing of large tracts of woodland. As Master of the Forests of the Reich, Hermann Goering has again and again taken further steps for the protection of the woods. Terrible damage to trees by insects was prevented by the timely spraying of insecticide from aeroplanes.

Hermann Goering also adopted measures for the prevention of damage by fires. Proclaiming that the woods were

the property of the people, he appealed to the whole population to co-operate with him in preventing forest fires.

Hermann Goering devoted special attention to the problem of afforestation. Even in the first year of the new order of things, e.g. 1934, the national forestry campaign succeeded in planting 40,000 hectares of new ground. This work had been carried out mainly in connection with the State forestry department, but private owners of woods were also obliged to do their share in the development. Hermann Goering had pointed out to them very emphatically what their duty was in this domain.

It became more and more evident in connection with Hermann Goering's multiform tasks that the consolidation of various departments under the control of one man, when that man knew how to lead, entailed great advantages. The timber industry demanded intensive attention to its requirements from the man who was the Commissioner for the Four Year Plan and also the Master of the Forests of the Reich.

In the great scheme of the Four Year Plan the woods of Germany, with all their by-products, played a decisive role as one of the most important sources of the supplies of raw materials. Germany not only needed timber—it also needed the by-products of timber—resin, tannic acid, herbs, grasses, berries, game, and fruit—all of which were indispensable for the mere existence of the people. They were all valuable raw materials of native growth to meet Germany's economic needs.

Above all, timber is used on a very large scale as raw material for the manufacture of cellulose fabrics, whose usefulness is becoming every day more and more obvious in German economic life.

To meet such development it is a vitally essential preliminary condition that an adequate supply of timber should be available. And as the use of timber in the development of Germany's economic life is a primary consideration for the Commissioner for the Four Year Plan, the securing of an ample supply of wood and raw material is one of the most important duties of the Minister of Forests for the Reich.

To meet all these requirements Hermann Goering issued a series of successive orders. He felt that an adequate supply of raw materials was essential to guarantee the life of the nation, and that sacrifices had to be made to attain this objective. In order to stem the excessive import of timber he did not hesitate to increase the inroads on State forests in 1935, and on privately-owned woods in 1937, by fifty per cent. But this procedure by no means entailed, as has frequently been stated, a diminution in the extent of the space of Germany's woods. The steps that had been taken for afforestation had preserved the balance.

With a view to economising wood for building purposes Hermann Goering got model houses built in certain forest areas in order to show how by a wider use of locally-grown timber the old methods of building which entailed so much waste, could be superseded by less wasteful methods without in any way marring the beauty of the structure. Steps were also taken to reduce the amount of timber used for domestic fires. In the past forty-seven per cent of Germany's entire timber requirements went to firewood. By the use of modern fire-places as well as by burning lignite, pit-coal, and peat, the demand for timber for domestic fuel was soon considerably reduced. Further developments in this domain will carry the experiment still further, and release this source of raw material which had in the past never been exploited, and make it available for the creation of new forest industries.

All these and many other devices, which cannot be dealt with here, are steps taken to provide German industry with new spheres of work and raw materials, and to carry to a triumphant climax the fight for the meeting of Germany's needs from the soil of Germany.

. . . . .

A man subconsciously receives his most lasting impressions in his childhood, and the reaction of those impressions is bound to assert itself again and again in his after life. Hermann Goering grew up amid the primeval beauty of the landscape of Franconia, in which the Castle of Veldenstein stood, and no doubt the wild scenes of nature's majesty

among which he lived in childhood were mainly responsible for the development of his character. It was in this environment that the youthful Goering made his first venture at mountain-climbing when he scaled a precipitous slope 250 feet high, which was clad with majestic pines. And in later years he scaled more formidable peaks during his tours in the Alpine highlands.

It was in the setting of Veldenstein that he first felt that love of nature, that love for his native soil, as he indulged in playful and hazardous sport with his youthful comrades. It was here that he got his first impressions of the majesty of nature and of the God who created it. And all these early impressions must have surged up in his mind afresh when he undertook the responsible duty of becoming the guardian of German forests and of the wild creatures that dwell in the German forests. It is decidedly very obvious that he paid special attention to the movement for the preservation of the charms of nature.

At the same time he was very far from identifying himself with those 'mountain and valley' associations which are always attacking every settler gifted with imagination who does not build his home on stereotyped lines in accordance with conventional ideas. Nature must not be regarded by man merely from the point of view of utility or expediency. But it is equally foolish if a movement for the preservation of the amenities of nature should, through a mistaken idealism, give rise to obstacles which hamper a man in his creative power and in his enjoyment. That a man can attain the former objective without sacrificing the latter, Goering himself has proved by his woodland home of Karin Hall in Schorfheide, which was designed by himself and built in a glorious setting. Man's attitude towards nature and his treatment of it is always in keeping with his temperament. That is a fundamental principle which has actuated Hermann Goering in his endeavour to found a genuine movement for the preservation of nature. The words of Ernst Moritz Arndt's anthem about the Fatherland left an indelible impression on Goering's mind: 'Even though it consists only of barren rocks and desert islands, you must

always love your country.' It was Goering's view that man does not delight merely in beautiful scenery which is tame and formal, but that the primeval atmosphere of the desert, the moor and the precipice have also their charm, and that it is from the influence of this charm that the joy that inspires man to work and gives him courage to accept responsibilities and instils into his heart love for his fatherland, arises.

Movements towards developing schemes for the preservation of the amenities of natural scenery were made even in pre-War days. But it was never anything more than a patchwork or makeshift movement, and each individual State had its own regulations concerning it. Even in the Reichs Ministry the department dealing with the scheme was in a state of chaos and muddle. Hermann Goering put an end to this confusion by the Bill of 1935, dealing with the preservation of the charms of natural scenery. In his address introducing the measure he epitomized its fundamental principles.

"To-day, as in bygone times, nature as seen in the forest and in the field inspires a feeling of yearning in the German people. It is both their delight and their relaxation. The Government of the German Reich regards it as its duty to let even the very poorest of our fellow citizens have his share in the enjoyment of the beauty of nature."

Through the initiative of the Master of Forests of the Reich the movement for the preservation of the amenities of nature is no longer the business of one man and a few idealists, who unostentatiously and unselfishly worked quietly through sheer love of nature, but it is a cause which appeals to the soul of all the people. It is very fitting that the eternal forest should belong to an eternal people. And it was under the inspiration of this view that Goering created a national treasure of unalienable and unassailable shrines of natural beauty.

His most original conception, and also a visible pattern for all practical schemes for the preservation of the amenities of natural scenery, was in the magnificent sanctuary of Schorfheide, the preservation of whose old world charm and

whose layout in accordance with principles which are true to nature, he himself has guaranteed for all time by means of an endowment. In this unique expanse of wild and beautiful scenery which stretches in soft undulations over the extensive region between Havel, Werbellin, and Grimnitzsee, mighty pines, probably some two hundred years old, are interspersed among small woods of ancient oaks and beeches. Linking up these little woods are heath, moor, and marshland, and a wild maze of multiform undergrowth. The eagle-fern which in the early spring unfolds its tender green fronds and in autumn decks the earth with a reddish-brown warm carpet, covers great stretches of ground, on which are scattered countless juniper bushes, as beautiful as those famous ones in the Lueneburg Heide on Wilseder Mountain and on the slopes of the Tote Grund. And there are also huge patches of barberry bushes, making a riot of gaudy colour. You will hardly find anywhere else such magnificent hawthorns, which here assume the dignity of lofty trees. And on all sides you see stretches of broom, which makes the whole landscape resplendent with gleaming golden flowers in the season of bloom. And all along the graceful undulating slopes and valleys the eye rests on this blaze of colour and this glorious variety of vegetation which merges into the endless expanse of the northern German plateau. Lofty moors and swamps fringed with rushes and sedge alternate with tree-clad slopes, and you get frequent glimpses of pines and firs skirting the banks of tranquil dreamy lakes.

This is the home of the primeval world. It speaks to us still in eloquent terms about those monstrous forces that burst open the crust of the earth here in bygone days, and drove deep ravines into its bosom, and hurled up vast masses of rock and lava which formed the basis of this magnificent and romantic landscape. This is the home of the royal osprey which circles with graceful sweeps over the sedge-fringed lakes and marshes that are teeming with fish. Here the red 'milan' soars aloft majestically. And hidden among the reeds on the banks of the lakes the white swan hatches its brood. Here, too, the black woodpecker gives forth its



uncanny laughing notes while its eternal tapping noise reverberates through the woods. Red deer, fallow deer, black deer, and muffle deer find here food and excellent cover. Here, too, Hermann Goering provided a sanctuary for the primeval buffalo, the mighty elk, and the swift, shy, wild horse. By a system of careful breeding he has secured types of those nearly extinct animals which have become now as fully acclimatized to their new home as to those remote regions from which they were taken. And in the new home perchance they may recall those far distant days when their ancestors proudly roamed through the forests of Germany.

To the Schorfheide, whose varied dreamy woodlands are mirrored in the waters of the quiet lakes, the industrial workers swarm from Berlin and from other cities in ever-increasing numbers to find peace and relaxation in the bosom of Nature from the nerve-racking strain of town life. Here they forge anew the long-sundered links that had bound them to Nature. Here they come again into intimate contact with God whose spirit permeates the ancient trees and the lonely grandeur of this German landscape. Here as well as in that other magnificent 'protected' area, the Darsz, a tree-clad peninsula on the Pomeranian coast of the Baltic Sea, and in the mountainous preserve of the Reinhard Forest close to hallowed Sababurg among the mountains of the Weser, and also in the vast expanse of the Rominter Heide on the frontiers of East Prussia, which is also under the special protection and loving care of Hermann Goering, his name will be remembered, as long as the breezes sob through the leaves of the German oaks, as long as the royal quarry stalks through the forests, and as long as the loud and merry note of the hunter's horn resounds among the pines.

By the preservation and development of this woodland sanctuary he has built for himself a more magnificent and impressive memorial than was ever erected for any German before him.

'The eternal forest and the eternal people are inseparable.' The German forest has again become the property of the whole people, as it was in the days of our German

forefathers. That forest with all the lives and growths in it is one of the great well-springs of the energy from which the German derives his joy and his creative powers. And that is why the wild creatures, like the vegetation of the German forests stretching towards the rays of the sun, are such a valuable asset to us. Just as the conception of the true forester is inseparable from that of the hunter, so likewise the protection of the forest and the protection of game are inseparable conceptions. Consequently, it was just a common-sense proposition that responsibility for the forests of Germany should be entrusted to the man to whom responsibility for German game was entrusted.

When Hermann Goering took over the control of Prussia he found that the German hunter's craft and German sport were in a condition typical of the epoch devoid of idealism which preceded the advent to power of National Socialism. In the domain of hunting in Germany a horde of groups and cliques squabbled among themselves as to which of them should have control. For decades the German hunters had been agitating for new legislation regarding hunting which would do justice alike to the German outlook and to German sport. But all the groups and petty cliques continued pulling in opposite directions. They all put forward their respective claims, but none of them had the power to translate their claims into action. Their powerlessness was the outcome of the state of chaos brought about by their multiplicity of ineffectual organizations.

On May 9th, 1933, the Reich Hunt Associations offered Hermann Goering the office of protector of the German Hunt. And Hermann Goering, who always felt that it was a matter of supreme national importance to preserve the heritage and the customs bequeathed to the German people by their ancestors, saw that in this domain it was still possible to save from destruction an asset that was of vital importance to the German people if the Government intervened with a strong hand.

Hermann Goering was not in the habit of associating his name with any concern in which he himself did not take an active part. And the men who asked him to assume the

honourable task of looking after the interests of the German hunt were not mistaken in what they did. They had not anticipated, however, that he would immediately take the matter seriously in hand when he said: "I shall place myself at your head. I shall do this with the firm determination to give the German hunt the prominence which is its due. I shall take steps to have a new law dealing with hunting in Prussia, a law which, after we have had practical experience of its effects, must be extended to the whole German Reich. My aim is that this law will preserve German game in its noblest form for the German people as a memento of days of the very remote past."

It was a great objective. And then he gave a detailed outline of the preliminary tasks to be faced in order to provide a basis for the legislation he was about to introduce. On the following day he selected his staff of fellow-workers. At their head was the Commissioner of the Association of the Hunt of the Reich, Herr Scherping, the Forest Inspector. To-day he is the Chief Hunt Inspector of the Reich, and is Hermann Goering's right-hand man in all questions appertaining to hunting.

The new law bore on it the stamp of Goering's iron will. Every day he gave fresh instructions and made fresh suggestions. Report followed report. He drew up in his own handwriting regulations dealing with the most important points. And thus it was that a machinery was gradually evolved which was destined to win the admiration of the whole world.

Goering's new conception was put into execution, and in the history of the whole world never was there another enactment passed which guaranteed in such a sweeping fashion the protection of the creatures that roamed the forest as that Prussian law.

The placing of the Prussian game under the protection of the law was a great National Socialist feat. It brought about an ideal solution of that great problem which obsesses all nations that are brought into close contact with Nature—the problem of bringing agriculture, with its progressive methods of catering for the demands of the people, into

harmonious co-operation with the just demands which must likewise be made on the people for the maintenance of the free creatures of the forest and the moor.

The enactment was the legal expression of quite a new spirit. Monsieur Ducrocq, the President of the International Council of the Chase (Conseil International de la Chasse)—the C.I.C. for short—gave, some years later, eloquent expression to the feeling that this law inspired throughout the whole world, when in an address to the Master of the Hunt for the Reich, on the occasion of the Festival of Saint Hubert, which was held by the German hunters in the Castle of Dankwarderobe in Brunswick, he said: "You have made a new law regarding hunting which has inspired the admiration of the whole world, because for the first time it is not based exclusively on the principles of righteousness, but is founded above all things on the sublime traditions of the past, inasmuch as it defends the fundamental principles of a noble domain of hunting and not those of a mere game preserve, and inasmuch as it aims at seeing that hunting is carried out without inflicting unnecessary suffering on wild animals. This law is worthy of those who have the honour to belong to that category of true sportsmen which was known as 'chivalry' by our ancestors, and which in your language bears the glorious title of 'Weidgerechte Jägerei'."

The groundwork was laid as far as Prussia was concerned. But it was not merely Prussia that was at stake—it was the German Reich. And ever mindful of this fact and deeply conscious of his mission as chief of the Prussian State, he worked quietly with his colleagues at the task of implementing the new law. Although there were thousands who did not wish to believe it, the dream of the German hunter that he would be able to use his hunting licence outside the frontiers of his own petty state was destined to come true.

The Cabinet of the Reich met on July 3rd, 1934. It was the last session before the brief summer recess of the Government. Among the measures that became law that day was the first German law regarding the Reichs Hunt. The preliminary work that had been done in Prussia by Hermann Goering was about to bear fruit.

'The exercise of the privilege of the hunt can only be granted in accordance with the recognized principles of German sporting rights. The Master of the Hunt for the Reich is the trusted custodian of the German Hunt. He takes care that nobody can carry a gun who is not worthy of being a trusted administrator of the people's property.' Thus ran the introductory clause to the Hunt Law for the Reich, in accordance with which the German Reich was to have once more, after a gap of centuries, a Master of the Hunt. And on that same day the Fuehrer and Chancellor of the German Reich entrusted Hermann Goering with this office. An old dream of the German hunters had come true. One man now had complete control of the German hunt for weal or woe, and one man had complete control of the German game, and the fact that he himself was a very prominent hunter was the best guarantee that the Cinderella of the fair daughters of the Government would come into her own.

The hunt was no longer the prescriptive right of a privileged section of the community. Anybody could now become a hunter who had the sporting spirit in his blood, and who was endowed with a sense of responsibility towards his own people, and who exulted in that sense of responsibility. The sturdy German hunting community had become the administrators of the people's property. The wild creatures of Germany, hitherto, in accordance with Roman law, the property of nobody, now became the common property of the German people.

A unique code of honour prevails among the German hunting community. The man who is not worthy to carry a gun is expelled. For all districts schemes for 'shoots' are drawn up, which provide for the maintenance of a definite standard of game. The hunter is first of all a forester. The improving of the strain of German game in order to bring joy to the German people is the moral duty of the man who has the privilege of taking part in hunting. Nobody is allowed to shoot down game to-day promiscuously just according to his whim. The business of those hunters who just want venison, and who want to make hunting a business proposition, no longer exists. The trophies of the chase, the

pride of the German hunter, must always be an indication of an appreciative and sympathetic guardianship.

Goering is an enthusiastic animal-lover. He took as deep a personal interest in a kid which was separated from his mother, and which his huntsman-in-ordinary had found during a stroll through a preserve, as he took in his lion which is now an intimate member of his household.

"He who tortures an animal, hurts the feelings of the German people," said Hermann Goering. His ban on vivisection, which brought him thousands of enthusiastic letters of thanksgiving from all parts of the world, was in his view a decree that voiced the feelings of all mankind. The same love of animals which was expressed in this enactment as well as in all Goering's dealings with the animal world, inspired the Hunt Law for the Reich. Yes, it was his love of animals that gave this law its deep ethical import.

Hunting on horseback and hounding on a pack of dogs in pursuit of a wild animal were forbidden. Every hunter, including the owner of a 'shoot,' is required by Goering's law to keep a retriever. This clause of the law aptly expresses the profound depth of feeling which permeates Goering's soul. It also symbolizes his love and solicitude for the noble creatures that roam through the woods and plains of Germany.

Goering was determined that it should never occur again that an animal that was wounded should die in slow agony. He contended that when a hunter tracked down a wounded animal he had at least done everything possible to run it to earth. Anybody, even the most experienced hunter, might easily miss his mark. But that man is not a true hunter who does not consider that his honour as a hunter demands that he should give the knock-out blow to a mortally wounded animal. For the man who is not a true hunter at heart can never be made into a hunter, and one can tell the character of a man by the way he hunts.

The new enactment aimed at serving the interests of the German community. Its clauses and the spirit that inspired them had the impress of a lofty moral sense. In it we see

reflected the soul of its creator, Hermann Goering, the hunter, the friend of animals and the man.

The services rendered by him by his sponsorship of this act won him appreciation from many quarters, among others from the International Council of the Chase which requested him to become an honorary member of their organization. The verdict of the hunting fraternity in general was unanimous in its praise of the hunting legislation passed on Goering's initiative. Its framework was in accordance with the wishes of every true sportsman and lover of Nature. They saw that it had abolished at a stroke a host of abuses that were a reproach to German sport. The claw trap, that atrocious implement of torture which was loathed by sportsmen, was abolished. Shooting of 'Schalenwild' was forbidden, so, too, was mass-shooting of animals. The use of artificial light to attract quarry and also the use of poison were abolished. The brute who shot down an animal while it was grazing was severely punished. "It is a heritage bequeathed to us by our forefathers to set up and maintain a noble standard of hunting in Germany, and to put an end to anything that tends to lower that standard." This principle laid down by Goering found its most emphatic expression in his legislation on hunting.

In this law Goering also extended a protecting hand to those harried wild creatures which, though they are of no use from a commercial point of view, bring joy to the heart and to the eye of man. In his own words, "The man who deliberately kills an eagle, that majestic and gallant creature, which is the symbol of Germany's tradition, can never be a true German sportsman, and must be cast out of our community for ever."

Poachers, who were held as heroes by mawkish weavers of romantic tales, have been swept clean out of the woods and moors. "I can understand any passion, sprung from an 'Ethos,' no matter what it may be. But in most cases there is no connection between poaching and a passion for the chase," said Goering. "Poaching is, in my opinion, a cowardly and common crime, especially when it is a question of claw traps or wire traps."

Goering's law made provision for laying by the heels this furtive gang who carried out their dismal craft in the woods and on the plains under the guise of innocent collectors of simples or Nature-worshippers. To-day, thank God, the forester who in the fight with the poacher had been obliged to use arms in self-defence is no longer obliged to defend his honour by a detailed account of the incident, as though he were a prisoner in the dock facing a court of justice, as was the custom in the days of the 'System.' The forester is to-day the guardian of the forest and the wild creatures of the forest, and is under the protection of the Master of the Hunt for the Reich. And Goering stands up for him just as in the days when he was fighting against the Communists he championed the cause of every police officer who did his duty.

Hermann Goering's next anxiety, not only as Master of the Hunt for the Reich, but also as head of the Government of the largest German State, was to institute game preserves, which were either to be 'State Reservations' of specimens of wild animals, or were sanctuaries for rare types that were threatened with extinction. To the first category belonged the Rominter Heide with its famous red deer and the Sternberger Heide which, owing to the great variety of animals it sheltered, and the magnificent antlers of its deers as well as the luxuriances of its trees, was unquestionably one of the most beautiful and most interesting of the German woods. To this category also belonged the park for wild boars at Springe, where Hermann Goering once a year goes for a day's sport with some of his most intimate friends and fellow-workers, and on the coast of Pomerania is the wave-washed Darsz, which is both a sanctuary for rare animals and is a first-rate hunting region.

At the present day the Schorfheide has a special fascination for every German whether he is a hunter or not. The preservation of the buffalo, when it was almost on the point of extinction, is due to the Master of the Hunt for the Reich alone. He also succeeded by adopting some of the very latest experiments in saving from extinction the elk, which was just barely existing in a wretched condition in





HUNTING THE CHAMOIS  
(In the Roeth game-preserve.)



THE KILLING OF THE ELK

East Prussia, and which he now introduced into the Schorfheide.

Hermann Goering knew that a great number of our people, especially the inhabitants of the big cities, were completely ignorant about Nature. To reveal to them once more the fascination of the German creatures of the wild was in his view a duty that was of great importance and would give an ample recompense. And inspired with this vision he established on the Werbelinsee a 'Foundation for the study of the wild animals of Germany' with extensive preserves in which all types of German game were kept in an environment which suited them perfectly, as it was on the lines of the surroundings from which they had sprung. Furthermore his region gives facilities above everything else for stocking the vast zone of forest and lakeland of the Schorfheide with rare types of animals once indigenous to the place. The horn-owl, the king of the night, the heath-cock, the capercaillie, the grey-goose, the raven, the beaver, and the otter were transferred from this preserve to those regions which were the homes of their ancestors in ancient times, and from which the stupidity of our forefathers had driven them.

And thus it came about that in a few years a zone which had always appealed immensely to the hunting fraternity evolved into what our people, in contrast to all the other nations in the world, hitherto lacked, a national park of extraordinarily wondrous scenic charm, which had become the home of a great variety of creatures of the wild. There is no other spot in the world which appeals so forcibly to Goering's heart as the Schorfheide. In this retreat he seeks and finds relaxation and recuperation after prolonged spells of hard work for his Fuehrer, his people, and his Fatherland.

On one occasion, in connection with the celebration of the feast of Saint Hubert, Goering expressed his feelings regarding the forests of Germany in an address to his fellow-hunters. "In my view the conception of the forester is henceforth inseparable from that of the hunter. A forester who regards our noble wild animals as useless creatures does not deserve to wear the green coat. We hunters differ

from other people in this way, that when we tramp through the forest and see God's glorious world expanding before our eyes, our hearts are inspired with boundless gratitude and with noble sentiments and with wondrous delight in Nature which expresses the majesty of God. In this respect we are poles apart from those people who regard themselves as very superior, and who, when they go through the forest, have eyes only for the speedometer. But we look upon the forest as God's cathedral. In the forest we offer true divine worship when we pay a tribute to our Creator through the medium of his creatures and thereby express gratitude to the Almighty. And thus for the rest of our lives, our spirit of sportsmanship will strengthen us and give us vitality and the means of acquiring the energy which we will devote in other spheres to the welfare and advantage of our people."

The eternal forests are to him symbolical of the immortality of the German race. "We have now got accustomed to regarding the German people as eternal. There is no better symbol for our immortality than the forest which was eternal and will be eternal. The eternal forest and the eternal people are inseparable conceptions, and therefore we proclaim with confidence that we are intended to be immortal, not as individuals, for we shall die and pass away, but our race is imperishable and immortal. This dogma the forest will preach to us anew every day. And from this forest, too, those inexhaustible fountains will spring that will bring blessings and prosperity to our people."

A man who so loves the forest and the wild creatures it shelters must be a genuine sportsman. He must be at heart a true hunter whose heart beats quicker when he tracks down his quarry and who spares no pains or troubles to win a trophy which he ardently covets.

Deer-stalking is Goering's favourite form of hunting, because it gives the hunter and the hunted equal opportunities. He does not take a position of vantage in a well-concealed shelter or on a lofty eminence in order to bring down the unsuspecting quarry after hours of waiting when it is starting to graze. He prefers the breath-taking pursuit of the belling king of the forest with his herd—a pursuit

up hill and down dale, through marsh and over moor, from tree to tree, until at length the chance of a direct hit presents itself.

The roar of the red deer in the rutting season gives him an extraordinary thrill. Utterly heedless of all consequences, even though his day's work may have gone on until late in the night, he does not hesitate to go deer-stalking at four o'clock in the morning, were it only for the pleasure of listening to the stag's roar. And when he hears it, Hermann Goering's heart beats more quickly, as does that of every true German hunter. And if he is lucky enough to see the leader of the herd advancing to battle, he very frequently forgets to fire. That wonderful spectacle means more to him than killing the king of the forest.

' Even if you were not hunting  
You would derive a keener joy  
Than any well-aimed shot could give  
If through the forest you just strolled  
To hear the cuckoo and the finch.  
What joy to flee from babbling fools  
And never gaze on them again ! '

Special preparations are necessary for hunting the elk in East Prussia, which are entailed by the difficult nature of the ground and the fact that sturdy animals worthy of a sportsman's rifle are few and far between. One afternoon in early September Goering and his friends had set out to track down an elk which was reported to have been seen in a certain area. It had been a terrible year for flies, and anybody who has ever tarried in the elk reservation can easily imagine what hardships a tramp through the sedgy mazes of the vast Erlenbrueche entailed. Hermann Goering and his retinue had arrived at the first of those pulpits which in the elk region were absolutely indispensable for observation and taking aim. In the far distance they could see through the blinding downpour of rain a second and a third pulpit. Keeping the third pulpit as their objective, they set out on their tramp, cursing in their hearts flies, rain, sedge, and elk-hunting.

Goering was climbing up the ladder of the pulpit, but,

before he was half-way up, he saw emerging from a dense alder-grove the sturdy form of the reserve-ranger, Qu., who was known throughout the whole district as 'the father of the elks.'

"Herr Reichsjägermeister!" rang out his voice in the broadest East Prussian. "Not on this pulpit, please!"

It may be added that just at that moment the rain culminated in a terrific thunderstorm, the reverberation of which was drowned by Goering's voice demanding in angry tones what pulpit the beat was to start from.

"The first pulpit—the one which you passed on your way here, Herr Reichsjägermeister."

"Well then, why did you not wait for me at the first pulpit?"

"I could not do so, Herr Reichsjägermeister. How could I. It's not my preserve."

"Well, whose preserve is it?"

"It belongs to St. Seines."

"Well, where is he?"

"He must have been afraid, Herr Reichsjägermeister. He has hidden himself."

When Hermann Goering is on the track of a stag, there is no rest or pause until he has killed his quarry. He neither eats nor sleeps nor does he spare himself any bodily fatigue until he has achieved his aim.

There was once a stag known as 'Knuff' in the Rominter Heide which literally gave Hermann Goering no rest for a whole week. Just a year previously this cunning old stag, which had rather poor antlers but powerful legs, had outwitted all attempts to lay him low. In fact he could boast that he had been the victor in several successive encounters with the hunters. And then one fine morning, Goering, accompanied by Forest-Inspector P., stalked him. They started at 4 a.m., but Knuff got away from them. They had been looking for him for five hours, and the sun was now high in the sky when the Forest-Inspector P. pulled out his watch, and suggested to the Master of the Hunt for the Reich that it was about time for breakfast and a good cup of coffee. And so the deer-stalking ended for the time being.



THE GERMAN AIR MINISTER AND THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF  
OF THE AIR FORCE



PILOTING HIS OWN AEROPLANE



They had hardly got home, however, when the telephone rang.

"Knuff has gone grazing on the meadow with the herd," came the message.

Off they went again, without waiting to rest for a second, to say nothing of not waiting for breakfast. And it was only after another strenuous spell of deer-stalking that Knuff was brought down by one of those deadly accurate shots for which Hermann Goering had become famous in the Rominter Heide. And he had almost as tough a job in bringing down another famous stag, Osiris, the Neusternberger prize-stag in 1937, old Zwoelfer, and many others that kept him on the alert for days and weeks on end. But the more difficult it was to track down his quarry, the greater the delight of Hermann Goering in his ultimate victory.

Everybody who has had the honour to act as a guide to the Master of the Hunt for the Reich can never forget the vigour and the masterly skill with which he stalked the deer, and how with unerring marksmanship he brought down the most difficult quarry. He never missed his mark, not even when distance, failing light, position or the swift movement of his target would have presented insuperable obstacles to the average hunter. His bullet always reached its goal. Nine out of ten stags that he killed were shot through the neck just in accordance with his aim. But perhaps Hermann Goering's most delightful thrill from the hunt is the true and heartfelt glee he feels whenever he has had a successful day at deer-stalking, whenever he has hit his target or whenever he has won a trophy.

The days when the deers were rutting in the dark woods of East Prussia were among the most strenuous, but also the most thrilling and exhilarating days of Hermann Goering's hunting career. He frequently had spent five or more days talking deer to no purpose, but, unlike a great many other hunters, he never became depressed on that account. But when eventually he bagged his deer, Hermann Goering felt the glow of delight that makes the pulse of the true hunter beat more quickly.

Many distinguished guests from foreign lands and many of his old friends of his fighting days have frequently gone deer-stalking with Hermann Goering. They have always gone away full of admiration for his skill in marksmanship. He has also given amazing proofs of his marksmanship in Poland, Hungary, and Italy.

It is a surprising coincidence that brilliant members of the Air Force have also been first-rate marksmen. But they do not belong to that section of the community who have reached a certain standard over the average at target practice but to those very unusual types of marksmen who have always been accustomed to the gun, and who are able to deal with the most difficult situations with consummate skill. These are the types who are endowed from birth with those advantages which cannot be acquired even with the greatest industry, a sharp eye, an abnormal vitality, swift powers of perception and decision and an iron control over the nerves. These types of marksmen are rare. Hermann Goering is at their head to-day, although his never-ending tasks leave him but little time to devote to practice, unlike his fellow-sportsmen.

Manfred von Richthofen was a first-class shot, and Udet and Koerner are also very skilled marksmen. Among the younger officers of the Air Force too, a great many have attained distinction at the leading national and international shooting competitions.

During his fighting days Goering had very little time to take part in hunting. He had some opportunities for doing so occasionally, but his fellow-sportsmen were far away from Berlin. In the State preserves in the vicinity of Berlin in those days the 'Cockney' sportsmen of the old régime used to indulge in an occasional day's shooting. The old régime used to hold its ceremonial shoots. On the list of invitations for State hunts stood the name of the President of the German Reichstag in accordance with old-time custom. That President happened to be Hermann Goering, and one day a formal invitation arrived at his house through the post. Goering declined the invitation, not as a matter of principle, but simply because a preserve had been

assigned to him in which it was notorious that the stags were the most ill-conditioned ones in all Prussia. Goering's old war comrade, Kerri, the President of the Prussian Diet, wrote to the Prussian Government a letter that was both amusing and sarcastic, which was published in the Press, and caused great amusement among the German hunting fraternity. Kerri's prophecy that during the course of the following year Hermann Goering as Prime Minister would hunt down his own fat stags, himself, was actually fulfilled with amazing accuracy.

Like many other good hunters, Hermann Goering was no great friend of the battue with the holocaust of wild animals that it entailed. Deer-stalking was his favourite pastime. He maintained that the rifle had become the queen of hunting weapons, and a bullet from a rifle that found its billet gave him far more joy than less well-aimed discharges from a shot-gun. His second preference in the chase is hunting the wild boar. But in this case, too, it is not the mere pursuit of the wild boar that thrills him, but all the incidental features of the sport. The note of the bugle-horn, the shouting of the Master of the Hounds, the joyful yelping of the hounds, the angry grunting and the bristling hair of the wild boar and the flashing of the bared steel—all these accessories of this form of hunting with a spice of risk attached to it that appealed to our forefathers, also made Hermann Goering's heart beat faster.

Venerable and noble customs of Germany's ancient days were saved for the Germany of to-day. Hermann Goering recalled to people's imagination many usages of Germany's past which had been long forgotten. At his suggestion a book entitled *Customs of the Hunt*, which recalled the good old practices of ancient hunters, was compiled, in order that these practices might be revived and become the common heritage of all the German hunting community. To him and to the initiative and energy of the District Master of the Hunt for Brunswick, Minister Alpers, now his Secretary of State and General Forest Master, we are indebted for the fact that in the year 1935 the first 'Jägerhof' was established in Germany. Soon afterwards further establishments

for the maintenance of Germany's wild animals and for the development of the cult of the chase followed.

In addition to reviving the name of the 'Jägerhof,' these new establishments revived the fine traditions of their ancient predecessors-- the code of the hunting-field, the breeding and training of dogs, the protection of game, research work on the chase, marksmanship, the study of old usages and traditions and, above all, the education of the coming generation in all these features of the hunt and the education of the people in the lofty ethical and economic values of the German chase. The ancient German sport of falconry has been revived on Hermann Goering's initiative at the 'Falknerhof' at Riddagshausen in Brunswick. At Hedwigsburg in the vicinity of Hainberg, where the German hunting community celebrates Saint Hubert's Day annually, he showed his foreign guests last year his falcon, 'Komet.' The falcon is protected by the German hunt law as a symbol of knightly valour, and the ancient and honourable art of falconry is patronized and cultivated by the Order of Falconers.

In keeping with an old-time tradition Saint Hubert's Day is held with great festivity on November 3rd in the beautiful setting of Hainberg, and year by year the German hunters will assemble here in future in order to perpetuate on this romantic sight the celebration of the old-time fête.

There is no other law on the German statute-book that meets so perfectly all the demands and needs of the German hunter as the Hunt Law for the Reich.

On this basis-- on this framework created by himself-- the Master of the Hunt for the Reich, as trustee for the Chase, has reorganized the system of the German hunt. German sport has taken deep root in the structure of the National Socialist constitution of the Third Reich. The green guild stands enthusiastically behind the Fuehrer, to whom it owes a deep debt of gratitude.

Clearly the hunting-horn reverberates again through the German forests: 'Away to the woods to join in the fun of the chase!' ✓

## THE GERMAN AIR MINISTER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AIR FORCE

ON June 14th, 1929, a full session of the German Reichstag was called, but the floor of the House was half empty. The majority of the delegates were in the adjoining restaurant, while a few strolled about, with an air of importance, in the lobbies. In the Press Gallery some newspaper reporters were sharpening their pencils. They looked bored. The Public Gallery looked much too large. Scarcely a dozen men sat there, their countenances serious, and they seemed to have some special interest in the proceedings. Germany's Budget for 1929 was down for the second reading, and there was to be a debate on the German Air Estimates—although at that time these were not thought to be of any great interest.

After a number of speeches—always in the same old order, according to the size of the Parliamentary group—a member of the National Christian Farmers' and Peasants' Party called the attention of the House to the difficulties of transport, the increase in freight rates, the senselessness of the long, roundabout route from Heidelberg to Meckesheim via Baumarkt, and the shortage of gravel for road-mending, which had been so shamefully raised in price. His speech ended with this 'illuminating' sentence: "We demand the preservation of the rights we have acquired, or, if they are lost, we want them restored." (Applause from the National Christian Farmers' and Peasants' Party and from the Workers' Party.)

So far nothing had been said about Air Estimates.

The Speaker rang the bell for silence vigorously, and then said :

"Deputy Goering will speak !"

Deputy ! In Goering's ears that word had a new significance.

'Yes,' he said to himself, 'I am a deputy, but not of this Reichstag. I am deputy for my Fuehrer, and at the same time Minister for Air.' He was the representative of all those who, like himself, were earnestly striving after Germany's improvement in the air arm.

As he stepped forward to the platform Goering made up his mind to speak out as an airman. By so doing perhaps he could lay the foundation upon which the German Air Arm would later be raised.

Quietly and pointedly, the late commander of the Richthofer Squadron severely criticized the manner in which the German Parliament was handling the air problem. "Why," he asked, "does the notorious quintette of stringed instruments play *fortissimo* in the air estimates. Why is there no State Secretary for Air? Why are we economizing on these things when our duty to the nation demands the opposite? Why are individual members, and also the committee, harping on anonymous reports which only serve to destroy confidence in the German Air Arm. We airmen, whenever it has been required of us, have fought in the open, and we shall do so again. I hope, gentlemen, that you will decide to approach this matter in the same spirit of candour so that the difficulties which are confronting the German Air Arm may be eliminated."

It made Goering sick to see so many bored expressions in front of him. They reminded him of Buddhist priests. The only people who were really interested consisted of a small party of National Socialists and the Minister of Transport, who was at that time also in charge of air traffic. But Goering felt that it was his duty to state bluntly now what had never before been stated.

Goering went on to describe the true state of affairs not only in air transport and in the aircraft industry, but also in the training and research departments. The prevailing conditions could only bring disaster if persisted in. But there were in that House a majority of deputies who attributed warlike desires to every sports plane that was started. And there were only a few men who, in the face of a thousand set-backs and disappointments, desired to save

and strengthen what was still permitted to Germany by the shackles of Versailles.

Looking very grim, Goering drew attention to the disgraceful plight in which the Air Service was placed. "Moreover," he said, in conclusion, "unless you vote the necessary estimates now, sooner or later you will be compelled to do so."

"You're an optimist!" shouted someone from the left.

"It has always been the privilege of an airman to be an optimist," retorted Goering. "Save the Air Service! If you do not, you will live to regret it."

But the motion of Goering and his supporters was rejected. And another three million marks were struck off the German Air Estimates. For this the German people would have to suffer, not those defeatists who deported themselves there in plenary session as the representatives of the people. But Hermann Goering was to make good this deficiency a few years later when he was Air Minister.

Meantime the German Air Service went from bad to worse. In 1931 Goering stood once again before Parliament. He had been pressed by various sections of the industry to make another effort. He pointed out that our engine development was falling far behind that of other countries, although our engineers were the very best. He added that the pay of the pilots was insufficient. He emphasized that the technical qualifications for the calling of the pilot, and the heroism of the pioneers of the Air Service were in no way acknowledged. The pacifists of the German Parliament referred contemptuously to the German Air Captains as 'air cabbies,' but these were the men who were destined later to devote themselves to the development of the new Air Arm in co-operation with experienced army officers.

Government subsidies became smaller and smaller. In 1931 Germany voted 43 million marks for the Air Service. In the same year France voted 362 millions and England 357 millions. With all the earnestness of a man who could foresee danger he begged for an increase in the Estimates from 1,200,000 marks to 2,500,000 for the development of aeroplane engines.

But once more the motion of Goering and his supporters was rejected.

The small National Socialist Party, and a few others in Parliament who were also nationally minded, could do nothing to prevail against the treason of the social democratic and communistic defence experts—as those fellows proudly styled themselves—nor against the cowardice of those who were supposed to be representing the people.

Again the men of the German Lufthansa, as well as representatives of the aircraft industry and research, went to Goering with the request to prevail upon Parliament, to . . .

But Goering now definitely declined. "Wait," he said, "wait until we are in power. Nothing is to be expected from this parliament." And Goering's heart ached as month by month he saw the German Air Service rapidly descending to a state of complete collapse.

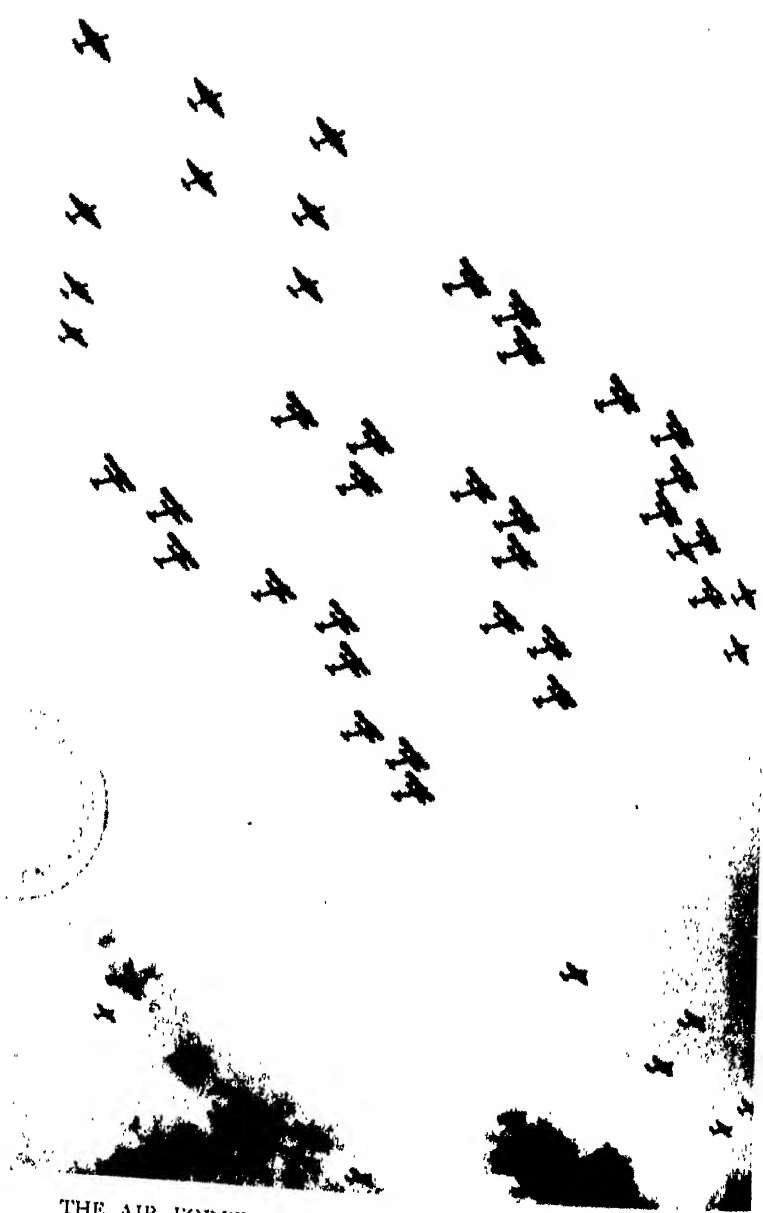
The Deutsche Lufthansa was always the kernel of the German Air Service. This company was augmented by a few small local undertakings. The narrow-mindedness prevailing at the time could never understand that those undertakings, in addition to their transport activities, were constantly endeavouring to solve the problems peculiar to the industry, in order to be able, in some small measure, to link up Germany's air communications with the progress being made everywhere in the world's air transport system.

State support for air transport grew less and less. While countries abroad concluded long forward contracts with their aeroplane factories, which made work on a large scale possible, Lufthansa was obliged to muddle along painfully from one economic conference to another and from one supplementary estimate to the next. In the spring, nobody could estimate what distances were to be covered or could be covered in the summer. Threatening and still more threatening grew the spectre of the collapse of German commercial air transport. Foreign undertakings saw their opportunity, and Lufthansa was obliged to conclude so-called pool contracts, that is to say, contracts for a joint flying





THE START OF THE BUILDING UP OF THE AIR FORCE. TO-DAY'S SPORTING AIRMEN ARE  
TO-MORROW'S SOLDIERS



THE AIR FORCE PARADING BEFORE 'THE FUHRER ON  
PARTY DAY

Until 1933 German aeroplane works and engineering factories, which had already passed through a long period of distress, lived in the continual fear of having to close down. The prospect of unemployment was a nightmare throughout all branches of the industry. There was confusion everywhere because so many 'leaders' were pulling in so many different directions. The mental strength of the country lacked uniform leadership.

When Goering took office as Minister for Air he found that practically no progress had been made in research work. Scientists had certainly put themselves to a great deal of trouble, but the modern facilities for research were completely lacking, and as no money was being voted they were obliged to devote themselves to theoretical work, the value of which, for practical purposes, was often problematical. Since 1918 scarcely any new machines or parts had been manufactured. The long tradition of German aircraft research had been interrupted.

The shameful Versailles Treaty prohibited Germany from constructing aeroplanes for her army and navy, but then the Allies must have noticed that the German flying spirit was not to be completely annihilated, for there were always those men who, at great cost to themselves, devoted themselves to 'sports flying.' When this became known, those on the other side of the German frontiers began to open their eyes. There was still something that they had 'forgotten to prohibit' in the Treaty.

In the Paris Air Agreement of 1926, the then German Government agreed to the disgraceful obligation, not to support German aircraft for sports purposes out of the public funds. Eight years after the War had ended they did not possess sufficient courage to oppose this demand with a decisive 'No!' But even that was not enough. In the eternal fear that the German military spirit might rise up again, that Marxist Government bound itself to still further obligations which were not only incomprehensible, but treacherous towards their country. Whenever a German sportsman wanted to fly he had to pay a heavy toll for every start and every landing. The taxes for new

mind ed air service, and that was sufficient cause to make the existence of the German flying schools as difficult as possible. So great was the lack of understanding and the meanness displayed by the 'spying' and 'cheese-paring' Commissars of the Reichstag that a state of hysterical anxiety was engendered with regard to secret arming. That alone is a proof that good and valuable work was being done by the D.V.S. But even here, the work had to be curtailed on account of lack of funds.

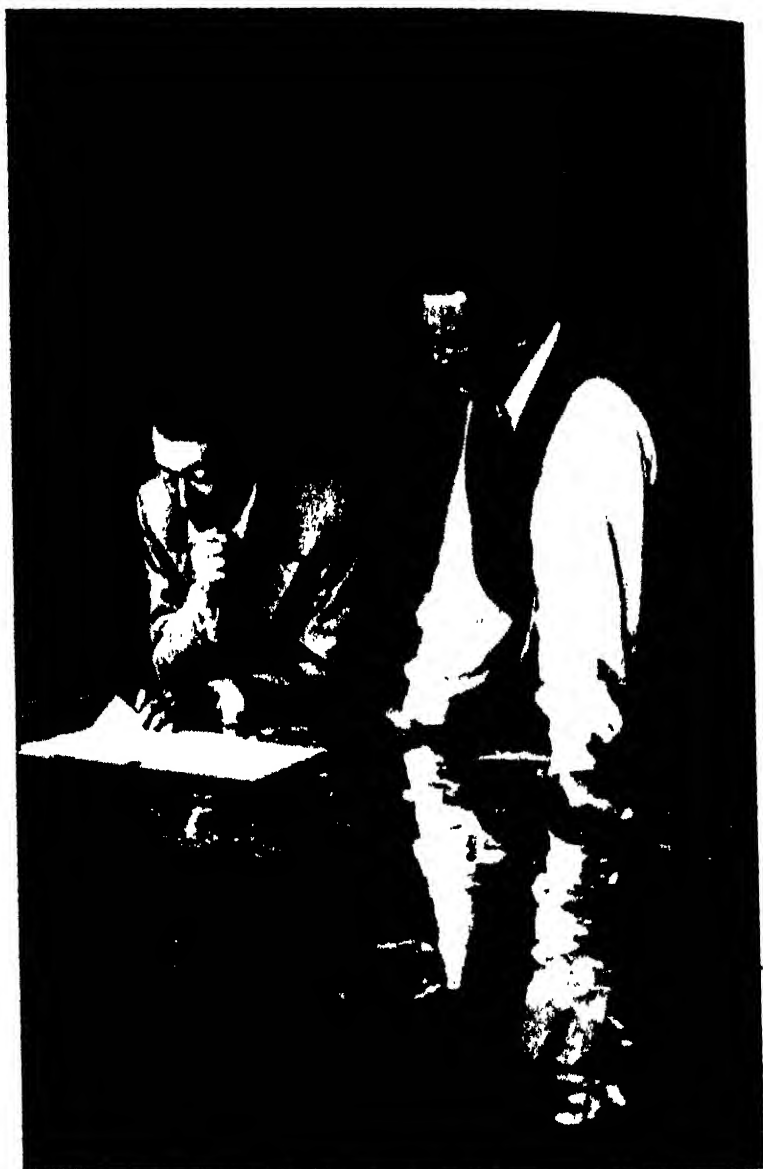
Such was the unhappy state of affairs when, on January 30th, 1933, Hermann Goering received the command from the Fuehrer to rebuild the German Air Services. Under such difficult circumstances, even the strongest might have become faint-hearted, but what were Goering's words at that parliamentary session? "It was always the privilege of an airman to be an optimist."

And with this optimism Hermann Goering commenced the work. He was firmly convinced, such was his superb self-assertion and his dauntless faith, that every command of the Fuehrer could be and would be carried out. Moreover, the time had now come to fulfil the promise he had given at the time of the disbandment of the 'Manfred von Richthofen' Squadron when he spoke to his comrades in the Stifts Keller at Aschaffenburg: "Proud of what we have done, we will continue to stand together. I shall not rest, comrades, until our squadrons and the German Air Services are resurrected!"

On the day of Goering's appointment as Air Commissioner for the Reich the German Aero Club was celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary at Kroll. That was fortunate, for he went straight there to find men whom he knew he could rely upon to assist him in his difficult task. Among members of the club were technicians, engineers, research workers, and, most important of all, some of his old war comrades with whom he used to spend many a night in earnest conversation after they had raided the enemy lines. These men had held together with grim doggedness,



AN INSPECTION



THE FUEHRER GIVES HERMANN GOERING THE FIRST OUTLINES  
OF THE FOUR YEAR PLAN

and had done the only thing that could be done against the strong opposition of the Government—formed a flying club. That opposition had lasted for fourteen years and at last there was opened before them a door of hope.

Captain Goering, commander of the famous German squadron during the World War, was again at the head. Briefly, he unfolded his programme and ended his short speech with these words : " We are now going to work for Germany's equality of rights in the air. I shall continue this struggle with that zeal and tenacity for which we old National Socialists are known, until I am satisfied that our nation is safe." Goering then shook hands with the men, who felt that now they could breathe freely. At last, Government restrictions were to cease, and the way was open. In this happy frame of mind Goering began his task. He set his old comrades to work at once. Among these was Erhard Milch, who through all those difficult years had saved Lufthansa from ruin by his untiring watchfulness. Others were his old friend Loerzer, war-time 'ace,' Christiansen, and the seaplane flyer Krischan, to-day a lieutenant-general in the National Socialist Flying Corps. By his side also was Udet, his loyal fellow-campaigner, a dauntless fighter, as well as the gallant Greim, for whom, as for the rest of them, a flying career was open again. And there were a great many more gallant comrades who, during the War, had learned to look death in the face. There was only one man missing, Bodenschatz, the old adjutant of the squadron, but he was on his way from Nuremberg to Berlin and was soon to rejoin the Air Service.

Germany was still in desperate straits. The time was short. The Air Force must be completely reorganized and be cast in one mould. The work was more than difficult. The chains of the shameful Versailles Treaty had not yet been broken. Everything could not be changed at once, and even National Socialist Germany must act with caution in view of restrictions abroad. But the goal must be the creation and completion of the new German Air Arm. From the first day of taking over Goering pressed his claims for equality of rights. " A weak and defenceless German

Air Force was a lasting danger to the peace of the world!" he declared.

Goering began with a very small staff. His deputy was Erhard Milch, who had brought with him a few capable men from Lufthansa. In addition to some of the old comrades of the World War, there were a number of responsible men from the former German Ministry of Transport, men who were certainly not responsible for the collapse of the German Air Force in the years from 1919 to 1932. Between twenty and thirty colleagues formed the nucleus from which the new German Air Force was to emerge.

Goering clearly recognized the necessity for one uniform internal administration and a special department of the Government to deal with the Air Force and, after three months of work by day and night, the Reich Ministry for Air was formed on May 5th, 1933, from the Reich Kommissariat.

The Fuehrer had nominated his faithful friend Hermann Goering, as Reich Minister for Air. He had before him an enormous and difficult task, but for him the legislative work was the hardest part. Airmen would rather fly than formulate administrative laws, but these were a necessary preliminary. After another six months of hard work the basis for future development was established by a law passed on December 15th, 1933, dealing with the administration of the aerial traffic. Interest which hitherto had been divided between the Reich and the various States by the aerial traffic law of 1927 were now entirely in the hands of the one man, who had also control of the Air Police.

Without any consideration of the frontiers of the component States, the Air Minister was now in a position to arrange the various sections of the administrative side of the Service in accordance with the essence of the task and the aims in view. This was an achievement of outstanding importance from the point of view of statesmanship. The Air Service had thereby become a pioneer in its era in its enthusiasm for flying. In its sphere, that uniformity of the Reich which had been an ideal aimed at for such a long time was for the first time attained and consolidated, and



now the next step was to bring German air transport to the highest pitch of development from the point of view of speed.

When Hermann Goering took over the Air Ministry there were scarcely a dozen modern machines at his disposal in the whole of Germany, but the quality of the personnel available could not be surpassed by that of any other nation, and the German ground staff organization at that time was probably the best in the world. The quality of the aeroplanes available, however, was far behind that of any other country. Over the commercial air routes some machines which were ten or eleven years old were still being used. These old machines were built in 1919, and in view of the technical improvements which had developed since then could not be deemed absolutely safe for the transport of passengers. Initiative in the manufacture of new aeroplanes was also lacking. Nearly 80 per cent of the machines then available had only one engine. For Goering the safety of passengers was the first consideration, and he therefore ordered the construction of multi-engined machines. The result was the production of the Junker JU 52, a machine with three engines which met all requirements satisfactorily. Owing to the economic difficulties of the time, however, Lufthansa was only able to put a few of these into service, and it was because of this that Goering placed the necessary means at Lufthansa's disposal for the reconstruction of their air fleet. And in 1934 there were sufficient machines of the JU 52 type to cover about 80 per cent of the German Air Routes. With the introduction of the JU 52, which even to-day, five years after its birth, is sold to other countries as a reliable and efficient plane, an average speed of from 110 to 150 miles per hour was attained by German machines.

With a view to further development Hermann Goering introduced into the German Air Transport Service in increasing numbers the HE 70 and the JU 60 (later JU 160) as fast planes. Their speed exceeded 190 miles per hour, and thereby created a considerable transformation in air transport. These two types were followed up with twin-engined

models, the HE 111 and the JU 86, which combined increased speed with better accommodation for travellers, mails, and freight. In 1936 these two models were in Lufthansa's regular service.

A further development was then undertaken. At the Junker Works (the JU 90), the Heinkel (HE 116), and the Fockewulf (FW 200), long-distance planes were constructed. All these mounted four engines and could carry 40 passengers at a speed of 190 miles an hour.

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But the development of land planes alone was not enough. Germany's sea coast demanded seaplanes so that she could be linked up with world air transport.

The year 1933 also saw the birth of German trans-oceanic air traffic. In that year Lufthansa put into service the rebuilt steamer *Westfalen* as the first floating air base. The first attempts to fly the Atlantic were crowned with success. After a year of trial trips, a regular South Atlantic air service was established by Lufthansa with the *Westfalen*. In 1934 the *Schabenland* was added to the service, followed by the *Ostmark* in 1936, and the *Friesenland* in 1937.

The flying route was gradually lengthened via Bathurst to the West African coast and thence to Natal (Brazil), then via Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires, and finally across the Andes to Santiago de Chile. At first there were fortnightly services only, but later this was increased to a weekly service in both directions. With the advent of night-flying and the introductions of faster machines the time it took to fly from Germany to South America was reduced to three days. The safety and reliability of the approved flying-boats (DO 10-t WAL and DO 18) on the South American Air Service was in no way inferior to that of the European service. The mail service increased from year to year, and to-day every flying-boat carries from 70,000 to 80,000 letters. Lufthansa was the first company in the world to establish a regular flying service across the ocean, and her efficiency has not yet been surpassed by any other country.

By reason of the success achieved in the South Atlantic,

Lufthansa, in 1936, concentrated on air routes over the North Atlantic. In the autumn of that year eight trial trips took place, between Lisbon and New York via the Azores. These were also successful and the inception of a regular service was in sight. For the North Atlantic service the Hamburger Aeroplane Construction Company built a new ocean-going seaplane, the four-engined HA 139, which was fitted out exactly in the same way as the DO 18, with Junker heavy oil engines.

Like the Lufthansa Company, the German Zeppelin Works has also gained international fame in world air transport. Goering has faithfully carried on the tradition bequeathed to him by the aged Count Zeppelin. Interviewers frequently asked him for his views on the position of the airship. And with that frankness which always characterizes him, he answered that he had quite made up his mind that with regard to the question of 'lighter than air' and 'heavier than air' craft the future in the air belonged to the large aeroplane, which was still in the course of development, and that in the conquest of the mountains and in severe weather it would always have advantages over the airship.

"But," he added, "let no one belittle on that account the performances of our airships." With a regularity which has aroused the admiration of the whole world they have crossed the oceans, have contributed to understanding among the nations, and have brought respect and honour to the name of Germany. That can never be shaken, not even by the appalling catastrophe of the destruction of Germany's most powerful airship, the *Hindenburg*. That terrible blow, which not only plunged the entire German nation into mourning, but which also shook the whole world, cannot shake the confidence in the numerous air connections which have been established between Germany and the nations of North and South America. In times of adversity the strong show their strength. That was demonstrated by Goering's attitude when, at the time of the catastrophe, the completion of the airship then in course of construction was speeded up. Later, the *Ersatz L. Z. Hindenburg* showed that

airship traffic across the ocean was a great contribution toward binding the nations together in peace.

The air route to the Far East could not yet be established, as the Soviet Union was opposed to a through service. In recent years, however, the German-China Aircraft Company Eurasia, established in China under the direction of Lufthansa, has completed a network of airways to meet the requirements of Chinese internal air transport. This company is one of the bases for the great air routes which will surely span the nations within a measurable space of time.

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Inside Germany there is now an extensive network of air routes which are linked up with main routes all over the European continent. Over the main arteries there is a daily and nightly service, and in some cases aeroplanes cover the routes twice during the daytime.

Up till 1933 many airports closed their gates during the autumn and winter months. The greater part of the personnel was dismissed, and the remainder were kept on with difficulty until the following spring. Now that is all changed. The excellent ground organization established by Goering and the additional safety in the air afforded by the radio services guarantee a safe flying service even during bad weather. A more thoroughgoing development it would be difficult to imagine.

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Germany owes its decisive advance in this great task to the excellent output of its aeroplane and engine factories as well as their auxiliary factories. This industry is now without equal in production and in personnel. From the few factories which he found at the beginning, the Reich Minister for Air, by his energy and initiative, has created works of enormous dimensions. Associate industries, such as locomotive works and ship-building yards, have also played their part in the construction of aircraft. But to-day the German aircraft industry itself provides the essentials for the new

Air Arm, which may now be said to be an ever-ready and powerful weapon of defence.

Recent exhibitions in Stockholm, Brussels, and Milan have provided eloquent testimony to German enterprise in this sphere. And uniform direction of production through the Technical Department of the Reich Air Ministry, at the head of which Hermann Goering has placed his old war-time comrade, General Udet, is a guarantee of further development in Germany's definite and far-reaching aims.

The men engaged on aircraft research work have made a considerable contribution towards this forward development. They are also worthy of all praise. Scientific research must always be in advance of the work done by the airmen themselves. For the practice of flying and the work of the flying services must be based upon and developed on the lines of scientific progress and experience. This particular branch of activity is under the supervision of the Lilienthal Company for Air Research, over which Goering himself presides. The name Lilienthal was given to the company by Goering to perpetuate the name of the first man in Germany to fulfil the many-centuries-old desire of humanity to free itself from the earth and rise into the air. The task of the company consists in the study not only of the realms of the air, but above all things in the study of all those means which can be made available to man for his further penetration into the heavens.

In addition to the Lilienthal Company, the Reich Minister for Air has established the German Academy for Air Research, of which he himself is the head. Under his guidance the Academy has become a completely self-supporting, modern scientific institution. The resources of science in their relation to the new air technique are only beginning to be tapped. What has been learned up till now has for the most part been by way of experience. Still greater progress is to be expected from the introduction of physics and chemistry and other branches of science into air technique. Aeroplanes are still flying comparatively low and the number of airports is still limited. Greater developments are to be expected in range and speed as well as in

height. A vast, new territory lies before us. The age of new geographical discoveries has dawned and the greatest discoveries are yet to come. Goering has frequently given his personal attention to research work and has often outlined the problems to be solved.

United with the best scientific resources of Germany and with those of like-minded friendly countries—independent of other departments of science and yet a part of them—the German Academy for Air Research is destined in this struggle to strive for the progress of the human race in the air with the weapons of intelligence and understanding.

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But still more work of reparation was to be done. When the National Socialists assumed power, not only the German Air Service, but the German airports also were in an unsatisfactory condition. From the first day of his activities as Reich Minister for Air, however, Goering set to work to improve the airports with the object of making them suitable for the coming rapid development of German air transport. In addition to enlarging existing airports he has also established several new ones.

Outstanding in the general national movement for the planning and improving of the German airports, was the gigantic plan for the new Tempelhof Field which the Fuehrer himself announced in February, 1934, and which, under the constant personal supervision of Goering, is now nearing completion.

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Air travel is essential, but defence in the air is equally important. Especially in a country like Germany, which, until the date of the nation's decision to rearm, was surrounded by heavily armed neighbours, but possessed neither anti-aircraft guns nor an Air Force. Before Adolf Hitler came to power, the most urgent pleas for the safety of the people were ignored by the Government. The Paris Agreement of 1926 'graciously permitted' Germany the organization of an Air Defence Force. But this 'permission' was

not taken advantage of. On the contrary, when private enterprise began the work it received no encouragement and, what was even worse, it was sabotaged.

All these conditions had been changed by Goering with a stroke of the pen. In April, 1933, he founded the Reich Air Protection League and at the same time declared all other unions illegal. A year later all former laws relating to aerial transport were revoked and the new regulations were such that all Germans, both men and women, could, if necessary, be called upon to co-operate in the building up of the air defence.

To-day aerial defence is a national movement, and has eleven million members. Practice flights are frequently arranged to ensure the efficiency of this important national body. Goering himself, by his presence at these demonstrations, has shown his keen interest in a movement which, necessarily slow at first, has since been taken up with great enthusiasm by the German people. 'Approved by the Fuehrer, the Reich Air Protection League is the organization which is destined to help the people in time of need and to save them from ruin and destruction.'

This powerful organization owes its origin to the creative energy of the Reich Minister for Air.

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Goering's influence is felt everywhere, not only because of his forceful personality, but also because of his ability in organizing schemes of reconstruction. With him, it is no sooner the word than the deed.

The Air League was for the purposes of passive self-defence. But those who know Goering know that his entire attitude is the opposite of passivity. National Socialism has always been aggressive, even in defence. Goering has never made a secret of the fact, that the defence of Germany in the air must be secured by the creation of a German Air Arm capable of attack. But the time was not yet. Versailles still hindered progress, but preparations must be made. Neglect was a crime against the nation. It was necessary to create a corps of leaders, which would train pilots who

would later be called upon to pilot the machines of the German Air Arm. "The German nation must be a nation of flyers!" Goering maintained.

Not that everyone could be a pilot. That was not what Goering meant. But that the entire nation must be imbued with the spirit of flying—that spirit which combines ability with courage, bravery with comradeship, and which demands the sinking of personal interests for the benefit of the whole nation. The future would belong to a youth united in the spirit and practice of flying.

Air sports increase the nation's strength. Flying presupposes the unity of the entire people and in times of danger it demands the co-operation of all. The youth of Germany are taking to the air. They are young men of character and courage and are daily becoming more accustomed to their tasks.

Flying brings the nations closer together. It overcomes limitations of time and space. And the exchange of ideas with airmen of other nations has already brought us a long way toward a peaceful understanding with our neighbours and with more distant lands.

The German Air Sports Union which was instituted by Hermann Goering in 1933, and was entrusted to the care of his old comrade Bruno Loerzer, was a much-needed united organization. It also incorporated the German Aero Club, the instrument used by Goering for establishing contact between German and foreign sport-flying. It was now the only organization of its kind in Germany.

For four years this Union had rendered valuable service in tuition, both technical and practical. In January, 1937, at the request of Goering, the Fuehrer issued a decree which changed the name of the German Air Sports Union to the National Socialist Flying Corps. Lieutenant General Christensen, one of Goering's old comrades, was at the head. In their new uniforms with the swastika armlets, the men of the National Socialist Flying Corps stood proudly with the S.A., the S.S., and the N.S.K.K. Hermann Goering clearly outlined the task before them. They were to be trained in the spirit of the great German prototypes:



of Richthofen, of Boelcke, and Immelmann, and so become worthy successors of these great men in the German Air Arm. German youth are introduced to flying as early as possible. The rising generation of young airmen are recruited entirely from the ranks of the Hitler Youth Movement. There is an agreement between the Hitler Youth and the National Socialist Flying Corps, whereby ideological culture is carried out by the former and training in flying by the latter. Boys from ten to fourteen years are taught with the aid of models. From fourteen to eighteen they are enrolled in the airport organizations of the Hitler Youth, thus gradually advancing from instruction in the building of models to practical flying. At the age of eighteen they are ready for service in the National Socialist Flying Corps and later for the German Air Force. The German youth have responded to the call of Hermann with great enthusiasm. Schools have also co-operated on a liberal scale. The Education Minister, Herr Rust, has placed his teachers at the Government's disposal and in evening continuation classes they receive instruction in aircraft technique which they are able to convey to their scholars.

The German Glider Movement is in advance of that of all other nations. There is no world record in gliding that is not held by Germany. There are some amazing records which go to prove that the spirit of flying as embodied in the person of Hermann Goering has gripped the imagination of German youth. But important though individual achievements may be, Goering expects something more than records from his skilled flyers. To quote his own words: "The German Glider Movement must always be kept well to the fore." Co-operation in this branch of the service has reached the stage of perfection. This is demonstrated in the Rhoeen annual glider competitions, where 'group' displays are the chief events now in lieu of the former lone flyers.

Co-operative achievement is also of primary importance in flying with powerful craft. Goering has made arrangements that special attention must be paid to group flying, and that the pupil must not think merely of himself and

his own flying, but must be trained to pay attention to his fellow-airmen.

There is also an annual competition in Germany for the large type of aeroplane, for which only selected crews are permitted to enter. The advantages of this form of training—both for the airmen and for the localities over which they fly—are obvious.

German flying has not only regained its former position, it has surpassed it to-day.

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“The Reich Air Arm is a new weapon of defence. It follows up the famous flying tradition of the World War, and forms a link with the brilliant name of Rittmeister Freiherr von Richthofen and his fighting squadron. His determination to fight and win through thick and thin has been faithfully and unflinchingly guarded as a sacred legacy by the last commander of the squadron, the present Reich Minister for Air, General Hermann Goering.”

With these words, the Fuehrer and Reich Chancellor, as Commander-in-Chief of the German Defence Forces, announced the creation of the new German Air Arm in the month of March, 1935. The first squadron was completed soon afterwards by the energetic work of Hermann Goering. He created the Richthofen squadron anew. The officers and men of this new squadron are proud to carry with them, as a sacred duty, the remembrance of the great example given them by Richthofen.

A promise was redeemed, a legacy fulfilled. Hermann Goering had waited eighteen years for that day. He had waited since that night in Aschaffenburg when, as last commander of the Richthofen Squadron, he took leave of his comrades with a heavy heart. Hermann Goering had aimed toward this goal from the moment the Fuehrer had entrusted him with the responsibility for German air transport and with the protection of Germany in the air. Calm, tenacious, with unbending will and untiring thought, he had worked day and night. ‘The security of the German nation urgently demands the creation of the Air Arm. If

Germany is deprived of defence in the air, her defences on land and sea are null and void.'

In numerous interviews, in articles in the German and foreign Press, and in thousands of addresses which he had delivered in all parts of the country, Hermann Goering has persistently raised again and again the claim for the security of Germany and for German equality of rights in the air. "As long as I am Minister for Air, I shall not cease to tell the world again and again, that so long as Germany is debarred from development in the air, so long will she remain defenceless. We demand equality of rights and nothing less. When the other nations are prepared to disband their military air fleets, then Germany will also agree to do the same. But as the other nations are arming for war in the air, we also reserve to ourselves the right to make similar technical preparations, so that the necessary measure of safety may be assured to the German people. The Reich of Adolf Hitler is again a German Reich. We will tolerate no patronage from abroad nor any interference in German affairs. German history will be made by Germany alone."

Foreign countries showed special interest in all that concerned German air traffic. Goering's claims were printed in heavy type in the foreign Press. They were broadcast throughout the world. Statesmen on the other side of the frontier were silent. Diplomacy was apprehensive, but no expression of opinion was forthcoming. And Hermann Goering could not wait to hear whether they would say 'yes' or 'no'; whether Germany could reckon on her wishes being met half-way, or whether she would get a flat refusal. Far too much time had already been lost under their own system of parliamentary government, and, if they were to overtake the lead of other nations, there must not be another day's delay.

Resolutely he applied himself to the work of laying the foundation upon which the German Air Arm was later to be raised. The German ground organization was already one of the best in the world. It would be further improved and extended to meet the requirements of the new aerial

defence. German youth was enthusiastic for flying, but there was a shortage of pilots. The courses of instruction were still too dear, and too lax, and could not hitherto be carried out on a uniform plan. Clearly recognizing this, Hermann Goering promoted sport flying by granting allowances from the State and by appointing old war-time airmen as instructors. The result was an immediate improvement in both flying and discipline. Flying alone was not sufficient. The young airman must also possess a knowledge of radio plant and sounding apparatus. And later on, when the German machines were ready, there must be above all things a sufficient number of pilots and observers.

All departments of the aeroplane industry, the factories as well as the scientific research institutions, worked under the specific directions of the Ministry of Air. Goering's demands were astounding. Some of the leading men sought to advise him that the pace at which they were working was too fast. "Our men are wearing themselves out," they said. But where the interests of the Fatherland were concerned Goering was adamant. Extraordinary times demanded extraordinary measures. Without interruption the work went forward. In the factories they worked three shifts, day and night, at a feverish pace. Even those in closest touch with the Reich Minister could have no idea of the difficulties that confronted the workers, of the heavy pressure put upon them by Goering, or of the resultant worries and anxieties. Unceasingly and stubbornly they worked at the tasks allotted to them and with unexampled devotion they gave themselves to the work. But the direction of all this work toward a uniform goal, the control of all the various departments from the executive to the forge and the smithy, was exclusively in the hands of the Reich Minister for Air. Besides Goering, there is one other man in Germany who understands the magnitude of this gigantic undertaking and who is a source of strength to the Reich Minister for Air in times of doubt and difficulty. That man is the Fuehrer himself.

Those who know Goering, also know that he does not like crooked methods. His frankness of character is such that

he is highly sensitive to anything that is not open and above board. It was essential, however, that the preparatory work for the creation of the new Air Arm should remain a secret. Any other country would proceed in exactly the same way. At first, this reticence on the part of Goering was necessary in the interests of the Fatherland, but the results could not remain a secret. Foreign countries soon began to see how German aeroplane factories were becoming larger and still larger, and how the work was being speeded up. They also saw how new aerodromes and new hangars were being built and how, alongside some of the railway tracks in Germany, new barracks were making their appearance. This quiet, effective work of Goering gave rise to incessant murmuring in the foreign Press which flooded the world with sensational and fantastic reports about this 'work in the dark.' With the object of gleaning further information they sent their most resourceful reporters to Germany, but even they could not ascertain the facts. They could only conjecture. The result was that the foreign Press groaned under a nightmare of uncertainty as to what was really happening with Germany's Air Service. The most incredible stories were served up: the German Air Fleet was hidden in the forests; central Germany and the western and south-western frontiers were alive with underground aerodromes; the German civil air service could be placed on a war footing overnight, and so on.

When Goering began this work, he began it with a few machines which were available at that time for trial purposes, and a few dozen men to fly in them to make tests. There was then no German Air Arm. Goering truthfully gave these explanations to diplomats and journalists who came to see him up to the end of 1934. But he did not make a secret of the fact that one day there would be a German Air Arm and that he had been entrusted with the necessary preliminary arrangements. With regard to the details and the execution of those preliminaries, it was not in the interest of the Fatherland to speak. Measures which are undertaken for the defence of a country are secrets of the Supreme Command, not only in Germany, but in every other country.

And so the other powers were never able to imagine the vast scope of those preliminary measures. Neither were they able to understand the new German mentality, the urge for independence which Adolf Hitler had reawakened in the German people, until, under the guidance of one individual, Hermann Goering, the foundations were laid for the creation of a new arm of defence which would prove an effective striking force in case of need, if the Fuehrer gave the word.

By order of the Fuehrer, Goering himself formed on March 1st, 1935, the first squadrons for the reconstruction of the new Air Defence Forces. Men of Germany's fighting forces, long-since disbanded, again became soldiers under the new defence law. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and crews wore the same badges as the German Army, and the Reich Minister for Air was also the commander-in-chief of the new, although at that time small, German Air Force.

Then came a day which will always be a landmark in the history of Germany, and will show future generations what energy and patriotism can do under the most adverse conditions. On March 16th, 1936, the Fuehrer, in a daring resolution, and amidst tremendous jubilation on the part of the German people, announced to the world that Germany considered herself free to carry out her own programme of defence. The message was heard in the remotest homesteads of Germans residing abroad and was accompanied by the sound of the engines of the first fighter squadrons and bombing planes droning in the air over Berlin.

The Fuehrer had restored its fighting honour to Germany. Hermann Goering was in supreme command of the Air Force. From now the work would never cease. In his capacity as head of the Air Ministry, Goering worked day and night, and the months that followed saw a miraculous increase in output. The creative will-power of Hermann Goering, born of the hard fighting spirit which he displayed so gallantly during the World War, caused this colossal organization, which had been the main subject of his thoughts for the last decade, to pulsate with life and energy.



IN THE APPRENTICES' WORKSHOP



IN THE SMELTING DEPARTMENT OF THE HERMANN  
GOERING WORKS



The inspiring personality of its commander-in-chief, his genial manner and persuasive powers, acted like a magnet on all departments, and his influence was felt even by the humblest worker. In the new Air Scheme the smallest task was just as essential as the more important work of the youthful heads of the general staff. On this principle Hermann Goering united hundreds of thousands of human power units into one great whole, and thus brought the best out of the individual worker. The will to work was transformed into the joy of work, not only in the old war comrades, but also in the youngest officer and the humblest worker. It was this spirit of joy that put new life into the men.

Men as well as machines were required, and at the call of Hermann Goering many thousands of young men placed their services at the Government's disposal. Former war airmen left their civil occupations. Like the experienced captains of Lufthansa, many of them gave up their well-paid jobs. So great was the enthusiasm to join the new Air Force that Goering experienced some difficulty in maintaining the civil air transport services. Entire crews and even the permanent ground personnel rushed to join up. From the infantry and cavalry regiments and even from the navy, officers and men, motor-drivers and mechanics, toolmakers and welders, technicians and engineers, wireless operators and electricians applied in great numbers for transfer to the flying services. General von Blomberg, then commander-in-chief of the Army, willingly placed his best officers and men at Goering's disposal. But the new German Air Arm could not be built up like the army and navy, on the experience of older staff officers and men. The Air Force was an entirely new thing which Hermann Goering had to create, so to say, out of nothing. Yet the unselfish co-operation of the high command of both the other defence services was of immense value.

The personnel of the Air Ministry was increased tenfold to deal with the rush. There is an old saying that 'enthusiasm begets enthusiasm' and that 'demands can only be made by one who himself gives all.' And the truth of these words

was demonstrated once again in the person of Hermann Goering.

The machinery in the aeroplane works, engineering shops, and in all other factories associated with the development of the New Air Force, the fly-wheels of German industry, was never still. New apprentices just as much as the men at the anvil, at the furnaces, and at the tool-making machines, were filled with enthusiasm for their new tasks. The significance of the work inspired them with new strength. Working hours were increased and every branch of the industry was taxed to its utmost capacity. New machines were rapidly produced, orders poured in, squadrons were multiplied. 'God, who gave us iron, did not want any slaves,' was their slogan.

Offices for the district commanders, barracks, aerodromes, airports, and munition supplies had increased at an incredible rate.

The world now knows, and the weakest malcontent in Germany also knows, what a nation welded together by Adolf Hitler is capable of doing. Builders and architects, engineers and technicians, labourers, skilled and unskilled, vie with one another in carrying out the orders of their commander-in-chief. The new buildings are masterpieces of technical science and they have also raised the standard of architectural beauty to a new level. The rococo castle in romantic style with its pinnacles and towers is finished for ever. The buildings erected for the development of the new Air Arm have been approved by Hermann Goering and reveal the spirit of National Socialism. To future generations they will be a testimony to the unique will which ruled Germany in its time of deepest need and by which Adolf Hitler led the nation to peace and happiness. Public buildings are the property of the people, and it is fitting that in their construction the national sentiment of the people be expressed.

Perhaps, as nowhere else, the result of the self-imposed discipline of the national community is to be seen in the magnificent structure of the new Air Ministry, which took Goering twelve months to complete. On weekdays, on

Sundays, and on holidays—the work never ceased—inspired by the mind and will of the Fuehrer, in the light of day and in the glare of searchlights, in sunshine and through storm and rain, the strong hands of German craftsmen and workers have erected a building which has not only become the headquarters of the Air Force, but also a source of strength to all those who have been called by the Fuehrer to serve in the armed forces of the Fatherland.

Hermann Goering took a personal interest in the training of the new recruits. On his tours of inspection the two things which concerned him most were the human, and the military standpoint. Even at the peak of technical development it was always clear to the military leader that fundamentally it was not the machines which had to fight, but the men. This thought was always uppermost in his mind. The education of the individual was as important as instruction about the machines. All officers and men must be National Socialists. The virtues of National Socialism: comradeship, readiness for sacrifice, and devotion to duty, must also be the virtues of the airmen. In peacetime the duties of the Air Force are perhaps on a larger scale than those of the sister services, if only because the airman must overcome his inmost qualms. He must school himself to meet dangers which come very close to him, and in peace time that requires great moral strength, greater force of character, and last but not least, an increased devotion to duty.

It is not without design that Hermann Goering, a soldier steeled by his post-war experiences, has conferred upon the new defence force the symbols of the flag and the uniform. These are surely things which bind the people in a sense of great military comradeship. To-day the sacred symbol of heroic ideals flies over the troops. Proud is the remembrance of the torn and bullet-pierced banners of their ancestors, and the young German soldier is proud of his flag, upon which the symbol of the movement, the swastika, is united with the sign of an old tradition.

When visiting the troops Goering is always attracted specially to the young soldiers. For them he reserves his

most impressive and most striking phrases and he always finds his way to their hearts. So far as military discipline permits, the young officer and the young soldier are also his friends. Those who are present at conversations between the Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force and his men are very soon impressed with the 'fellow-feeling' atmosphere which always exists between them.

The fighter scout of the Great War will always remain an enthusiastic flyer. His hand on the joy-stick of his plane, he visits the headquarters of his air force. His special interest is in the most modern machines and in the most up-to-date equipment. He was taught blind-flying himself by his trusty flight-captain, Hucke, and as Hermann Goering knows what blind-flying means, he also knows what demands he can make upon his men. As the man at the head of the Air Force, he also takes a personal interest in the smallest matters affecting anti-aircraft guns and the scouting services, both of which enable the sapling to grow into a sturdy tree.

The creation of the German Air Arm from a mere nothing in so short a time and to such great strength is an achievement which has never before been equalled in Germany or elsewhere. Goering has rendered a service of truly historical importance. And the work goes on. New machines supersede the old ones. The good must always give way to the better. Losses are inevitable, but nothing can hinder the development of our Air Force. The inflexible spirit of determination of its commander-in-chief, whom, in justifiable pride, his airmen call 'the man of iron,' has found its way into the heart of the youngest recruit.

At a recent harvest thanksgiving service on the Bueckeberg the Fuehrer made the following statement, which is endorsed with pride by every German: "The German Defence Force is risen again. . . . Germany's towns and beautiful villages are safe. The strength of the nation is their guardian and the new Air Arm also keeps watch."

The German Air Force has proved itself worthy of these words of the Fuehrer. When the Fuehrer ordered its mobilization for the liberation of Austria and Sudeten Germany, it was ready. While during the forenoon of

HERMANN GOERING'S CAMARADERIE





THE FIRST S.A. LEADER

March 12th, 1938, the columns of the Army crossed the old Austrian frontiers, simultaneously the planes of the Air Force landed in liberated Vienna as the first emissaries of the Reich, and they were greeted with jubilation by the people. And when in the autumn of 1938 the Fuehrer, backed by the affection and confidence of his people, and supported by the loyal Army that had been created by him, asserted with bold determination the German people's right to live, and freed our brother Germans of the Sudeten zone, the Air Force did its duty in closest comradeship in arms with the Army.

And so it will always be. The Air Force is always ready for the supreme sacrifice for its Fuehrer and his people.

## COMMISSIONER OF THE FOUR YEAR PLAN

**N**ÜREMBERG, headquarters of the Nazi Party, was in holiday attire. Columns of National Socialists were surging through the streets. It was the fourth anniversary of the Third Reich—the Anniversary of Honour. In accordance with the new tradition the District Leader, Herr Wagner, read the Fuehrer's proclamation in the Congress Hall. This was a review of the previous four years' activities and at the same time an outline of the future policy of both Party and State.

After referring to the alleviation of widespread economic and social distress, the elimination of unemployment, the deliverance of the German peasants from a state of poverty, the restoration of German honour through newly won military freedom, and the reconstruction of the Defence Forces, the Fuehrer went on to deal with the great problem of the security of the Reich and the consolidation of the results already achieved. No danger threatened the reconstruction work already begun. That work, supported throughout the country by the strength and enthusiasm of National Socialist ideas, though still hindered abroad by the aloofness of other political systems and by world economic tendencies, would be crowned by the final achievement of German economic freedom and independence.

'In four years Germany must be independent of all those imports, which can be replaced by German effort and by our activities in the chemical, engineering, and mining industries. I have just issued the necessary orders for the carrying out of this mighty German economic plan and its execution will follow with National Socialistic energy and power!'

Thus the Four Year Plan was announced.

The details were then known to only a few. In order to



reconcile the contradictory views and desires of the various departments and to obtain the requisite co-operation of all, it was necessary to create one central organization which would apply itself to the leadership and control of the fundamental tasks of the new German economic system. In the spring of 1936 General von Blomberg, Dr. Schacht, and Reich Minister Kerrl went to the Fuehrer and begged him to entrust this highly responsible office to General Goering, and in April of the same year the Fuehrer authorized Goering to deal with all questions relating to raw materials and foreign exchange control. In the following September, after some quiet work in his mountain chalet, the Fuehrer gave the Prime Minister detailed instructions for the building up of the National Socialist Administration which was to determine the present and future course of the German nation. It was a colossal plan, worked out to the last detail, which only the Fuehrer, by his personality, his courage, and far-sightedness could have created. On his return from Obersalzberg Goering said : " Never have I been so impressed by the strength of the Fuehrer, by his logic, and by the boldness of his ideas which he placed before me at that interview.

" There will be consternation abroad, but the Fuehrer's instructions will be steadfastly carried out."

On October 18th, 1936, after four weeks of intense activity, of preparation, and organization, the Fuehrer issued his first decree for the carrying out of the Four Year Plan in the following words :

' For the realization of the Four Year Plan announced by me at the Nuremberg Congress of Honour, there must be one uniform leadership to control all Germany's resources and to bring about the closest amalgamation of all the component departments in the Party and the State. I nominate Prime Minister Goering as Commissioner for the Four Year Plan. General Goering has full powers for the execution of the task allotted to him, and is authorized to issue Decrees of State and to formulate general administrative laws. He is further authorized to summon all

authorities, including high officers of State and all official Party functionaries of the Party and to furnish them with instructions.

‘Berchtesgaden, October 18th, 1936.

‘THE FUEHRER AND REICH CHANCELLOR,  
‘Adolf Hitler.’

By this decree, General Goering was given plenipotentiary powers of far-reaching significance. ‘There was hardly any parallel in the whole world to the scope of those powers. In his military and political career, Goering had never quailed before any specially difficult task which the Fuehrer had entrusted to him. ‘There was no prototype for a transformation of national life, such as the Fuehrer saw it. But Goering had re-created the Air Force without prototype, and he would shape the new German economic system with the same intensity of purpose.

Goering’s appointment was received with great enthusiasm by the German people. In their opinion, the Fuehrer had chosen his strongest man for this extraordinary task. There were a few anxious murmurs from a small circle of intellectuals who asked, doubtingly, why the Fuehrer had not entrusted the work to an experienced economist or to an expert. But the sound, common sense of the people was always right. This people, raised by Adolf Hitler to a new outlook on life, anticipated and sympathized with the ideas of the Fuehrer better than any other nation. There had been plenty of economists and experts in Germany, but for this great work the Fuehrer required the man of National Socialist energy who would break down every opposition and who would remove all selfish interests that stood in the way of his task. The Fuehrer knew that Goering would translate his words into deeds.

“At the head of the Four Year Plan I have placed the best man that I possess,” said the Fuehrer later, at an interview with German economists. “A man of the greatest will-power, a man of decision who knows what is wanted and will get it done.”

was a man whose devotion to his country was revealed in every word he spoke. Clearly he outlined the problems which Germany had to solve, and in language which was understood by the man in the street. Filled with enthusiasm for the great task which the Fuehrer had set before him, he imparted his enthusiasm to the ten thousand people who were sitting in front of him and who were thrilled more and more as the minutes passed, by every word of his speech. But far beyond those ten thousand people Goering saw the millions who were listening in on the radio, he saw the whole of Germany with its beautiful cornfields, its chimney-stacks and factories, its mountains and valleys, its roads and canals, and over this Germany the watchful eye of a man who held the fate of the country in his hands. With passionate words he called to the workers, the scientists, business men, farmers, and to all German women to co-operate in the work : " It is for *your* empire and for *your* country which you yourselves have re-created and conquered. It is a question of the honour of Germany and the security of German life ! "

The speech roused the entire nation. It was as though a great army had suddenly arisen to protect the Fatherland, not in a battle of arms but in purposeful, peaceful work. The German nation experienced a feeling of complete and indissoluble unity. They felt that they all belonged to one another. The speech created a tremendous impression both in Germany and abroad. The newspapers were filled with it. Reports and comments in the Press were full of deep appreciation, and even the dry phraseology of expert writers on economics was changed into new forms of expression. Everyone felt they were not now writing according to dictated policy or calculated system of administration, where every line had to be carefully thought over and weighed up, but that these men were candidly stating the impressions they had received from the one to whom they had been listening. ' Unflinching, without false sentiment, with passion and yet with moderation, with gravity and yet with complete faith in a better future, Goering had touched the most sensitive chords of the German national spirit. He

appealed to his hearers to bear courageously the privation which the coming winter months would bring and he gave the definite promise that their sacrifices would not be in vain. After the carrying through of the Four Year Plan a better future would dawn for Germany.' Thus wrote the *De Telegraf* of October 29th, 1936, in a leading article in which 'the unreserved frankness of the Plan and the gigantic national response' were appreciated.

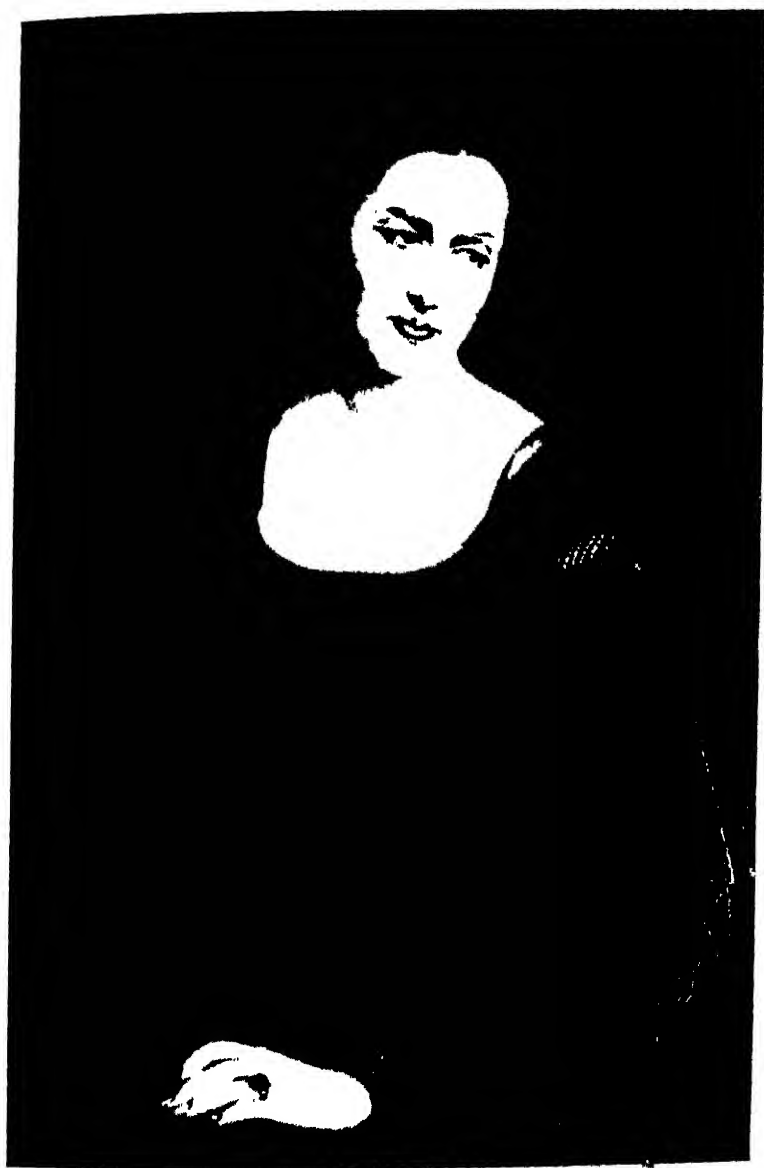
Goering received thousands of letters daily from all parts of the Reich. Everyone wanted to help and placed himself or herself unreservedly at the disposal of the nation. On the first morning after the speech an old 'Party' comrade came with 637 wedding rings which he had collected from his men friends, to place them at the disposal of the Prime Minister. But he was requested to take them back with an expression of the Prime Minister's thanks to the married men who had been so filled with the joy of sacrifice.

A little girl sent Goering a golden bracelet. It was her dearest and most precious possession, left to her by her mother who had died. The child wanted to give the best she had.

From southern Germany a man wrote that he had an inheritance abroad and by the same post sent some share certificates in Swiss francs. "I do not want any German money for them," he said.

The following evening the Prime Minister was present with Frau Goering, at a performance given by the National Socialist Culture Union in the Little State Theatre, and was received with great enthusiasm. It was a great joy for him to see how everyone showed that he was ready to co-operate in the formation of a new Germany. The storm of enthusiasm had not died down when the performance was about to begin. The curtain had to be lowered again and the lights turned on once more before the performance could begin. This gave rise to an even more enthusiastic outburst.

Some weeks later, when Goering was collecting in the streets of Berlin on the Day of National Solidarity for the



KARIN GOERING  
(Picture by Paroskewe Bereskinc.)



A FIGHTING SPEECH

social, and cultural departments for the safety and self-sufficiency of the German Reich.

Goering's one interest was that of the Reich and the German people. Those who thought that the 'Economic Dictator' would act exclusively in the department of economics in order to bring about the desired unity between private and national industrial interests, were mistaken. "I do not acknowledge the sanctity of any economic law," he said. 'What the Fuehrer has said is decisive : Economy must always be the servant of the nation and capital must be the servant of industry.'

Goering declared openly : "My department is not economics. I have never been a director or on a board of directors and never shall be. Neither am I an agriculturist. Except for a few flower-pots on the balcony I have never cultivated anything. But I am ready with all my heart and soul, and with firm belief in the greatness of the German nation, to devote all my energies to this mighty task."

It would be quite wrong to suppose from this statement that Goering had never hitherto occupied himself with economic questions. He certainly had not had any experience in business enterprises. And for that reason he busied himself all the more with industrial problems from the commencement of his career as a statesman.

New discoveries claimed his special support. He was also specially interested in agriculture, but he told the German farmers quite openly that they would not be given State assistance for their own sake, but for the sake of the whole German nation, whose life and liberty could only be assured in the long run by a healthy agricultural community. Because of their position and responsibility they should devote themselves to a deeper understanding of the various problems of agricultural policy.

But, above all, he was mainly inspired in his economic policy by his National Socialistic conviction of the solidarity of the people. At all times he had the welfare of the German worker specially at heart. Again and again he travelled to the industrial centres on the Rhine and in the Ruhr, to Upper Silesia and the Saar, in order to acquaint himself

with the local working conditions, the standard of living, and with the difficulties of the leaders who were held responsible for the work which provided the daily bread of thousands and thousands of workers. The lot of the German labourer was bound up in the closest manner with the fate of the German nation. There could be no national recovery apart from the salvation of the masses and a sound state of agriculture. So long as things went badly with one section of the people, all other sections must suffer accordingly. For Goering the social problem was not a question of any one section, but a problem which concerned the entire German nation. But—and Goering has always emphasized this point—it was not merely a question of wages and ‘stomach.’ ‘The social problem would only be solved when all German working classes are awakened to the proud and happy consciousness of their value and responsibility according to the measure of their services and skill which they are devoting to the cultural and economic welfare of the nation. And this is a problem which must be solved, for the new State can never last, if it does not succeed in putting its social problems in order.’

Goering, the creator of the new German Air Arm, and a man of action, secured first-hand information on all industrial questions, both in the productive and commercial spheres. He had direct conversations with agriculturists on questions of national food supply and the requirements of farmers. From a thousand practical experiences he knew that only by the harmonious co-operation of all classes and professions could an impoverished Germany again become a nation of internal strength and external importance. He knew that the mere giving of commands was not sufficient. Matters are not put right by issuing a series of municipal regulations and by-laws. He knew that the issuing of orders must be followed by the responsible co-operation and willingness on the part of the labouring classes. And nowhere was the co-operation of head and hand so marked as in the work for the Four Year Plan. Success could only be guaranteed by the willing and voluntary help of all. Whoever opposed this principle, whether



material for wearing apparel, but I pointed out to the gentlemen concerned that similar objections were once made to nitrogen and artificial dyes, and yet these products had found their way to all parts of the world. You can find confirmation of this in the chamber debates. Look them up for yourselves in the archives. I have made a study of those things. Those who have to exert authority cannot avoid study."

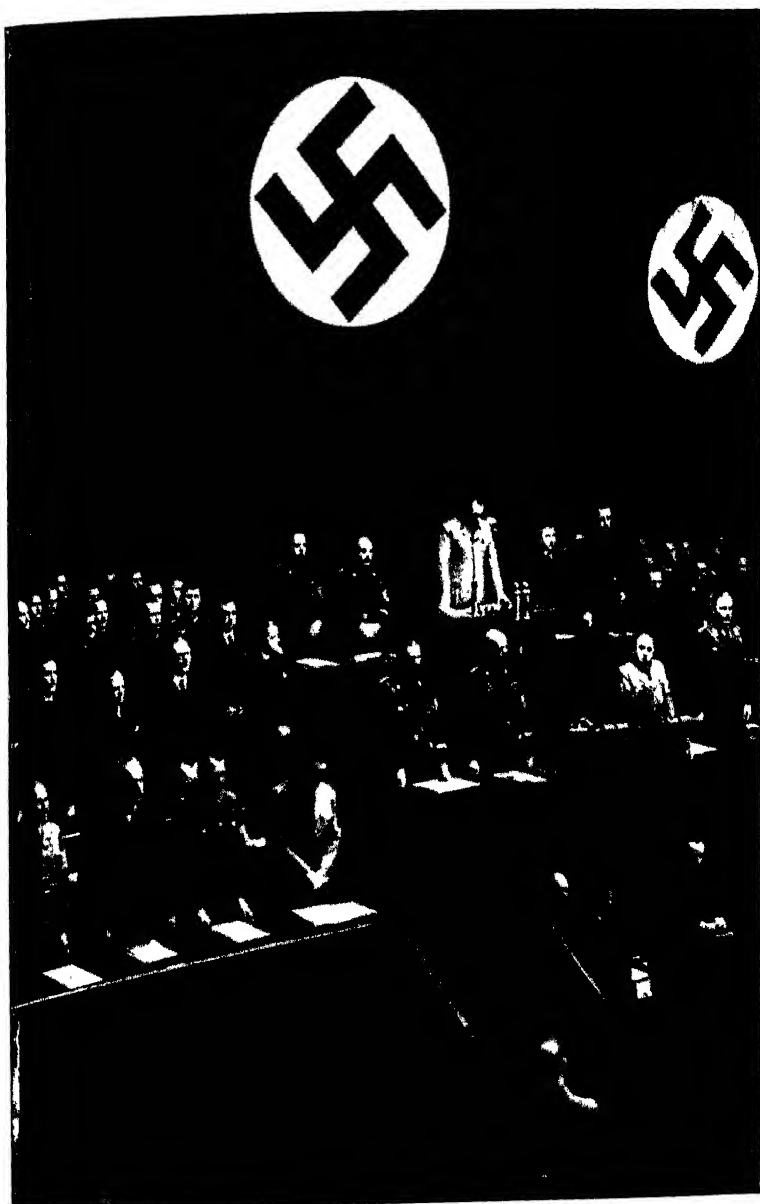
Whenever and wherever progress was not being made, Goering personally intervened. For the work of the Four Year Plan the word 'cannot' must be ruled out.

Goering is a profound student of history. In his spare time history is one of his favourite studies. When on one occasion some national problem could not be solved quickly enough he took it in hand himself and opened the next discussion with a pithy sentence from Frederick William I: "The gentlemen must put their brains into it, and we hereby command you in all seriousness to make it possible without arguing." That usually brought a decision within half an hour. In the same manner Goering's personal influence urged forward the work of all departments.

Goering has also made the policy of the Four Year Plan quite clear to other countries, which for a long time regarded it with mistrust. And in his great speech at the meeting of the Reichstag on January 30th, 1937, as well as on many other occasions, the Fuehrer himself has expressed the desire of Germany for co-operation for peace with Europe and the rest of the world, and declared that there was nothing in the Plan to indicate the least desire on Germany's part to isolate herself from the rest of the world.

"World economy is not suffering from Germany's lack of desire to participate in it, but from disorder and confusion in the methods of distribution of the various articles produced by the individual nations and their relations to one another."

At a meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce held in Berlin in June, 1937, Goering supported the contention of the Fuehrer that only by sound national economic



GOERING AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSTAG



PARADE ON REMEMBRANCE DAY ON NOVEMBER 9TH

systems could there be a prosperous universal system of economics.

"The German Four Year Plan, which is to stabilize Germany's domestic policy and thereby guarantee the security of life of the German nation, is no drag on the development of a new system of world economics. On the contrary, Germany's sound and impregnable economic condition is a valuable asset to world economics. For the inventions and technical innovations developed in the laboratories of an industrial country and the new products and industries arising therefrom, not only benefit that country itself, but are of international importance. These new products represent not only a strengthening of our national economy, but they also contribute toward the enrichment of the world. And following Germany's example, other nations are taking stock of all the available sources of their own economic strength. In this way free and independent economic units are being formed which, as partners with equal rights, are certainly solving the problem of world economy better in peaceful co-operation than is the case with weak contracting parties which are always causing unrest with consequent insecurity in international trade.

"There will always be differences of opinion about the methods which should be used to shape world economy into a profitable grand solidarity. Nevertheless, it should not be difficult to draw up a set of principles for this policy if present difficulties are freely and frankly discussed. I am personally of the opinion that a country desirous of and capable of exporting its products should, at the same time, enjoy the advantages of imports. But I am equally certain that an economic system fully conscious of its national task cannot be dictated to from the outside as to what she should import and what she should export. For Germany there can be no question of importing or of procuring facilities for import and export at the price of impossible political restrictions which to us, as a nation, are not acceptable. It is from this impossible position that we are being rescued

and millions of willing hands are serving in order to bring the Fuehrer's plan to its completion. An army of chemists, engineers, miners, and independent inventors have responded to the call of the Fuehrer, and are working night and day in their agricultural, technical, and industrial spheres, on new ways and means for increasing home production and industrial efficiency. From wood and coal, from stone and metal, from mineral and earth, German energy and German inventive genius are producing new national values on our own soil with one object in view—to become independent of foreign raw materials. The Hermann-Goering Works are the most powerful industrial working establishment of the present time.

To every German farmer, as well as to every German factory worker, a new field of activity is accessible. We look upon their labours with pride and countries abroad are showing the greatest respect for our will-power. And so the mighty work is growing, a work in which the entire German nation co-operates. Leaders and people are in harmonious accord under the guidance of the spirit of National Socialism, from which all the great national tasks emerge.

The uniform national education of the will is not the result of pressing propaganda, but the acknowledgment of faith in the Fuehrer, whose command to each individual to put his hand to the plough until contentment reigns in the home of every worker and on every farmstead, has been joyfully obeyed. The aims and objects of the Four Year Plan have penetrated into the vitals of the entire nation. This can be seen in the steadfast determination of our people, the consciousness of the single unit forming part of the whole, the feeling that we are all pulling together in the sublime task set by the Fuehrer and embodied in the ideas of National Socialism.

This determined will of the people is the foundation upon which the Prime Minister and Field-Marshal, Hermann Goering, as executor of the Four Year Plan, is building up a new order of things in German economic life. This will to unity is at once the hammer and anvil in the smithy of the German future. But the Plan is not only concerned

with national independence. It has a far wider significance, in that it embraces every department of the national life, economic as well as social and cultural.

It is not merely an economic plan to be carried out at the expense of our social and cultural aims, but the strongest expression of the vital will of the German nation. It is the life-plan of Germany. The cultural achievements and the resources of the nation which were controlled in days of capitalistic ideology by a small section of privileged people, are now the property of the nation. They belong, in a special sense, to the German productive worker, who has striven after the annihilation of class prejudices and who feels that he also is equally a member of the German nation and a participant in its common destiny. The exploitation of the worker in a capitalistic State has, under the new régime, been replaced by the possibility of advancement. It is not only a question of daily bread, of clothing and housing. The moral standard of National Socialism requires that the workers shall participate in the best and most beautiful things that the nation has to give. The joy thus created brings confidence and strength and the will of the people adapts itself in active co-operation for the common good.

Every day brings its problems, as well as its new perspective. Difficulties arise, but the overcoming of difficulties gives new courage and increased efficiency. The work goes on. It is the uninterrupted weaving of the nation's destiny on the loom of time.

"Another ten years, and the hardest work will be done," said Goering in 1934. And he has said it every year since. Sometimes it sounds like an excuse to his friends who have warned him against overwork. Those in close association with him, however, know that this indomitable man will continue to work unswervingly.

In a quiet moment he once said to them these very significant words: "Our generation has the happiness and tranquil assurance, that it has been chosen to make life easier and more beautiful for the coming generations. If we did not cling to this happiness we would not be the men

to achieve results. World history can show few parallel examples."

So Field-Marshal Goering will always be the driving force of the great work with which the Fuehrer has entrusted him. He is always the same in every domain of work for the State which he undertakes. He must always seek new avenues everywhere.

As Prime Minister of Prussia as well as Minister of the Interior, he calls the old Prussian tradition to a new life in the spirit of National Socialism. As High Commissioner of Woods and Forests and Chief Master of the Hunt, he holds a heritage which men squandered and wasted under the old régime. As Minister for Air and Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force, he creates the new German Air Force out of a mere nothing. The Fuehrer has entrusted him as Field-Marshal of the Third Reich with a controlling voice in the defence of the Reich. As Commissioner for the Four Year Plan, he has before him a task which is without precedent. He turns sandy soil into firm ground and erects upon it a gigantic superstructure under the guidance of his Fuehrer. In days of trouble as well as success he has only one maxim: 'For the life and security of the German nation!'

## THE LOYAL FOLLOWER AND THE POLITICIAN

**T**HE capacity for accomplishing the task which in the foregoing pages has been just summarily dealt with must have sprung from a very deep source. That source was the boundless affection, the profound veneration, and the unshakable loyalty that bound Goering to the Fuehrer.

If January 30th, 1933, was the proudest day of his life—the epoch-making day when his loyal follower was able to send this message to his Fuehrer: ‘The fortress has been stormed,’ October 12th, 1922, when he had his first interview with the Fuehrer was the day on which the course of his destiny began. Between those two dates there were long periods of joy and sorrow, hardship and enthusiasm, anxiety and confidence, light and shadow. But during all that time he was supported by his zeal for the fray, which, heedless of all ups and downs, kept the goal of victory ever in view.

Spring, 1922. Darker and darker surged the clouds over the political horizon of Germany. There were internal dissensions—a fratricidal strife which an incompetent Government was powerless to allay. The plight of the people became more hopeless and wretched from day to day. The spectre of inflation became more and more menacing. Those who still had work to do went about their tasks in a spirit of despair and apathy. Life had lost its savour. Cowardice, lies, and the spirit of class-hatred were rampant on all sides. And the Allies were tightening the thumb-screws of their ‘Reparations’ more and more. Every insult that could possibly be devised to humiliate the German people was inflicted upon them. Their conquerors did not shrink from demanding the handing over of the army leaders—the ‘war criminals’ as they were called.



This last insult aroused the few people of grit in Germany from their torpor of despair. And the result was that on a certain Sunday in Munich high-spirited patriotic Germans held a demonstration of protest against the insolent demand for the handing over of their army leaders to the Allies. Hermann Goering took a leading part in this protest meeting.

Early in the spring of that year he married Karin Von Fock in Munich. In Hochkreuth, close by Bayrischzell, they set up a modest little home for themselves in a little shooting-box. He hastened to Munich at the urge of some inner call surpassing human compulsion. Whether it was a dispensation of Providence or mere chance it all was in accordance with the decree of fate. Among the crowd on the Königsplatz stood Goering alongside Adolf Hitler, his future leader. And Hitler was surrounded by a little band of loyal followers. Goering paid no heed to the speeches made by the men on the platform. They were mere disappointing repetitions of the old-time protests. All the speakers deliberately avoiding any allusion to the radical cause of Germany's wretched plight. His sole interest was now focused on the man whose name was on everybody's lips—the man about whom his followers said that he was the only one who could rescue their Fatherland from its misery, while those who were opposed to him held that he was a fanatic and a mystic. He instinctively felt that his own fate was bound up with that of Adolf Hitler.

"Hitler is going to speak," shouted the crowd suddenly. Louder and louder rose their demand, but Hitler refused to accede to it. The reason for this Goering learned two days later from Hitler's own lips. He said that he had not any desire to cause any commotion among that united assembly, as his words would have no effect beyond creating discord.

"The question is not about the generals at all," he went on. "It is about Germany. The crowd that gathered on that square are just as patient as the Red Government, who have brought matters to this pass, are guilty." He feared that if he had spoken his words would have caused a riot.

On the following day Adolf Hitler spoke. Among the

multitude who listened intently to his words were the Captain of the Air Force, the last officer of the Richthofen Squadron, with his young wife. It was still a small community that confidently looked for help to the leader who with incisive eloquence unfolded his philosophy to men whose souls were full of hope—the leader who awoke the sleeping conscience of the nation with the entire force of his personality—the leader who spoke firstly about freedom and honour, and, secondly, about work and bread. Yes, he was a fanatic—a fanatic in his belief in the reawakening of Germany's soul and of Germany's power. It was a speech which displayed a wealth of constructive statesmanship, as though Hitler had already undertaken responsibility for the fate of Germany and her people.

His audience listened with absorbed attention. People who had never met one another before exchanged glances of appreciation of his words, because they knew that those words that Adolf Hitler spoke linked them more closely together in a common brotherhood. Goering, who was deeply moved, was holding his wife's hand, while she sympathized as only a woman can with the ardour that thrilled her husband. That hour of tense emotion was like a vision to them. After the meeting was over, Goering was convinced that his lot in life had been decided. The dice had been cast.

Until late in the night a supremely happy couple sat by the fire in their little home in the mountains. Hope and confidence had again returned to them, and doubt and uncertainty were past. They knew not whither their path would lead them—all they knew was that it was a straight road along which the compass of Adolf Hitler would guide them.

So much for the future. And the past too—it also was full of deep significance for them. Three hard years of bitter struggle for his daily bread and for a role in life that would appeal to his manliness, had passed since Hermann Goering's glorious squadron had been disbanded. But hard times and anxieties which only concerned himself personally could not break Hermann Goering's spirit.

Much more bitter were the anxieties and the doubts which the November revolt caused him and every true-hearted German. How his spirit was tormented in those sleepless nights between his dislike of the 'November' State and a sense of duty, between scorn and a feeling of responsibility with regard to his people and his Fatherland! Again and again he asked himself where he should start his work—how he would set about it. Should he help to consolidate the position of that Government which was just as bad as that even 'redder' one that was striving to wrench the sceptre from its grasp? He knew now that he was perfectly right in those days in turning his back on the 'Red' mob. So he decided to go for an air trip, and piloted his own machine via Denmark to Sweden, as far as Rockelstedt, where he met his wife.

But once more he was overcome by a nostalgia for Germany. And thus it was that fate brought him in contact

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Obermenzing was now his headquarters. He was in constant attendance on the Fuehrer. He was daily becoming more and more attuned to the philosophy of this man

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was moulding Germany's destiny. And *pari passu* with the increase in Hitler's following, the ranks of the S.A., the brown battalions, grew stronger and stronger. It was sheer ecstasy to be alive in those days. It was a life that held promise of unrevealed glories - it was a life with a glorious goal ahead, although, to be sure, that goal was yet in the remote distance.

To weld together workmen and officers, students and peasants in one harmonious whole - such was the task which Goering had set himself. The training of soldiers was one of the main purposes of his life.

"We are all just fragments of our 'Fuehrer'. Supported by his trust in us we are everything. If he loses confidence in us, we are nothing," he said.

There were difficulties and obstacles ahead, but Goering held that they were very trivial to those who wished to overcome the evil tendencies of the day? Loyal service—unremitting loyal service was all that mattered. It was not a question merely of academic training—there was also strenuous and gallant work done in practising with rifles, machine-guns, and lorry-driving. It was essential to make preparations, and to let the Interallied Commission of Control go to the devil.

The captain was on the move day and night. The right man was in the right place, and the first leader of the S.A. did his duty with iron tenacity. In the beginning of 1923 the hardest part of his task was completed. On January 28th Hermann Goering reported to the Fuehrer that the 'Storm Divisions' had been formed. They were paraded. A compact body of men they stood there, ready to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, for the Fuehrer. "Lord, make us free"—these words were echoed by a thousand manly voices in what was at the same time a prayer of thanksgiving and a vow. Their standard was consecrated, and presently it would be unfurled in the storm.

In the little villa in Obermenzing in which Karin Goering held sway and in which she hospitably entertained S.A. men and their comrades—the Fuehrer often sat with the pioneers of the movement. Serious discussions alternated

with festive hours in the villa. The Fuehrer's faithful coterie included Goering, Dietrich, Eckhart, Amann, Hess, Esser, and Rosenberg. In that little villa life-long bonds of comradeship and friendship were formed.

The outlook became more and more serious as time rolled on. Day by day the political helplessness of Germany became more and more acute. In March, 1923, the French marched across the Rhine in seemingly endless heavily armed columns. The Ruhr area was in their hands. Passive obedience was the only feeble response that the Government could give. Schlageter and his comrades sacrificed their lives—but all to no avail. The men of the S.A. and all the other volunteer corps that still embodied the national will attached themselves more and more closely to Adolf Hitler. And at this time, too, new conflicts threatened in the heart of the Reich. The Red Revolution was raging in Thuringia and Saxony. In Bavaria the troops of the Bavarian Reichswehr were sworn in by General von Lossow. A wide gulf yawned ever deeper and deeper between north and south. On October 26th the Bavarian Minister of State proclaimed that Bavaria had seceded from the Government of the Reich.

November 9th, 1918, will always be remembered as the blackest day in the history of Germany. And that was the reason why five years later the Fuehrer selected that day to end the shame and disgrace which had befallen Germany. But God had decided otherwise. It was destined that the National Socialist flag should not yet triumph. The German people were not yet ripe for victory. It was not only the enemy from the Left who opposed the movement. There was also a *bourgeois* reaction against it. Under the bullets of this reactionary force the first National Socialist rising of the people in the Feldherrenhalle collapsed. Hermann Goering fell to the ground by Hitler's side, severely wounded by a bullet from a machine-gun. Loyal friends carried him to safety. Karin Goering, herself very ill, sat in a feverish condition by his bedside. While she was nursing her wounded husband, news arrived that Hitler had been arrested. A warrant for Goering's arrest had also been issued, and they were obliged to flee that very night.

The wounded man was conveyed to the frontier in a motor car at top speed. But at the frontier the police held up the car and put Goering under arrest. He was taken under an armed escort to a sanatorium in Garmisch.

But there was a sensational denouement. Two hours after he had been put in the sanatorium a number of men appeared and removed him. In his feverish condition he recognized his wife among his rescuers. They wrapped him up warmly in a fur coat and blankets and conveyed him over the frontier to Innsbruck. That he had been rescued from the hands of his enemies was the only thing that he was able to realize through his delirium.

An operation was performed on him in the infirmary at Innsbruck. It was a very long time, however, before he was restored to health. His wounds broke down again and again. In addition to this the mental anguish which he felt on account of the treachery which had thwarted the movement, added to his anxiety about the Fuehrer, prevented him from resting. It was truly touching to see how his comrades in Innsbruck and throughout the whole Tyrol were concerned for his recovery. Karin Goering found great difficulty in putting off the men who wanted to speak to him. Hitler's sister was by his side and messengers arrived daily with news from Munich.

A poor working-man's wife saved up a few shillings to give to Karin Goering. She was aware, as was everybody else in Germany, that Goering's property had been confiscated.

These were days of bitter anxiety. Hitler was in prison, and the movement was without a leader. But nevertheless there was not a trace of despair among the ranks of Hitler's followers. They were buoyed up by courage and determination and a sense of the rightness of their cause. Men who had hitherto been apathetic were aroused to activity. There was a passionate outburst of rage and scorn regarding the Munich incident among people who had hitherto stood aloof in impervious ignorance from the movement. Their attitude gave Goering fresh courage and strengthened his determination to continue to fight.

With the seemingly complete collapse of the National Socialist Movement under the bullets of the reactionary forces, Goering felt that he had been cut completely adrift from the circle to which he belonged by education and birth. He now fully realized that those sections of the people who mourned after the monarchy that had passed away and hoped for the restoration of the Kaiser were useless for the furtherance of the cause of Germany's freedom, and that the battle had to be waged against them just as fiercely and implacably as against the 'November' criminals.

On Christmas Eve Goering was at last able to leave the infirmary. The Innsbruck storm-troopers decorated a Christmas-tree for him in the 'Tyrol Hof' in which he had taken up his residence.

It was an anxious evening for Goering. He had sent a messenger to ask Hitler whether in the interests of the movement he should voluntarily place himself at the disposal of the Bavarian Government. On New Year's Eve Hitler's lawyer arrived with a despatch for Goering, in which he advised him to stay where he was, and to help the movement from Innsbruck to the best of his ability.

He threw himself into the fray once more with renewed ardour. In February he went to Vienna where he held conferences in aid of the movement.

'Whatever else may be said about us, we have courage,' wrote Karin to her mother in Sweden.

And Goering himself wrote : 'The worst is now over. The truth is now coming to light. The traitors have been defeated by their own treachery. Their defeat has been absolute and final, whereas we are beginning to display renewed energy, inspired as we are with a fanatical faith in our final victory and in the justice and holiness of our cause. And so it is that the very factors which at first seemed destined to bring about our downfall, seem to-day to be a source of strength to us. Perhaps indeed things had come to such a dire pass in order that we might become more efficient as a result of the ordeals we have undergone. I shall return only to a National Socialist Germany—not to



the Jews' republic. I shall always hold myself in readiness for the fight for the freedom of my native land.'

Goering's hope that Hitler would be acquitted was doomed to disappointment. 'They are all mad,' wrote Karin again in a letter to Sweden, after she and Goering heard with dismay the news of the sentence which had been passed on Hitler. 'The whole thing is so stupid, that it passes the comprehension of any intelligent person.'

A man of strength of character never gives up hope. But even the hope of an amnesty was not fulfilled. The struggle for existence became keener and keener for him as the days rolled on. Added to this was the persecution inflicted by the black Tyrolese Government which demanded the handing over or the expulsion of the refugees. Goering had to look round for a cheaper dwelling. And then the extremely delicate health of his wife, who, although she would not admit it herself, became more and more ill through her self-sacrificing attendance on her husband, made it imperative that she should be taken to a warmer climate.

They went to Rome via Venice. An intimate study of Fascism buoyed him up to a certain extent during the tedious period of unemployment while he was a refugee. When he saw what Mussolini had done he entertained hope that dawn would yet follow the gloomy night in which Germany was buried.

And all the time his anxiety about the fate of his Fatherland, of his Fuehrer, and of his comrades, was rendered more acute by his personal difficulty in making ends meet. He was only thirty years old, but his energy was frittered away in enforced inactivity. Although he had been always only eager to shed the last drop of his blood for his country, he was debarred from returning to Germany.

In the year 1925 Hermann Goering travelled via Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Danzig to Sweden, which his marriage to Karin had made a second native-land to him. But even in Sweden his soul was tortured with constant uneasiness and worry. He was always looking out with feverish anxiety for news from Germany. He was yearning to return to his

beloved country, in order that he might be able to devote himself afresh to the fight for Germany's freedom.

Bitter years followed, during the course of which the pinch of real want was felt in the Goering home. They had frequently to have recourse to the pawnbrokers to relieve their immediate needs. And eventually they had to auction off the residue of their property. It was a bitter hour for them when all the beloved personal belongings which they had treasured so dearly were sold off. These years during which they had learned what it was to struggle hard for their daily bread left an indelible impression on Hermann Goering, and in after years he never forgot what a terrible strain this fight for mere existence imposed on those who had to go through such an ordeal. As a result of his bitter experience Goering ever afterwards felt the deepest sympathy with those who had to put up a bitter fight for their daily bread, and to-day he regards it as the most important and the most meritorious work on the part of a statesman to see that every one of his fellow-citizens gets work in order to be able to support himself and those dependent on him.

At last in the autumn of 1926 an amnesty was granted, and Goering was able to return to his Fatherland.

His heart aglow with delight at the thought of being able to return to his country to toil for it and fight for it, Hermann Goering went first of all straight to Munich to see the Fuehrer. Although he had neither money nor occupation, his first anxiety was not to look for a means of livelihood. He was resolved to devote all his energy, all his thoughts, and all his life to Adolf Hitler, to the National Socialist Movement, and to Germany.

The fight had now entered on a new phase. The Fuehrer had given instructions that his followers were to adopt legal methods and to enter Parliament. The revolutionary upheaval had proved abortive, but the revolutionary spirit of the movement was kept up even under constitutional procedure. Hermann Goering fought for the cause of National Socialism with all the passion of his ardent nature.

In May, 1928, the youthful political party won its first victory in the Reichstag elections. Twelve National Socialist

deputies, Goering among them, entered the Reichstag. They were like wolves in a sheepfold, attacking the other parties vehemently on all sides whenever they got a chance, in order to hold up to ridicule the weakness of the parliamentary system not merely to the self-satisfied deputies themselves, but also to all the people. Goering's seat was Number 547 in a corner in the back row. And from that corner he conducted a strenuous campaign against Marxism in conjunction with his comrades.

The members of the National Socialist Party rarely took part in the debates in the Reichstag. The little band never entered the committee rooms. But when an important debate was on foot their voices echoed like fanfares of trumpets above the cowardly and superficial platitudes of the other parties.

On February 22nd, 1929, a debate on the disastrous position of the State Railways brought Goering to his feet in the Reichstag. The control of the State Railways was in the hands of international bond-holders, and they were compelled to pay a heavy toll towards fulfilling the terms of the Dawes Plan. The railways were, so to speak, regarded as objects in a pawnshop. The staffs were considerably reduced, the rolling-stock and safety devices were utterly neglected. The sense of uncertainty and insecurity about railway traffic became more pronounced as time went on. And this was all due to the fact that every year many millions had to be paid out of the industry to foreign creditors.

After the other parties had beaten about the bush with their long-winded empty phrases, Goering pointed plainly to the true cause of the derelict condition of the railways :

“The real and only cause of this intolerable state of affairs is the exploitation of the German Reich Railway by the Dawes Plan and by Reparations. All the parties in the assembly must admit this to-day, but all these parties are equally responsible for the existing state of affairs. Now that is the core of the evil. The Reich Railway, formerly the pride of Germany, probably the best railway



TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN HEROES, MARCH 13TH, 1938



VELDENSTEIN

in the world, the loyal servant of the people and of all their economic needs, is regarded to-day just as something to be plundered and exploited by our enemies. My party has clearly and unequivocally emphasized this fact from the outset. When we come to power we will put an end to this intolerable state of affairs, and restore the free German Reich Railway to the free German people ! ”

Eight years later on January 30th, 1937, the Fuehrer freed the Reich Railway and the Reichsbank from the fetters of Versailles, and they were both placed once more under the direct control of the Reich.

The movement became stronger and stronger and stronger, and *pari passu* the assaults on the strongholds of parliamentarianism became more determined. The watchwords of the National Socialists were ‘Freedom’ and ‘Honour,’ and even the most obtuse elements among the people were now beginning to pay attention to them. “Make up your minds one way or the other,” said Goering to them. “Either back the old order of things against National Socialism or stand by the National Socialist Party for the birth of a new Germany ! ”

On September 14th, 1930, the first great victory was won, when 107 National Socialists entered the Reichstag and thereby made their Party the deciding factor in political life. The Government was now helpless against them. The Fuehrer led the movement from Munich. It was essential, however, that somebody should act on his behalf in Berlin, while the area leader, Goebbels, stirred up the masses and made them ripe for National Socialism. And so Adolf Hitler selected Hermann Goering for Berlin, in full confidence that he could depend on him absolutely to carry out his instructions and interpret his wishes.

It was not essential that the Fuehrer should lay down new lines of procedure in every detail to those who were carrying out his political schemes. Goering, of course, would do nothing without the full approval of Hitler. During the years of their mutual campaigning he had so absorbed the spirit of Hitler that he had, so to speak,

almost become a part of the man himself. He instinctively did the correct things. Frequently times were difficult, and decisions had to be made quickly and firmly. On such occasions Goering acted as a man should always act under similar circumstances. "It is better to advance to the attack at once than to hesitate like a coward and miss your opportunity," he said once.

As a trusty lieutenant of the Fuehrer he was mature in political wisdom, and he was both a diligent disciple of the Fuehrer and himself a statesman also in the best sense of the term. And so he proceeded uncompromisingly along the path which Hitler had marked out for him. If some of the measures he adopted seemed to be rather hasty from a tactical point of view that did not matter, as the main issues of all his undertakings were right in principle. Goering was not one of your prosaic unemotional men who carefully weigh beforehand all the chances in their favour before embarking on any enterprise with the deliberate design of putting their theories to the practical crucial test, only when they were assured that 99 per cent of the objects which they seek to attain are positively secured.

. . . . .

The fight between the National Socialist Party and Brüning's Cabinet was bitter and unremitting. Never on any point whatsoever would the N.S.D.A.P. come to the aid of Brüning's Government. And their hostility was becoming more than awkward for the Government.

At length, on June 16th, 1931, Brüning invited the representatives of the Fuehrer's Party to the Reich chancellory. That was the start of the political game of chess. Now was the time for Goering to be on the alert. He had to face four political opponents, Chancellor Brüning had three Ministers at his back—Groener, Dietrich, and Dr. Luther, the President of the Reichsbank. Four against one! It was always so in the War, too, said Goering to himself. But he felt, too, that the odds were not really against him, as he had at his back the Fuehrer, while the Fuehrer had the support of millions. What a contrast!

Socialists. A great many of them threw up the sponge. Not all the Fuehrer's followers were of iron mould, while there were others who thought that the pace that he was setting was not quick enough. There were even a few fools who thought that they were shrewder and endowed with greater political wisdom than Hitler. On April 7th, 1931, Captain Stennes tried—for the second time—to stir up a revolt in Berlin. The Fuehrer gave Goering full control over the whole region of the Eastern group. After three days Goering had set things in ship-shape. A few months later there was trouble in Brunswick, where the N.S.D.A.P. had set up a coalition government with the aid of the democratic parties. It was by no means an easy task for a National Socialist Minister. But it was an essential task which had been ordered by the Fuehrer in order that he might have an oasis at least in one of the areas under the sway of one of the Party machines. In his view it was necessary that protection should be given somewhere to the persecuted movement. The Brown uniforms had been banned in Prussia since the summer of 1930, while other German States had adopted similar steps. For two long years the National Socialist Movement had to give up its external insignia. Shirts and breeches were torn from its members by the police. Even a white shirt was considered the garb of a treason-monger. In Brunswick, however, there was no such ban in force. In that State a National Socialist was Minister of the Interior.

One day, however, the first National Socialist Minister in Brunswick lost his nerve. Without waiting for instructions from the Fuehrer he resigned, whereupon the Fuehrer made up his mind what to do at once. It was again Hermann Goering that was to step into the breach. It was not a question of principle or prestige, but it was a question of immediate expediency. After a hasty journey by motor car through fog and frost Goering restored the panic-stricken followers of the renegade Minister to calm and convinced them of the necessity of accepting the solution proposed by the Fuehrer.

‘When a decision has been made to fight our way to



power it is a matter of course that the fight should be waged in every possible field. It must be fought even through the medium of a coalition if the Fuehrer orders us to do so. We demand the same iron discipline from our Minister as we do from every Hitler Youth. There is one great goal ahead of all of us, and how we are to reach that goal, is to be decided by the Fuehrer and by nobody else. The Fuehrer's business it is to determine what is necessary. And so I take over the portfolio of the Minister of the Interior for Brunswick in the fight for the seizure of power in Germany.'

Such was the grim address of the future statesman to the doctrinaire exponents of an ideology about which they had a false conception. Goering's task was fulfilled. The position of the N.S.D.A.P. in Brunswick was maintained. And the movement was able to hold a parade in Brunswick in October, 1931, and to prove to the whole world that despite ban and terrorism it was forging ahead.

There were transitions from light to shade in Hermann Goering's life. On September 25th, 1931, Baroness Fock, Karin Goering's mother, died in Sweden. Karin, who loved her mother above all things in the world, collapsed completely when she heard the news. She was very ill at the time herself and immediately took to her bed. Goering was sitting by the bedside of his sick wife when he got news from Germany that Hindenburg desired to give Hitler an audience. Goering knew at once that the Fuehrer needed him at his side. He found it very hard to leave his sick wife, because he had a premonition that he would never see her again. It was a very bitter wrench even for a man of his strength of character. But he felt that his duty would brook no delay, and that he had to join the Fuehrer in Germany at the earliest possible moment. His brave and high-spirited wife also begged him to start at once, because she knew that the Fuehrer's summons must outweigh all domestic claims.

In the autumn of 1931 Goering succeeded in getting an interview with the President of the Reich with a view to

explaining the National Socialist position to him. He had very shrewdly divined that vital decisions with regard to the Government of Germany lay in the power of the President alone, and that in consequence it was of paramount importance to win over towards the new movement for the furtherance of the freedom of Germany that great man whose personality had gained him a niche in history even during his lifetime. Hindenburg was a firm solid rock standing immovable amid the swirling whirlpool of the republic.

But in the past the young champions of the movement for the freedom of Germany found it impossible to get access to the President. The most difficult and also the most important job in Goering's life was that of getting past the barriers that prevented him from meeting Hindenburg. But now Hindenburg at last had an opportunity of convincing himself in the presence of the Fuehrer of the genuineness of the mission of the unknown soldier of the World War.

So far so good. What most people had thought impossible had happened in spite of a network of intrigue. On October 10th, 1931, the Fuehrer, accompanied by Goering, was received by the President of the Reich. The following short official report of this first interview was issued: 'Hitler with Hindenburg. W.T.B., 10.1931. The President of the Reich to-day received Herr Adolf Hitler and Captain Hermann Goering, members of the Reichstag, and got from them a detailed account of the aims of the National Socialist Movement. This was followed by a discussion of internal and external political questions.'

No official statement was issued regarding the contents of this first historical interview. There were no tangible results produced by the interview among the President's entourage. It was a fact, however, that with this first interview the ice was broken. For the first time the President had heard an undistorted version of the programme of young Germany. For the first time his eyes had rested on the Fuehrer.

Hardly a year and a half intervened between this first

interview and the day when the bond of mutual fidelity was pledged between Hindenburg and Hitler. But that memorable October 10th was a milestone in the history of the onward surge of the National Socialist Movement.

Goering's joy was marred by the sad news that reached him from Sweden. He tried to drown his sorrow in his work for the Fuehrer and the cause.

On October 17th, Karin Goering peacefully followed her mother into eternity. Even in her last hours on earth she spoke about her husband and about the Fuehrer and his great mission. She foresaw the rebirth of the nation in the interview granted by Hindenburg to Hitler.

On the day of the advance into Brunswick which he had made possible by his energetic pioneering work—the day on which the movement had shown the squabbling German parties and the world that it was a factor to be reckoned with, Hermann Goering was attending his wife's funeral in Sweden.

On April 22nd political tension had reached boiling point. The Presidential elections and the Prussian elections had sundered bonds of family and friendship, but they only served to demonstrate the internal strength of the Party. The Government had never before had to face such a cross-fire of fierce onslaughts from the National Socialists. Attack after attack was delivered against the fortresses of the parliamentary system. And eventually Hitler's enemies, in despair, adopted the very device that was calculated to inflame to frenzy the National Socialist Movement and those that supported it. The S.A. and the S.S., the stalwarts of the political fray, were banned.

General Groener, who was Minister of War as well as Minister of Internal Affairs, was responsible for signing the document proscribing the S.A. and S.S. He declared that these organizations, inasmuch as they were 'paramilitary bodies,' were a menace to the safety of the State.

This ban was tantamount to a confession of the weakness of the foreign policy of the parliamentary system. It was intended as a sort of a friendly gesture to France. Goering presented himself at the head of his comrades, and tried to

have a personal discussion with the General on the issue. General Groener, however, did not wish to face the ordeal.

With admirable discipline the S.A. and S.S. followed the Fuehrer's instructions. Hundreds of thousands of them gritted their teeth, and went to their homes. "Your serfdom will last for a short time only," said the Fuehrer to them.

But Goering had a terrible revenge on General Groener. From the benches of the Reichstag he taunted him in sharp terms.

A few weeks later the fate of the whole Cabinet was sealed. The President of the Reich, who again and again had entrusted Brüning with control of the Government, was unable to look on passively any longer at the increasing cleavage between the views of the people and the policy adopted by the Government. It was almost a relief when, on May 30th, 1932, Hindenburg put an end to the parliamentary haggling and dismissed the Brüning Cabinet.

The time was not yet ripe for the fulfilment of the political hope of the German people. Eight long months of extraordinary tension and hard fighting elapsed, during the course of which the opposing sides frequently engaged in such violent altercations that it was only with difficulty that an explosion was averted.

After a brief interview with the Party leaders the President appointed as Chancellor of the Reich Herr Von Papen, who formed a Cabinet of men who for the most part were independent of Party ties. It was obvious to every politician, as well as to every member of the public, that this Cabinet was merely a temporary makeshift one. Hindenburg was determined that the German people should make their decision freely and openly. In the coming elections the fight was to be waged for the first time on equal terms. The ban on the S.A. and on the wearing of uniforms was withdrawn.

In Prussia, which was under the sway of Marxism ever since the collapse of Germany, the ghost of the 'Black and Red' Cabinet was laid eventually by the appointment of the Reich Commissars. When all these measures had been

adopted the attitude of the National Socialists to the Von Papen Cabinet was loyal and hopeful. Hermann Goering had repeatedly, as Adolf Hitler's political representative, got in contact with the members of the Cabinet with a view to arriving at mutual working arrangements. The whole strength of the movement was concentrated on the forthcoming elections on July 31st, 1932.

The German people, who had undergone unspeakable sufferings, breathed freely again, as though they had been freed from the incubus of a nightmare, when Hindenburg dismissed the Brüning Cabinet. The best sections of the German people had been persecuted and terrorized under a misuse of the name of Hindenburg. Their uniforms had been taken from them, they had been stripped of their badges of honour, and they had been handed over mercilessly to the brutality of the Red terrorists. The millions comprising the National Socialist Movement who, during the course of the Presidential election, had voted for Adolf Hitler, had, in doing so, not voted against Field-Marshal Hindenburg, but had merely registered their protest against a system which had wantonly misused the name of a man to whom all Germany looked up with reverence and respect.

The people greeted the President of the Reich with applause, as they now believed that at length their earnest yearning would be fulfilled, and that Adolf Hitler would be appointed Chancellor of the Reich. The people could not understand the reason for once more appointing a 'transitional' Cabinet, but they submitted to the will of the President of the Reich, because not one of them had the faintest doubt with regard to the outcome of the election, which would be a victory for the N.S.D.A.P., and the repercussions of that victory.

July 31st saw the expected outstanding triumph of Adolf Hitler, who, in conjunction with his fellow workers, had performed superhuman achievements in order to arouse the whole people, and to point out to them what momentous issues hung on the outcome of the election. When on the morning of August 1st, 1932, the result of the election was announced, there was a wild outburst of jubilation through-

out all Germany. The decisive moment had arrived—so everybody declared. The people had been called upon to give their votes, and they had voted decisively for Adolf Hitler. The old parties were still in existence, and their combined votes outnumbered those of the N.S.D.A.P. They represented, however, a conflicting variety of interests, and were hopelessly incapable of negotiating—to say nothing about ruling.

The logical sequel to this election was obvious. The people believed that the helm of State would be handed over to the man who was the first and only one to obtain the confidence of the people. But things did not turn out as expected. Six months followed which put the most severe demands on the spiritual and physical powers of the Fuehrer—momentous months during the course of which the National Socialist Movement had to undergo the most exacting ordeals.

On some inexplicable pretext the Papen Cabinet, which had merely the right to carry on routine business, and to see that order and peace were preserved during the course of the elections, assumed for itself the right to take over control of the Government alone. They expected Adolf Hitler would accept the heavy responsibility of being a guarantor before the people for the measures passed by a Government in which he was to hold office under the grandiloquent title of 'Speaker.' Hitler's followers regarded the proposal as absurd and impossible. Was it the intention of the Cabinet, they demanded, under the guise of representing the nation, to blunder along in the groove of the parliamentary methods? Were the people mistaken in the hopes they had placed in this Cabinet that it would act in a straightforward manner?

It was true that there were some honourable and sterling Germans in the Cabinet, who had done their duty in the War. But they were completely out of touch with the great fight for the moral regeneration and rebirth of the German nation which Adolf Hitler had inspired among his followers.

The conception of the 'authoritarian government'

became a national slogan. The venerable President of the Reich was persuaded that an 'authoritarian régime' was the ideal Prussian form of government. But the immediate result of this fact being impressed on Hindenburg was very extraordinary. On August 13th, 1932, the Fuehrer was summoned before the President, and was asked to enter the Cabinet as Vice-Chancellor. He was, however, refused the right of leadership of the Cabinet. Hitler's reply was an uncompromising and definite "No."

The effect of the news of this terrible disillusionment upon the people was dreadful. Only Hitler himself prevented an outburst of popular frenzy which would have had disastrous repercussions. The secret hopes of the Cabinet that this disappointment would wreck the National Socialist Party was not fulfilled however. The Fuehrer frigidly declined to carry on any further negotiations. He retired to the mountains, and drew up a plan of campaign for his next attack. He left Hermann Goering behind him in Berlin as his political representative. Hitler had once said that Goering was the right man in the right place. And truly he was the right man in the right place just then.

The faithful henchman Goering had evolved into a politician, who had been trained for his difficult task in the hard school of life and experience. This Hermann Goering, outwardly so easy-going and courteous, always knew his men very well, and could read their most secret thoughts. He had learned to tread as firmly and safely on the slippery floor of political negotiations as outside among the people. This man, now acting in the role of a politician, was a soldier. And as a soldier, loyalty is the motto of his life. He was not one of the typical representatives of the parliamentary groups to whom you had only to offer a job in order to play him off against the leader of his party. Hermann Goering was always a loyal lieutenant, and at this crucial moment in Germany's history he had only one purpose in his life, and that was that Adolf Hitler must be made Chancellor of the Reich, and that the National Socialist Movement must take over the government of the nation. Nothing else mattered much to him.

The enemies of the movement had been speculating about discord among members of the N.S.D.A.P. But they were mistaken. Had they even the faintest idea of the extraordinary power that the Fuehrer wielded, had they realized the uncompromising fundamental principle of that movement, which was that the will of the Fuehrer alone was the sole law that guided all its activities, had they even had an idea of the power of the Fuehrer over the German heart, things would have turned out quite differently.

"What I am I am only through the Fuehrer, and what I will be, Adolf Hitler alone shall decide." In these words Goering proclaimed the goal at which he aimed—he proclaimed his downright uncompromising loyalty, which was all the more outstanding at a time when disloyalty and treachery were rampant. Hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—thought and acted like Hermann Goering. It is true that some were wavering and weak—they had not sufficient strength of character to meet the great demands that were made on them. They deserted from the ranks when the fight was at its fiercest. They proved themselves cowards on the eve of victory. On the day on which they broke faith their names were blotted out from the roll of the N.S.D.A.P.

The war standards floated once more in the breeze. Once more the brown and black battalions of the movement summoned the warriors to the battle against the Government. On August 30th the newly-elected Reichstag met. The Government had to face an indictment at the hands of the National Socialist Party of 230 deputies who, as a compact body under the control of the Fuehrer, held the reins of power. But first of all, in accordance with the old-time routine of a constitutional assembly, the Cabinet and committees of the Reichstag had to be appointed. As a matter of course the N.S.D.A.P. had the right to nominate the President of the Reichstag. And once more Adolf Hitler showed his confidence in Hermann Goering by appointing him President.

But before he had been appointed a dismal demonstration took place—a demonstration typical of the mentality of that



Parliament. As 'Father of the House,' Klara Zetkin, raised to the Presidential chair by her Communist comrades, opened the session with the usual hymn of hate against German honour and German national consciousness. The effect of her hysterical harangue was completely eclipsed, however, when Hermann Goering in his brown shirt strode towards the President's chair with firm steps. Hitherto the President of the Reichstag was the embodiment of an accommodating and conciliatory party politician, who knew how to ring the bell and distribute calls for order in all directions. It was his business to carry out the agenda and to protect the sacred rights of Parliament, and to see that the maze of bills and orders should be debated upon in accordance with routine. And now all this was being changed with one stroke. And it was the personality of the man who dealt the stroke that made it effective.

Goering's first official performance was a brief address delivered in very terse terms :

" I promise that I shall fulfil the duties of my office impartially, justly, and in accordance with the existing rules of the House. I shall show due regard for the regulations and for the dignity of this House. But I must make it perfectly plain that I shall be equally vigilant in taking care that the honour and dignity of the German people are not assailed in this House. The glorious record of the German people will always find in me a ready champion. I proclaim to the whole German people that this session has clearly proved that the new Reichstag has a large working majority, and is capable of conducting the affairs of State without the Government having need for recourse to emergency measures.

" The fact that we have a national Cabinet inspires me with the hope that I shall be able to discharge my duty as President of the Reichstag, and that the honour of the people, the safety of the nation, and the freedom of the Fatherland will be the chief guiding stars of all my actions."

A brief speech and very much to the point. His colleagues in the Reichstag, and also his fellow ministers, now knew what they might expect from him. In his own pregnant

words : " The Cabinet is capable of conducting the affairs of State without the Government having need for recourse to emergency measures."

Henceforth that was his battle slogan—a battle slogan that had rung out first from his seat as President of the Reichstag. The opponents of National Socialism had to become reconciled to the grim fact that the days when all the talking and all the action took place in Parliament only were irrevocably gone, and that henceforth the National Socialists would act and would strike wherever the enemy gave an opening.

When it was a question of the fate of Germany, Goering made no pretence at objectivity. Faithful to his pledge on taking over his office, Goering passionately defended the rights of the German people, not the privileges of Parliament in the Reichstag. At the same time he was the best and most upright President that that House ever had. This change in outlook was Goering's own personal achievement, and he had now to be reckoned with in his joint capacity as representative of the National Socialist section of the people and as Chairman of the meetings of the Reichstag.

After he had taken over his official duties Goering desired to have an interview with the President of the Reich in order to discuss the political situation. He wished to avail himself of the opportunity of having a heart-to-heart talk with him and of laying before him the demands of his leader and of the German people. The Government managed to prevent the interview being granted, with the result that Goering decided to pay the Cabinet back in their own coin.

The Government threatened to dissolve and prorogue Parliament. They also threatened to set up a dictatorship. Goering in his role of President of the Reichstag replied by summoning the House for September 12th. On that day he started the battle against the Papen Government, and advanced from defensive to offensive tactics.

A motion of ' No confidence ' in the Government stood in the orders of the day. It was well known that Von Papen, the Chancellor of the Reich, had already received full power from the President to dissolve the Reichstag. He thought

that his position was impregnable and secure, as he had the order for dissolution in his pocket. He was over-confident as the event proved. Goering acted with lightning speed, and before the Chancellor of the Reich had time to open his mouth the vote of 'No confidence' was passed. It was a crushing defeat for Von Papen. The voting was 513 against 22.

During the course of the voting, which could not be interrupted, the Chancellor of the Reich laid his paper authorizing him to dissolve Parliament on the table of the President of the Reichstag, and left the building with the other members of the Government. The President of the Reichstag read the order for dissolution at his leisure after the vote of 'No confidence' had been passed, and declared that it had been given to him by a Government that had already fallen, and that consequently could not counter-sign an order for dissolution. The members of the Marxist and Democratic parties thereupon entered on an animated discussion as to whether the Reichstag had been dissolved or the Government had fallen.

. . . . .

These formal discussions, however, were of little political consequence in the long run. But the result of the bold blow which Goering dealt the Government was decisive. The Reichstag was automatically dissolved. The new elections were put off by the Government till the latest possible date, November 6th. It was the aim of the Government to gain time, with a view to keeping the National Socialists in suspense and, if possible, to sap their strength. They thought that they would make the millions who, in the year 1932, had swelled the list of voters for the National Socialists, waver by a dramatic outward show of the Government's national determination by an appeal to the President of the Reich.

With undiminished energy Adolf Hitler entered into the fray—this time against a Government which was sailing under the national flag. But this was nothing new for the Fuehrer. Already on another occasion the best fighters

had sacrificed their lives—already on another occasion a National Socialist revolution had collapsed under the fire of reactionary forces. Now the fighting fronts were clearly defined. The evil spirits had to be exorcised, and the fight could end only by the destruction or the voluntary surrender of the enemy.

The man who, on November 9th, 1923, fell wounded by the side of his Fuehrer, under the bullets of the reactionary forces, knew those circles and their mentality better than anybody else. He had carried on negotiations with them on countless occasions, and knew that at any moment, while Adolf Hitler stirred up the people throughout the whole Reich for the fifth time that year, Hermann Goering travelled through the country to plead his Fuehrer's cause.

With uncompromising ruthlessness Goering indicted the Government in his speech in connection with the elections of November 6th. They were looking for fight. Well, they would see that National Socialism had developed the greatest activity in offensive tactics. The sentences of Goering's speech on that occasion were like sword-thrusts smiting the enemy in his most vulnerable points.

Once more the voice of the people was heard. The National Socialists lost 1,700,000 votes. But that was insignificant in comparison with the 13,000,000 voters who stood staunchly by their Fuehrer. Goering was not the type of man to be affected by the fickleness of the masses. He knew only too well that it was the old steady fighters alone who always remained true as steel. And for that reason he always gave the same stern instructions that there was to be no distribution of ministries—no compromises. The will of the Fuehrer was epitomized thus : 'All or nothing.'

There came days and weeks during the course of which faint-hearted people wavered. The Papen Cabinet resigned, and the man who had hitherto shot his arrows from the background had to come to the foreground. The new Chancellor of the Reich was General von Schleicher.

In December the newly-elected Reichstag met. Goering

sat on the first bench among his 197 comrades. The venerable General Litznam, with the young National Socialist heart, presided over the opening session as 'Father of the House.' Goering calmly awaited the result of the election. And when he was elected for the second time, he took his place on the Presidential chair.

Crisp and terse was his address to the new representatives of the people :

"The will of the people has spoken. The deed that will rescue you will follow at last."

And once more he advanced to the attack. In vain did the Communists try to put him out of countenance with their interruptions.

He closely observed the features of the new deputies. With perfect sang-froid he used field-glasses for this purpose. In front of him was the book containing the names of all the deputies, with their photographs. When the next session came he knew by name and appearance all the new-comers.

The Schleicher Government only lasted for a matter of hours. It was unnecessary to take the trouble of passing a vote of 'No confidence' in him. A last arrow ricocheted from the steel wall round the Fuehrer. A cry of anger was the reply to the attempted treachery. The fight went on with intensified vigour. The human sympathies that were shown to Papen were refused to a man of Schleicher's stamp. He had tried to disseminate disloyalty in the movement in order to destroy it.

The Fuehrer and Goering remained steadfast in those hours—the most difficult hours of the period of the internal political decision. Once again the passionate vehemence of the National Socialist will and determination was expressed at the elections. It was the final test before the decision, and it resulted in a magnificent triumph. There was no longer any question of retreating—no more counting of votes—nothing less than victory ! The eruption of popular feeling—the Freedom Movement could no longer be suppressed. On January 30th the fortress was finally stormed. Victory ! Victory ! It was the culmination of a hard and inexorable struggle.

## THE SOLDIER AND THE STATESMAN

**T**HROUGH the medium of the propaganda carried on in support of his Fuehrer, Hermann Goering evolved from being the soldier to the political fighter, and from the political fighter to the statesman. As a soldier and a politician his first task was the forming of the S.A.—a task which the Fuehrer confided to him. In his role of soldier and statesman the Fuehrer entrusted tasks to him, the zealous combatant and platform fighter, on an increasingly larger scale from year to year.

People cannot be trained to develop character if it is not ingrained in them. Character is formed in the marrow of the individual man. At the same time character is affected by internal and external influence, by the blood and inherited tendencies of parents or their ancestors, by experiences in childhood, by the duties of one's calling, or from the example set by prototypes. Very seldom have really great men allowed themselves to be forced into adopting a calling. Their wishes in their childhood, as shown in their choice of playmates and in the games they play, always predetermine their vocation.

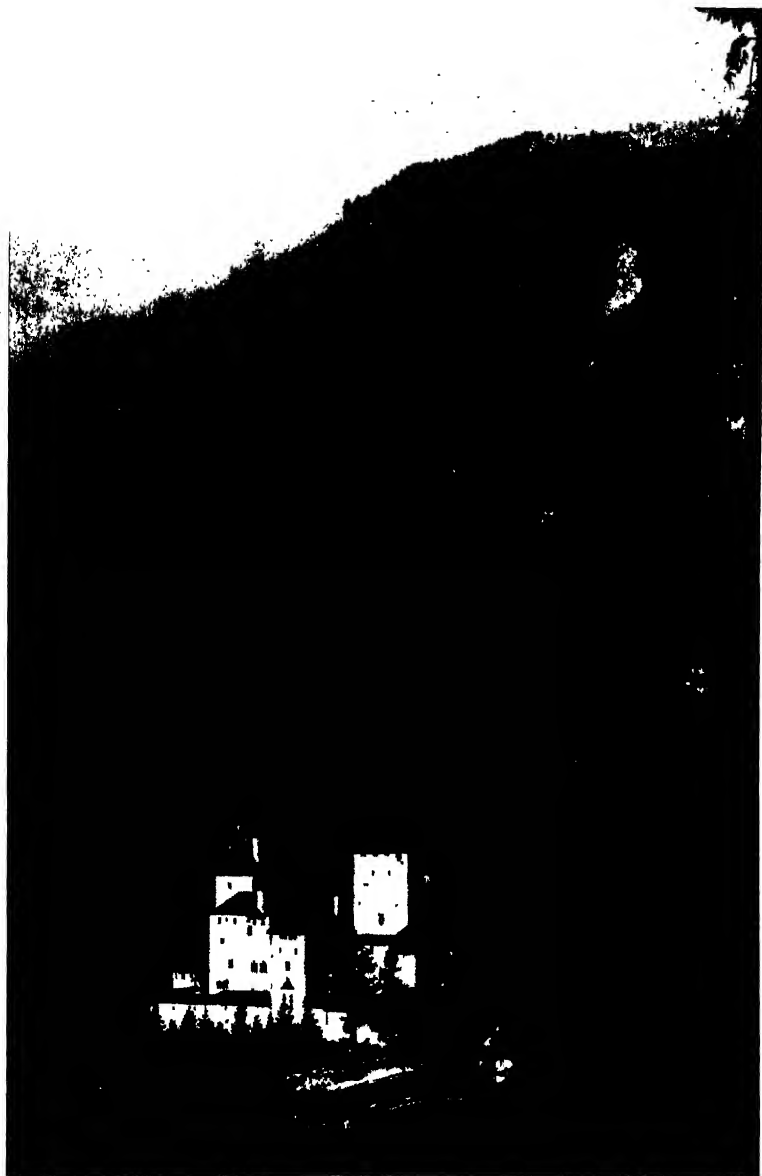
In his parents' house there was never any discussion as to what would become of young Hermann. He gave indications, however, from earliest childhood that he was destined for a military career. Until his third year, while his parents lived in Haiti, he was left in Fürth under the care of a lady who was a friend of his mother's—good old Mother Graf, who is now almost eighty, and is a guest every year in his house in Berlin. He also pays her a visit whenever he can manage it.

When he was three years old his father was recalled from Haiti to the Foreign Office in Berlin by Bismarck. Young Goering was taken from Fürth to his parents' new home in Friedenau. Several officers as well as diplomats and business

men were frequent guests at the Goering home. It was a source of great glee to young Hermann when, as was frequently the case, his father's wealth and his mother's hospitality brought the officers to the house. Even though he did not dare to put in an appearance at those festive gatherings himself, merely peeping through the keyhole of the door at the uniformed men was in itself a thrilling experience. And later on his father's faithful servant, Johann, had to bring to Hermann, who was in bed, a few swords and caps belonging to the guests 'to play with just for an hour.' And when his elder brother, Carl, who was a cadet in Lichterfelde, came to the house with some comrades of his corps, and young Hermann was allowed to sit among them, his delight was unbounded.

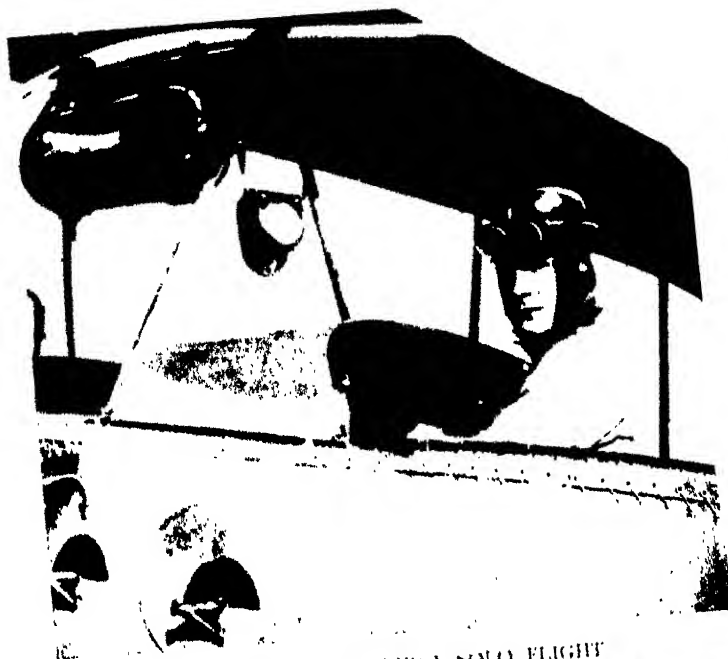
If the family contemplated an outing, and young Hermann was consulted as to where they should go, he invariably insisted on Potsdam. Potsdam, the town of soldiers, was to him a real paradise. There was no other place that attracted him so much, except Berlin on one occasion when there was a great military parade staged in that city. He was then four years old, but he was a very self-reliant and sturdy lad for his age. He had taken the trip secretly with his brother Johann. And when Christmas came he had to have tin soldiers—lots of them. He had a typical German child's love for playing with toy soldiers.

In 1898 his father was pensioned. That meant that the whole family had to leave Berlin. This was a terrible blow to young Hermann. He wept for days on end at the prospect of parting company with his beloved soldiers. The child could not realize that he would have a new and even more beautiful home in the castle of Veldenstein, to which the parents moved with their children. But when he drove up along the slope of the hill leading to the castle by his father's side, and when they passed first through the outer gate and then through the inner one, which was even more magnificent, being equipped with battlements and embrasures, and finally reached the central courtyard, and saw the castle tower and the deep stream beneath and the vine-clad walls of the castle, young Hermann's heart throbbed with glee.



MAUTERNDORF





STARTING HIS FIRST SOLO FLIGHT



AS SQUADRON CAPTAIN IN THE FIELD

His sisters, Olga and Paula, hand in hand with his younger brother Bertl, stared in wide-eyed wonder around as they followed in the rear.

And then Hermann took French leave, and disappeared until late in the evening. He explored the castle moats and the outer battlements and penetrated the quarters of the steward of the castle. Meanwhile his parents as well as Johann and his sisters and the servants were looking for him high and low. And when at last they found him in the fourth story of the upper tower of the castle, from which he had a magnificent view of the Franconian land, he declared with great enthusiasm to his parents that he liked the castle very much and was very glad to give up Berlin in exchange for it.

On the following day he told his sisters that he would write a poem entitled, 'Veldenstein, my Veldenstein.' But before doing so he must gather all the young fellows in the village to play with him. He added that he had taken away the swords and spears from the walls in the castle and had arranged them in readiness.

Soon afterwards the tower echoed to triumphant war cries. Under the leadership of Hermann the children were playing 'Knights and Squires.' He told his father and his godfather, with the calm assurance of an expert general, that he had called up all the sturdy squires as well as all the giants in the village. His sisters and the daughters of Mother Graf, Fanny and Erna, who were about the same age as his sisters, were the Knight's daughters, who were under the protection of himself, Hermann Goering—'the lord of the castle.' But he got tired of the game after a few days, he said, because his enemies were so half-hearted, and could not even force their way into the first courtyard. His next move now would be to 'play' the enemy himself, and take the castle by storm. He appointed the strongest lad in the village, the hotel-keeper's son, and his own closest friend, as lord of the castle. "But," he added, "that's only as long as we are playing this game." And now the hotel-keeper's son and his stalwarts manned the castle ramparts. Then Hermann withdrew with his yeomen, shouting out before doing so to

the defenders: "You must wait awhile. I won't come immediately, but I shall certainly come, but not at the spot where you expect me." Like a strategist who was himself convinced of the seriousness of the position, he withdrew with his band through the village, then advanced stealthily through the forest into the beautiful valley of Pegnitz, over which the castle stood on a craggy eminence 360 feet high.

"This is the point from which we will attack," he announced curtly to his followers. But, seeing that most of them cast incredulous glances at him, he shouted at them: "If you are cowards, go away, but don't show your faces in the castle again."

Accompanied by five men, he began the ascent from tree to tree, gripping tree-roots firmly to keep himself from falling. Up and up he went until he had reached a spot about two hundred feet above the valley, where the bare rocks left no place for tree-roots to find a grip. Then he struggled upward with his brave followers for two hours from rock to rock, digging his fingers and toes deep into the crevices which seamed the precipice. The tumult raised by those who had been left below in the valley drew the attention of the people in the castle. Hermann's sisters, terror-stricken, hastened to inform the steward of the castle, who appeared in the northern tower just as Hermann swung himself over the ramparts. Terribly disappointed to find that the defenders were not at their posts, he demanded, gasping for breath and perspiring from his exertions, that the steward should fetch him along some ropes forthwith, because Franz and his other comrades were still sixty feet below on the face of the precipice and were unable to proceed any farther. His parents, who by this time had become accustomed to the numerous pranks of their Hermann, were horrified. Thankful to God that his desperate enterprise had ended without disaster, his parents gave him a very sound thrashing. Hermann looked upon this punishment as an act of gross injustice. "When a chap proves himself courageous, it's not playing the game to punish him," he said to his sisters with true Berlin philosophy.

he had. They were living in their beloved castle, and were taught by a resident governess, while he regarded himself as an exile.

He was determined to return home by fair means or by strategy, come what might. "I'll stay here in bed until they take me home," he decided. Three days passed, and then the house master called in the doctor. Although the 'pains' persisted, despite the fact that the doctor could find nothing amiss with him, the authorities of the school decided to call in a second doctor. He in his turn could not solve the mystery of young Hermann's illness, and so, after a fortnight had elapsed, they sent for his mother. She gave him good advice, but all to no avail. Eventually a third doctor was sent for, and when he in his turn failed to see anything amiss, his mother threatened that she would send him to the infirmary, where he would get sandbags placed over his legs. But Hermann was not frightened by her threats. He remained in bed for four and a half weeks, e.g. until the holiday time was due. While in bed he got his comrades to fetch him tarts and chocolates, for which he paid with his pocket money.

His bed was crammed with tin soldiers, which he set marching and countermarching and advancing to the attack in the folds of his quilt. He had two large mirrors propped up in the middle of the bed. When his comrades asked him why he did this, he replied, impishly: "In this way I treble my army. You chaps will never be field-m Marshals."

Two days before the beginning of the holidays he got over his 'severe illness.' He limped about doing his last four days at school, after which he went to Veldenstein, but only for a few days. He had a long holiday before him, and went with his parents and his brother and sisters via Munich and Salzburg to Mauterndorf Castle, a stately seat in Lungar in Austria, which his godfather had purchased as a quiet retreat for following up his studies in art at the beginning of the century. The ten-year-old boy was as thrilled as a grown-up over this trip, which took him for the first time a long distance from his home through German and Austrian country. Mauterndorf was indeed a second home to him.

And in subsequent years, right up to the outbreak of the World War, he spent the long holidays there regularly, while his parents and his sisters stayed there through the whole summer. But for the Christmas and Easter holidays all the members of the family were reunited always at Veldenstein.

In Mauterndorf a new world was revealed to the young Hermann Goering. The magnificence of this delightful spot almost left him breathless with amazement and wonder. The normally wild lad stood thoughtfully and reverently in the presence of that landscape which spoke eloquently of the majestic power of the Creator. It left an indelible impression on his mind—even at the present day he constantly talks about it, and about the majesty of those steep lofty mountains, from whose slopes the joyful tingle of the bells of the herds greeted his ears, while his eyes feasted on the mysterious dark forests of pines and larches.

And when thunder reverberated and lightning flashed among the gorges and along the slopes of the mountains, when the golden eagle and vulture darted from their eyries in wide circles among the wild glens, and when the icy north wind, carrying mists in its train, swept through the valleys, and when the waterfalls of the Taurach chanted their eerie, but beautiful song, or when the avalanche thundered down along the precipitous mountain-sides, bringing devastation in its train, then his youthful heart pulsed with indescribable glee.

A few hundred yards from the famous old market village of Mauterndorf, on a craggy hill clad with pines and larches, the towers of the castle of Mauterndorf soar heavenwards at the opening of the valley of Twenger.

Young Hermann had a power of appreciation of the beautiful and a keen imagination such as one rarely finds at such a tender age. When he was even younger he had thoroughly explored and established his sway over the castle of Veldenstein with the acumen of a shrewd organizer. But in Mauterndorf it took him more than a week to become familiar with all the narrow court-yards of the castle, the spacious hall, the narrow steps, the massive battlements, and

the numerous towers and dungeons, to find his way through the secret passages and moats and to take stock of the armoury.

"It is strange to think how small compared with it is Veldenstein, but for all that I love Veldenstein just as much as I love this castle," he said to his father. After a week had elapsed he felt quite at home at Mauterndorf. He found plenty of playmates in the village to greet him after his arrival. He assumed the proud title of Commander of Mauterndorf. He specialized in pioneer work in the forest from which, with the help of his playmates, he hauled along trunks of trees for bridge-making. They deflected with the aid of shovels and pick-axes the course of the tributaries of the Taurach—shallow little brooks that babbled down the slopes of the mountain.

"It is a pleasure to be alive here," he said with grave earnestness to his father.

It was in Mauterndorf that playing at soldiering began to have for him a deeper meaning. In the evenings when darkness drew on, he begged everybody whom he met, but especially the amiable old Father Keidal, who was both the village teacher and the local Master of the Hounds, and with whose son, Franz, he had struck up a warm friendship, to tell him the history of the castle. He gazed with reverential amazement at the white marble mural slab which a Roman proconsul had set up in the outer courtyard of the castle. He listened intently to the accounts of the stormy days of the migration of nations when the old Roman castle was destroyed, and to the details of the rebuilding of the castle by the Emperor Henry II, who also built Veldenstein. He also heard how at that spot the warriors of the Emperor Frederick III had fought against the King of Hungary, and how the pugnacious Bishop Leonhard von Keutschach held his court in Mauterndorf, and used the castle as his headquarters to dominate the lands of Salzburg.

"I shall be a soldier," he told his parents one day. "There is no other occupation that I would dream of following." And to prove that he possessed the soldierly qualities of courage and fearlessness, he got his comrades

to haul him up that very day from the courtyard of the castle to the topmost tower by means of a rope, to the end of which a sack of hay was attached. And when he got a thrashing for his pains he avenged himself for this 'utterly unjust punishment' by making a present of his Latin books the very next day to a band of gipsies who had pitched their camp in front of the castle. "I have no money to give you," he said to them, "but you can pawn these old books. At any rate, I only took them along here with me to humour Papa. Furthermore, I am not going back to school any more. I'm going to be a soldier now."

His parents had a different course mapped out for him, however. He was packed off to Fürth again from Mautern-dorf. When he caused further trouble there again by his Jew-baiting, his father decided that a change of school was advisable, and sent him to a boarding-school at Anspach in order that he might be kept more under control. For a time things went quite well, but Hermann could not reconcile himself in his yearning for freedom to the dullness of the boarding-school and to the 'comic outlook' of the teaching staff. And so one day he quickly made up his mind and packed his few belongings. He got his bed sent to Fürth to his foster-parents through the medium of the porter, to whom he said that he was not returning. He had already sold his violin. Then he set out by train to await in Fürth the thunderstorm to come from home. He felt in his heart that the step he had taken was rather a daring one. Even to-day he feels quite pleased when he remembers how philosophically his parents took this surprising move of his.

When Hermann Goering in his role of Prime Minister delivered his address at Hesselberg, and in company with his trusted friend, Julius Streicher, the area-leader of Franconia, set out in the direction of Nuremberg to Anspach, to visit his old school, the director of that institution gave him a hearty reception. He emphasized in his address that it was a great honour to him and his school to meet such a distinguished past pupil. Hermann Goering replied with a hearty laugh: "You may congratulate yourself that it was long ago that I was a pupil of this school, instead of being a

present pupil. You would most decidedly not have been very pleased with me."

With his departure from Anspach the boredom of his schooldays was at an end. The father decided that what the lad wanted was discipline. Accordingly Hermann became a cadet. That was just what he wanted—he felt that now he was a real soldier. He attended the Military Academy at Karlsruhe, and took to his studies and his drill very earnestly. And in that old Military Academy in Karlsruhe you can see to-day a bronze tablet erected conjointly by the town of Karlsruhe and his former fellow students. When many years later Goering, then a Prime Minister and a General, visited the Academy for the unveiling of this tablet and sat in his old room once more, the few members of the staff who knew him in the old days greeted him with great warmth. Old Mother Schumacher, who had been particularly kind to him in his student days at the Academy, was particularly delighted to see him again. His conduct as a schoolboy had been rather wayward, but he was a model cadet—and as a cadet he left an excellent impression on his tutors.

In the Military Academy at Lichterfelde Goering got the final touches of his military training. He received personal congratulations from the Kaiser on passing his final examination. And after receiving this Royal tribute young Goering gave up for good his wilful pranks and mad capers, which, at any rate, did not come from an innate wickedness, but, on the contrary, from a prematurely developed strength of will and from a very healthy self-esteem. His parents, his sisters, and his brother, as well as his friends, were all very proud of him—their young lieutenant, who would very soon enter the Army.

His father gave him a present of a thousand marks as a token of his appreciation of his splendid achievement. Hermann did not take long to make up his mind as to how he should spend the money. He was very anxious to travel abroad, to broaden his outlook, to see strange people and strange things, and to learn from what he observed. He





THE COMMANDER OF THE RICHTHOFEN SQUADRON GIVES  
INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE ATTACK ON THE ENEMY



THE DUCE AT KARIN HALL.

promptly decided to invite his father's chauffeur, Sepp Rusch, who is his friend even up to the present day, to accompany him in a trip to Italy. With military precision he summed up for his father his reason for this step. "Any money which is not actually needed for vital necessities should be spent on enjoying oneself. I am sharing money with Sepp Rusch, and I sincerely hope that the idea will meet with your approval."

Once more he crossed the snow-clad and ice-bound mountain, and his thoughts went back to the Groszglockner, which fifteen years previously he had mastered on its north-western slope, that occasion in company with his brother-in-law, Dr. Rigel. The northern Italian low-lying plain, with its ruins and its numerous links with a history of many chequered military campaigns, left a very deep impression on him.

He had a narrow escape from death during this journey. Despite all warnings, he had gone on a canoe trip on Lake Ganda with his friend, Sepp Rusch. They were overtaken by a thunderstorm, which capsized their canoe. They were both rescued by another boat. They were utterly exhausted by the time they reached the shore. "It was the first time I had to fight for my life," he told his people afterwards. "I don't know of any more wonderful experience than that of pitting one's own strength against the forces of Nature."

On December 6th, 1913, his father died. It was a terrible blow for the family, and the twenty-year-old lad felt it with particular keenness. And life took on a new seriousness for him, and, as though he were the eldest member of the family, he felt that it was his duty to help his mother and sisters in their affliction.

And so in his twentieth year Hermann Goering was left to his own resources. He felt, however, that if he were an honourable and upright soldier, life had no difficulties that were insuperable for him. He knew that there was no calling in which his path was not more clearly mapped out for him than in the proud and honourable profession of a German military officer.

In January, 1914, exactly half a year before the outbreak

of war, Hermann Goering joined the infantry regiment of Prince William (Number 112) as a lieutenant. As a young man he had once said to his comrades : " When I become an officer—and I shall most decidedly be an officer—there must be a war immediately afterwards. I shall distinguish myself, and get even more medals than Papa got." When he got his commission at Mülhausen, the young officer had no premonition that the wish of his childhood would be so promptly fulfilled.

He joined his regiment with the finest record that a young officer could show. His commander was very glad of this, as he was anxious to have first-rate officers for frontier duty. But even his excellent record was not enough. The social status of young officers—especially their financial status—was of very great importance. When on their first meeting his commander asked Goering about his private allowance, the young officer promptly replied : " I have no private allowance, sir." And then, when his commander stared at him with incredulous amazement, he added : " I possess small private means, sir—quite adequate for my needs." Truly a rather self-assertive attitude to take to his colonel, considering the rigid formality and deference expected in those days from subalterns in talking to their superior officers.

His new comrades, too, on each of whom Goering called in turn for a very brief formal visit during the course of one day—incidentally he hated mere formalities even in those days—remarked among themselves : " The new-comer is very blunt." Those, however, to whom Goering took a liking were his friends through thick and thin.

Such a friend he found in the regiment in Bruno Loerzer. After a brief period of comradeship during the few months of peace ahead of them, they stood by one another during the long years of warfare. While they were doing garrison duty they had a very good time, as they were both of a jovial and light-hearted disposition.

But even peace-time duty had its serious sides, especially for frontier troops. And field duties and patrolling in the

case of the 112th, in contrast to many garrisons in the heart of Germany, involved more arduous tasks than mere drill parading. It was very soon noticed that Goering took his work in this domain very seriously.

The Mülhausen garrison were on manoeuvres on one occasion, when the major with his men represented the 'enemy.' On the opposite side Goering was given orders to spy out the 'enemy's' position. He managed to penetrate unobserved past the 'enemy's' sentries and outposts. He drew up some of his forces right in front of the 'Red' lines. After the lapse of a preconcerted interval these forces were to attack the 'enemy' in front of them, while he hoped that by then he would be in a position to assail them from the rear just at their headquarters. Through lack of foresight on the part of his officers, the position of the blue troops was revealed too soon. Two broad rays shot forth from searchlights. Goering had, however, just reached his destination, and, switching off one of the searchlights, he calmly informed the major that he was his prisoner. "Don't make a fool of yourself, Goering," hissed the flabbergasted major. "Unfortunately I am not in a position, sir, to do otherwise than I am doing," replied Goering calmly.

There was a considerable amount of amusement among the officers of the garrison over that incident in the day's manoeuvres.

A few weeks later all these military manoeuvres with blank cartridges were at an end. On June 29th, 1914, the Serajevo assassination occurred. By the end of July the European War was imminent. On July 27th he wrote a long letter to his mother in which he made no reference to the impending outbreak, while he devoted pages to express his affection for her and his sisters, and dwelt at length on his happy boyhood at Veldenstein and Mautendorf. He finished by declaring his gratitude to his mother and his dead father for all that they had done for him. As he was by temperament by no means communicative, his mother and sisters were something surprised by the emotional vein of his letter.

On the very next day, as though he had a premonition

of all that was to come, his regiment marched out fully equipped for war. But instead of moving westward it went eastward through German territory first. Goering, however, knew that those in authority had some very definite good reason for this manoeuvre, and, convinced that discipline, even in his thoughts, was the paramount duty of a soldier, he gave no further thought to the matter. A few days after mobilization was completed, the regiment was marching westward once more along the familiar route in the direction of its own garrison town.

Goering was in luck. He was ordered to advance towards Mülhausen in charge of a strong motor-cycle patrol. He carried out his task like a veteran strategist with the daring go-ahead spirit which had inspired his boyhood's dreams of his first clash with the enemy. He was amply rewarded for his courage. He, the youngest lieutenant in his regiment, was the first in his regiment to undergo his baptism of fire. A few weeks later he was the first lieutenant of his regiment to receive the Iron Cross of the Second Class. Then came the battle of Mülhausen with the many engagements it entailed.

Soon after this he was laid up with an attack of arthritis. He chafed very much at his enforced inactivity. He was not worried about the pain he suffered, but he definitely regarded it as a dirty trick of fate that he should be confined to bed by such a silly malady.

During his illness, Loerzer, who had been sent to Freiburg to go through a course in aviation, visited him. The chats between the two friends welded more firmly the bonds of a comradeship that gave a decisive turn to Goering's whole military career. He sent a brief telegram to the commander of the reserve battalion stationed in Donaueschingen to transfer him to the Flying Corps, but received no reply. "Well, if they have time to waste, I haven't," said Goering, and on the spur of the moment he jumped into Loerzer's plane, and away with them to Darmstadt, and thence to the 25th Flying Squadron at Stenay, which was directly under the Supreme Command of the German Crown Prince. Subsequently there was a terrific row about the



VISIT TO KING BORIS IN SOFIA



THE READING HOUR



whole affair, but what did that matter to Goering ! They did not fetch him back, and that was the main thing.

And now his life in the Air Force, at first in the role of an observer, commenced. He had a considerable amount to learn. Signalling was a very complicated technical business. It was not merely a matter of despatching signals. He had also to learn how to receive them. And then they had to carry out the instructions of the batteries that went in for range-finding. Photography was another branch of an airman's work. It was not sufficient to focus one's objective on the earth correctly—one had to make sure that the negative was accurate. And then the bombs must be dropped on their objectives. In addition to all this one had to be capable of the most breath-taking acrobatic feats—flying upside down and all that ! Goering thanked God that he was still slim.

And finally he felt now that it was a great help to him to have looked down the lofty mountain summit above Mauterndorf upon the woods and valleys and upon the streets and meadows with wide-open eyes. But above all these things his friendship with Loerzer was an inestimable boon to him. They knew one another as 'Emil' and 'Franz.' Soon afterwards the Crown Prince of Germany pinned the Iron Cross of the First Class on the breasts of Hermann Goering and Bruno Loerzer.

During the course of his whole career as a member of the Air Force Goering had only one thing to complain of, and that was the fact that owing to the number of tasks allotted to him he did not get a chance of piloting a plane himself. Apart from the fact that he had no time to spare, there was also a shortage of machines.

In the autumn of 1915, however, Goering passed his examination as a pilot in record time at the School of Aviation in Freiburg in Breisgau. That accomplished, he piloted his own plane straight towards the Front—first to his old detachment, where he flew his first big plane, and later he was attached to a squadron of chaser planes along with his friend Bruno Loerzer. The orders he received were

ammunition dropped out of the charging-case of his machine-gun. The flight was over !

Instinctively he pressed his joy-stick forward as far as possible. He had extraordinary good luck. He became unconscious for a few moments. Then on recovering his senses, he gritted his teeth and glided down, and with the aid of a rear wind and a ground fog he managed to land just 500 yards on the right side of the German Front Line.

He came to earth with a bump, and was again unconscious when they lifted him out of the plane. The wound on his leg was trifling, but his right hip was ripped open with a gash eight inches long. On the operating table the surgeon removed several fragments of metal which had been driven from the frame-work of the plane into his wound.

For four months he was lying in hospital in Germany. He chafed bitterly against his enforced inactivity. Then eventually he was ordered to report for convalescence to the Air Force Reserve at Böblingen. Instead of doing so, he sent the following telegram to the headquarters of the Air Force in Berlin : ' As I could not find Böblingen either in the railway-guide or on the map, I returned immediately to the Front.'

He got in touch again, of course at once, with his old friend Loerzer, who had meanwhile become commander of the 26th squadron of fighters. Just at that time the services of every available soldier were urgently needed. The whole army, but especially the infantry, was going through a terrible ordeal. The Air Force also flung itself into the fight with redoubled energy.

In May Goering was placed in charge of the 27th Squadron. His duty henceforth was not merely to be a pattern of daring and courage to his comrades as in the past—he had now to take charge of his squadron, and to lead younger and older soldiers to victory. As in the past he was still utterly indifferent with regard to his own fate, while as captain of his squadron he showed himself extremely anxious about the risks run by his men.

The German Air Force had its unwritten laws. No quarter was given while a fight was going on, but when an

enemy was put out of action, the German airman always behaved chivalrously towards him. And Goering always treated his beaten foes with truly knightly consideration. The following incident described by a Dane, Captain Paulli Krause-Jensen, who fought in the World War on the side of France against Germany, testifies to the esteem in which Goering was held by his enemies :

‘ My encounter with the last commander of the dreaded Richthofen Squadron, the present General Goering, was an unforgettable experience. We all knew, of course, the machines of our most outstanding opponents, and as a result of long-continued observation we were to a certain extent familiar with their tactics in battle.

‘ I was one day alone on an extensive scouting trip with my machine, and I had taken some photographs when in the distance I was able to discern a German aeroplane returning from the French front. As we were bound to meet, I felt an overwhelming curiosity to make out who this lone flyer might be. My opponent had also seen me, and was making in my direction. We both reconnoitred for a while and cruised around one another in wide circles. For my part I was not at all keen on getting into conflict with him just then, as I was anxious to get home, but he suddenly gave battle, and I had of course to reply. We kept flying around one another in ever-narrowing circles, without succeeding in doing any damage to one another. And then suddenly the German machine swerved at a very sharp tangent, looped the loop, and in a moment had its machine-gun trained on me.

‘ It all happened so suddenly that I was utterly unable to retort effectively. I immediately decided that I was encountering a very skilful opponent. And just then my enemy’s plane cut another of those capers which were almost impossible feats in those days, and I knew at once that I was dealing with Captain Goering, the squadron commander.

‘ Every great airman has his own special tactics. That kind of flying, however, I knew, was a trick of Goering’s,

which no other airman could manage. I put up such a fight against him as I had never before put up. I flew better than I ever flew in my life, as I had my machine in perfect control. But I knew in my heart that I was facing a foe that was more competent than myself. It was no mere cat-and-mouse game, but it was impossible for me to beat such a brilliant airman as Goering. I don't know how long we continued circling around one another. Shreds of linen hanging from the wings of my machine showed that he had hit it many times. But he had so far failed to give me the knock-out blow.

‘Unfortunately, just as I had managed to get into a very favourable strategic position my machine-gun failed. I hammered with my bare fists against the red-hot weapon, but all to no avail. I tugged at the belt, but in vain. I stoically decided that it was all up with me. My opponent, however, evidently was surprised to see that I no longer fired at him. He kept circling around me, and seeing me hammering helplessly at my machine-gun, realized at once that I was unable to fight any longer. And then suddenly—and this was the greatest moment in my entire experience as an airman—he flew quite close to me—his hand came to his cap with the military salute. Then wheeling round, he flew off towards the German lines. Since that moment I have always held the Germans in honour!’

June 8th, 1917. The unnatural heat of an early summer brooded with an enervating depression over the shell-torn country. The Commander of the 27th Squadron was the first that morning on the air-field. At six o'clock sharp he was studying the weather outlook. The sun was shining brightly in the sky. He decided to take advantage of the relative coolness of that early hour. Twenty minutes later the whole squadron was flying in close formation under his leadership in a north-westerly direction. It was under orders to fly to the support of the Fourth Army in Flanders. The battle had flared up in the Wyttschaete sector. The big English offensive in Flanders which was to drag out into the winter had just started.

Flooded with sunshine Lille lay in front of the squadron.

The visibility was excellent except towards the south in the direction of Arras, where a dense fog hung. It gave a wonderfully thrilling feeling to Goering to fly in the glorious morning sunshine, while his mind was awlirl with expectation of what the next few hours might bring to him. Behind his plane came in squadron formation the machines of his young followers. Goering had only been in charge of them for a short time, and he had not so far sufficiently tested their skill as pilots. And for this reason he was very much on the alert to prevent the enemy from attacking one of them in the rear and bringing him down before he could come to his aid. All his men were very young and inexperienced in the manœuvring of chaser-planes.

The squadron was about 12,000 feet up in the air, when it flew over the Lys and reached the fighting zone. Beneath it a fierce battle was raging all along the whole front. The earth was being churned up with drum-fire and mines. But Goering had no time to spare for watching the battle that was being waged beneath. He had to scout for his enemies in the air and beat them. And he did not have to wait for very long. Right above his squadron there suddenly appeared a Nieuport squadron of sixteen units. It was difficult to recognize the little silver-grey fighters. They came along swiftly through the sunlit sky and swooped down on the last units of the squadron. The attack had begun. Goering's squadron had spread out too quickly, and it was not now in a position to fight a concerted battle. But Goering kept a lynx-eye on his young followers. Whenever any of them was in danger he charged in with a view to giving him a chance of getting away. Now he attacked one enemy plane, now another, in order to support those who were in distress. But all his young pilots fought bravely and hurled the enemy back behind their own lines.

During the course of the fighting Goering's squadron had come down lower and lower. He was just having a breathing-space after the wild turmoil of the fight when he suddenly saw over his head an enemy who had swooped along stealthily from the direction of the sun in the hope of pouncing on the leader of the squadron by surprise and

attacking him from above and from the rear. Goering was familiar with the trick and lured him on. The Englishman had tactically the better position, while Goering had a better machine and a more favourable wind. And so the duel started.

The enemy now believed that he had hit on the right moment, and swooped down like a hawk on the German machine. Now that was what Goering expected. He dived speedily in order to be able to move with more force, and then wheeling round with the speed of lightning he darted upwards towards his opponent, at the same time opening fire with both machine-guns. Instead of tackling him from the rear by surprise Goering went straight ahead for the Englishman. And so the attacker was now the attacked. Goering's shots told, and his opponent swerved immediately in order to get away. Goering forthwith pounced on him and drove him farther and farther down with his fire. A wild zig-zag chase began. They wheeled to the right and to the left, they looped the loop, turned, shot upwards and almost immediately afterwards nose-dived. They both tried all possible tricks and dodges, in their efforts to attack one another in the rear, to out-climb one another and to force one another into the inner circle in order to take a better aim. They frequently darted past one another at such a sharp angle that the people on the ground thought that they had come into collision.

The Englishman flew gracefully and skilfully. Goering could see him plainly seated in his machine. It was a stubborn fight in which neither would give way, as each was hopeful of victory. Then suddenly Goering dived, and his enemy, seeing his chance, fired with both guns at him, hitting his machine several times. But Goering soared upwards again and fired in his turn on the Englishman, apparently with telling effect, too. He nose-dived past Goering and made an effort to get away ahead of him. But Goering was instantly in hot pursuit of him. The Englishman tried the effect of zig-zag movements in order to get out of the range of fire. By this time they were both only 6000 feet above the ground.

Reinhard got into it and rose about 3000 feet in the air. And just at that moment an appalling thing happened. The wings of the plane fell off, and one of the greatest heroes of the air paid his last tribute to his Fatherland—in the very heart of that Fatherland. And once more death passed by Hermann Goering.

‘First-Lieutenant Goering has been appointed as commander of the Richthofen Super-Squadron (Order of the General Commanding the Air Force—Number 178654—July 7th, 1918).’

This was a difficult task entailing great responsibilities which Goering now undertook. It was especially difficult because in view of the superiority of the enemy in the number and efficiency of the enemy planes, leadership taxed a man’s whole energy, and personal ambition had to take a secondary place. It was a job that made an appeal to soldierly endurance, to which only a truly great man could respond. The squadrons of the enemy war-planes now almost blackened the sky. But with extraordinary audacity the men of the Richthofen Super-Squadron hurled themselves against them. Individual groups of planes sometimes made five raids in the course of a day. This entailed a demand on men and planes that could not be indefinitely met. Goering had to scout round everywhere in his endeavour to pick up a reserve of men and machines and above all things to keep up the morale of his ever-shrinking little band of effective air-fighters by the sheer stimulus of his own personality. The aerodrome of the battle-zone was frequently so near the front-line trenches that it lay well within the range of enemy artillery fire. It was almost impossible for Germany’s airmen to get a wink of sleep. They devoted the utmost ounce of their energy to the cause of their Fatherland.

A sinister rumour reached the men who had undertaken to carry out the task which Richthofen had bequeathed to them. A revolution had broken out in Germany! They could not believe it! They refused to believe it! And then when they realized the truth of the incredible news of what was going on in Germany it was like a blow from a club in

their faces. The commander's face had an expression of chilly inscrutability when he summoned his officers to a conference at noon on November 9th. The gist of his address was summed up in his command that the Squadron should carry on as usual. The commander's instructions aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Richthofen's men maintained their iron discipline, as though nothing had happened. They obeyed the orders of one man--and one man only--Hermann Goering.

About subsequent happenings--about the culmination of this tragedy--we learn from Goering's loyal adjutant, Karl Bodenschatz, who stands by his side with the same steadfast loyalty to-day.

'Order from the High Command on November 10th: "The aeroplanes are to be brought to Darmstadt." An hour later the counter-command is issued: "Await further instructions." And then over the wire comes the incredible order: "The planes belonging to the squadron are to be handed over to the Americans." Goering bluntly refused to carry out this command. Not a muscle moves in his face, which is frozen with scorn. Come what may in consequence of his order, the Commander definitely gives an order that the squadron, heedless of any other order, is to fly in formation to Darmstadt as soon as the fog, which was very dense, should clear away. Bodenschatz receives instructions to take the ground staff along with thirty-five lorries and all war material to Darmstadt. Impatiently they wait for an improvement in the weather. All day long the officers stand on the aerodrome and stare steadfastly at the sky. Pale, exhausted by a sleepless night, hard work, grief, and anger, they keep guard over their machines. Goering sits among them, silent, self-absorbed, like a man turned to stone. Now and then his face darkens, as one thought keeps recurring through his mind: "If the fog continues until November 12th, the game is all up, because it will be impossible to fly back once the Armistice conditions have been accepted." And then at last, on the morning of November 12th, the clouds cleared away. About 10 a.m. the squadron starts, and plane by plane it vanishes over the horizon.



'On their homeward journey an incident occurred. A group which had flown the wrong way had landed in Mannheim, where the "Red" Soldiers' Council was, with its hangers-on, in command. The unsuspecting officers, having been pounced upon by this gang, were powerless to prevent them from disarming them. "I'll make the thugs pay for that," said Goering. Then he gave a curt order: "Load your machine-guns!" The whole squadron then set off for Mannheim. While the group from whom the weapons had been taken were landing, Goering cruised round the aerodrome with his other groups. The group that had landed gave the "Soldiers' Council" a very concise but definite ultimatum: "If the arms are not given back at once, the whole place will be levelled to the ground." In a few minutes the terrified Soldiers' Council returned the arms. The group started and flew with the rest of the squadron back to Darmstadt.'

The bitterest hour was in the 'Stiftskeller' in Aschaffenburg. Those men, who felt as if they had been welded together with bands of steel, had to part. Hardly even one of them had any definite idea in what direction he was going. Where was their home, they asked themselves in all bitterness. Their eyes were fixed on their commander, who was obviously controlling his emotion by a supreme effort. He spoke of his ardent faith in the future of Germany, of the intrinsic nobility of the German soul and of German courage.

When the hour for parting had come he urged his comrades to start a new battle, not a battle with weapons, but a battle for principle, a battle for moral worth and strength of character. Tears stood in their eyes—tears that they were not ashamed of when Goering declared his firm faith that the Richthofen Squadron would be formed again at a future day. And when he had finished, and dashed his wine-glass against the wall, the eyes of his comrades glowed again with hope and pride. The enthusiasm which their commander's faith had evoked in their souls had revived their courage. Those living warriors to whom he was bidding adieu felt assured that their fifty-six dead comrades of the Richthofen Squadron who

had fallen for their Fatherland had not gone in vain into another world.

Men cannot live without hope and faith. But men must do something to give fulfilment to their hopes. But where are they to begin? Thoughts of this type were constantly recurring to Hermann Goering. Again and again, however, he was disillusioned as he heard the same words from the people with whom he conversed: "We must go slowly. We must await developments." Such cautious procedure was not to his taste. Had he not fought for years for his Fatherland, for his people? Had he not devoted all his energies to their welfare? And had not those very people, those German workers, lain in their shell-holes of the front line and done their duty? And were not those German workers being cheated out of the fulfilment of their social aspirations?

He felt that he must start from the very beginning. He must start with his comrades of the World War who had learned the real value of the bond of brotherhood between German men. And shortly after the November revolt, in the early December days, an opportunity presented itself. One day a meeting of officers was summoned in the Berlin Philharmonic. The hall was packed to the last seat. On a platform sat those who had organized the meeting, the representatives of the recently formed Officers' Association. They made the following declaration: 'A new order regarding the proper dress for officers has just been published. Officers are to appear again in uniform, but epaulettes are abolished. Instead of these officers will have blue stripes on their sleeves as an indication of their rank. Against such a procedure we raise a protest.'

The debate was about to start when a whisper ran among the crowd. There was a movement around the platform. At the top of the stairs stood the new Minister of War, General Reinhard, who was known to many in the hall since the days of the rearguard actions of the Sixth Army in France. His epaulettes had disappeared from his shoulders.

On his sleeve were the hated blue stripes. He said that he knew what was the reason for that meeting of the officers. He could not approve of the steps they were taking. Neither could he explain in detail his reason for issuing the order regarding the blue stripes. He must, however, request the officers not to leave him in the lurch.

Having made this statement he made a gesture of dismissing the meeting. But just at that moment a voice rang out in sharp, incisive tones :

"I beg your pardon, sir !"

Then an officer in full uniform, a slim, broad-shouldered man, wearing the *Pour le mérite* medal and white epaulettes with the two stars denoting a captain's rank, emerged from the crowd, and stepped on to the platform facing the Minister of War. It was Captain Hermann Goering, the last commander of the Richthofen super-squadron.

It happened so quickly and unexpectedly that not a sound was heard among the thousands of officers. And then the deathlike silence was broken by Goering : "I had presumed, sir, that you, as Minister of War, would put in an appearance here to-day. But I had hoped to see a black band on your sleeve that would symbolize your deep regret for the outrage you are proposing to inflict on us. Instead of that black band you are wearing blue stripes on your arm. I think, sir, it would have been more appropriate for you to wear red stripes !"

There was a long spell of silence, and then suddenly there was a wild outburst of applause. In the general commotion the Minister of War slipped out of the hall. Then Goering made a gesture with his hand for silence, and continued :

"We officers did our duty for four long years on the land, on water, and in the air, and we risked our bodies and our lives for our Fatherland. Now we come home—and how do they treat us ? They spit on us and deprive us of what we gloried in wearing. And this I can tell you, that the people are not to blame for such conduct. The people were our comrades—the comrades of each of us, irrespective of social conditions, for four weary years of war. No—the people are

not to blame. Those alone are to blame who have goaded on the people—those men who stabbed our glorious Army in the back and who thought of nothing but of attaining power and of enriching themselves at the expense of the people. And, therefore, I implore of you to cherish hatred—a profound abiding hatred of those criminals who have outraged the German people. But the day will come, of that I am certain, and I beg of you to believe me—the day will come when these fellows will have lost the game—the day will come when we will drive them away out of our Germany. Prepare for that day—arm yourselves for that day—work for that day. For it will come, most assuredly!”

Before his audience could recover from the profound emotion that overwhelmed them, Goering had left the Philharmonic Hall. He spent the evening with a few old comrades, and they talked and made plans for the future until late into the night.

Fifteen years later Goering's life was once more a life of battle—battle on behalf of the Fuehrer and his ever more profound perception of the psychology of the German people. Hermann Goering the statesman had only one motto: ‘To obey, to believe, and to fight.’ The statesman was still a soldier. His loyalty to Adolf Hitler was a soldier's loyalty; it was limitless and changeless. In his fidelity and devotion to the Fuehrer, who was by instinct a staunch upholder of the Nordic view of unqualified loyalty, he had voluntarily assumed a duty which he considered to be the noblest on earth. This voluntary allegiance he had sworn would be lifelong, and it decided the whole trend of his life. His loyalty to Adolf Hitler was a source of pride and honour to him. In Adolf Hitler, Goering saw his own sole personal leader, as well as the leader of the Reich—the man who accepted the burden of responsibility for the whole country—the man to whose better insight every citizen of the Reich must submit unquestioningly.

Himself of a critical disposition, Goering always made every allowance for candid and honest criticism. He claimed, however, that the critic should be prepared to suggest some

thing better than that which he criticized, and he should also be prepared to put his theories for the bettering of things to the practical test. When on one occasion he was dealing with the problem which was most discussed in foreign countries, of a critical analysis of National Socialism, his attitude was uncompromising.

"Fair criticism is always good," he said. "But criticism must draw the line at the great vital problems of the nation which the Fuehrer alone controls. All criticism must be silent in the presence of our Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler. When the Fuehrer calls us and gives us a command, every one of us must unconditionally follow him and obey him, whosoever he may be. With the Fuehrer we are everything, without him we are nothing." As shield-bearer for the Fuehrer, a proud position which he claims for himself, Goering passionately brushes aside everything that might hamper the Fuehrer in his great and responsible task, which far surpasses ordinary human ability. In June, 1934, he ruthlessly attacked those misguided mutineers who tried to depose his beloved Fuehrer and establish themselves in his place.

For weeks and months before June 30th, 1934, Goering, with a few trusty followers, had noticed that some of the leading officers of the S.A. had turned aside from the objectives of the State and of the movement for the furtherance of their own interests and their own ambition. Complaints were constantly coming from various parts of the country of the brutal treatment meted out by those fellows to the people. Innumerable reports were reaching headquarters that incidents were happening which were contrary to the honourable spirit of National Socialism. Roehm, the Chief of Staff, to whom the Fuehrer had shown himself a warm-hearted and loyal friend in difficult days, had embarked on a very desperate game. Under the influence of evil-minded individuals, he laboured under the hallucination that he was the strong man of Germany, and started a campaign of treacherous conspiracies against the Fuehrer. Plans were definitely formed at the Headquarters of the S.A. for the overthrow of Adolf Hitler's State. Talk about the 'Second Revolution' began to develop to serious

proportions. Forces that were inimical to each other, and which were incapable of any fusion, found themselves in agreement in a negative form for the purpose of destroying the solidarity of the Third Reich.

Full of anxiety, Goering made a report to the Fuehrer about the numerous irrefutable proofs against the criminals that were in his possession. He underwent the anguish, too, of witnessing the Fuehrer's battle for the souls of those abandoned men. Six weeks before the date when the plot was due for execution, Goering himself went to the Chief of Staff. He earnestly begged him to remain steadfast to the Fuehrer and to the German people. But Roehm and his fellow criminals were too deeply enmeshed in their highly-ramified plots, and had recourse to downright lying. Whereupon Goering immediately realized how acutely serious the position had become. He went again to the Fuehrer. It was the most terrible hour in the life of the man who had given everything for his people. But he knew how terrible the reaction would be in the shape of suffering for the people if he held his hand. And so he made up his mind.

On June 27th, he spoke in the great hall of the Cologne Exhibition grounds. A million people cheered vociferously as he drove through the town. In him the Rhine folk hailed the representative of Adolf Hitler. Only a few days later those applauding multitudes were to be struck dumb with amazement at the news about the abortive attempt of criminal conspirators. At a later date Goering spoke about that wonderful ovation among some very intimate friends, and said that his heart was wrung with anguish as those shouts of jubilation greeted his ears, and he mentally contrasted the enthusiasm and the unbounded trust of the people with the underhand tactics of those who at that moment were preparing to deal a treacherous blow at the Fuehrer.

At the last meeting of the Council of State Goering had openly warned the mutineers, but to no purpose. It was now too late. An open declaration of what steps were to be taken might do more harm than good. And yet in the middle of his address he uncompromisingly denounced the treason-



A SPELL OF RELAXATION ON HIS MOTOR-BOAT



THE PARADE ON MAY DAY



mongers. "We will get even with them," he said. "The German people think of nothing else now but the maintenance of its priceless possession of unity." And he concluded with an affirmation of the affection and trust in which Hitler was held by the people. His heartfelt tribute had a very profound effect on the multitude who had no suspicion of the anguish of the speaker's soul. And before finally adjuring his German fellow-countrymen to remain steadfast in their loyalty to the Fuehrer, he once more delivered a stern warning to the conspirators: "But that man will be regarded as a traitor to his people and to his country, and he will be expelled from the brotherhood of the people who tries to shake and undermine this confident trust of the people in their Fuehrer. In dealing with such a man we will be severe and ruthless to the most bitter extremity."

Had there been even a spark of honour in the souls of the conspirators they would have been ashamed and would have cancelled their plans. But they were so obsessed by their own criminal designs that they paid no heed to the warning given to them. Fate was pursuing its course. The Fuehrer had to face the blackest day in the history of the movement. And Goering would have gladly given up his own life to avert that dreadful day.

On Thursday, June 28th, District Leader Terboven, to whom the Fuehrer on taking over control of the nation had entrusted the district known as 'Rote Erde,' which was a very important area from a political point of view, was celebrating his wedding at Essen. The Fuehrer and Goering were witnesses at the wedding and took part in the evening's festivities. When the fun was at its highest, the Fuehrer suddenly received very grave tidings. He whispered something in Goering's ear, and the two immediately adjourned to an adjoining room. Thence they went to the Kaiserhof Hotel, where they held a private discussion on the problem which continued until midnight.

Shortly after midnight the Fuehrer left the hotel, looking very serious, and drove to Godesberg to Dresen's. A quarter of an hour later Goering went to Berlin with his men. On

Friday he and the Fuehrer kept in constant contact with one another through the medium of despatches by air. Planes were passing to and fro constantly between Berlin and Godesberg. It was late in the evening when Koerner, the Secretary of State, brought the Fuehrer's final instructions from Godesberg. Official work in Berlin differed in no respect from its normal course while these momentous happenings were going on. Goering, with the assistance of two or three men who supported him, held all the strings in his hands. In the forenoon of Saturday there was a constant coming and going to and from Goering's house. One of the first to call on him was Von Blomberg, the Minister of War. He was followed by Himmler, the leader of the S.S., and a little later by Generals Daluge and Wecke with a band of trusted men.

An hour later the blow fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt both in Munich and Berlin. In Munich and Wiessee the Fuehrer made short work of the conspirators. At his command Goering discharged his duty with his wonted thoroughness. The warning that he had uttered a year before had been fulfilled. It was not the dupes of the conspirators who were executed, but the arch-criminals themselves. The S.A., who did not know for what purpose they had been armed, came out of the terrible ordeal with untarnished honour. The Second Revolution was just a revolt which had been stirred up by mutineers. It was a revolt which led to the death of those mutineers themselves.

In the evening the Fuehrer returned to Berlin. On the runway of the Tempelhof Aerodrome were marshalled three companies of the Air Force and three companies of Adolf Hitler's bodyguard. Goering had just delivered an address to them when the siren sounded. The Fuehrer's plane, the D. 2600, glided along the ground. A few sharp commands rang out. Then there was deep silence. The Fuehrer stepped out of his machine. Goering walked up to the Fuehrer, who silently gripped the hand of his loyal paladin.

They drove to the Reichschancellery between two rows of enthusiastic Germans, who joined hands as they hailed the Fuehrer. An enormous crowd had gathered in the Wilhelm-

platz in front of the Reichschancellery. The love of the whole German people went out towards the Fuehrer on that day. There was one continuous round of popular demonstrations. An unending stream of postmen brought huge bundles of letters of congratulation to the Fuehrer's house. Piles of letters and telegrams came for Goering also. He had no time to read any of them, with the exception of one to which his particular attention was drawn, and which he held in his hand for a long time. It was the last he had received, and it came from the President of the Reich.

'Minister President General of Infantry Goering.

'BERLIN,

'088 *Teleg.* 4012 2.7.34.

'For your energetic and successful action in the suppression of the treasonable revolt I send you my thanks and appreciation.

'With kind regards and greetings.

'VON HINDENBURG.'

In his instinct for advancing swiftly to the attack as well as in his talent for biding his time, in his capacity for keeping in touch with the spiritual power of the people as well as for calculating the strength of the enemy, Adolf Hitler was Goering's greatest teacher. There was a close affinity between them in their iron strength of will and in their resoluteness. Hermann Goering in all his undertakings and actions always adhered in a statesmanlike manner to the classical soldierly principle laid down by Clausewitz: 'No leadership is possible without an imperious and masterful will which dominates the whole rank and file of an army.'

And acting on this principle he relentlessly carried out the 'purge' in every detail. All that had been overlooked in a spirit of misunderstood leniency and indulgence was now set in order. A few days after the 'Putsch' the Prime Minister summoned the heads of the General Staff and the leading State officials to a conference, and addressed them in terse and uncompromising terms:

"The State must be defended by every means in our power. Every attack against that State, no matter from what quarter it may come, will be regarded by me as an attack against the Fuehrer. It is the task of justice to contribute its part with conscientious and determined thoroughness towards the lawful consolidation of the power of the State, and to administer the law uncompromisingly. And in keeping with the interpretation of the law, everybody must respect the law no matter in what position he may happen to be. The Law and the Will of the leader are the same thing. And it is the unalterable determination of the Fuehrer that crimes will be punished no matter who the perpetrators of those crimes may be. I have summoned you here in order to tell you that I as head of the Government of Prussia, as well as Minister of Justice, will unreservedly support all officials of the State who carry out their duty, and will punish relentlessly those who do not fulfil their duty. The action of the Government in these recent days was the supreme realization of the people's consciousness of what was right. That action was right and consequently found its legal justification. Nobody must endeavour, however, through merely selfish grounds to mar the integrity of intent of our procedure and to do anything on his own account contrary to the will of the Fuehrer. Should any excesses be committed, they will be regarded as crimes without any consideration for individuals. It is unfortunately an old experience that countless slanders are levelled against the authorities of a State when justice has been administered. But on the other hand I demand relentless prosecution and the most severe punishment when a charge is proved to be correct."

In foreign countries an attempt was made to represent what happened on June 30th as though everything was topsy-turvy in Germany. During those days the anti-German Press surpassed itself in its campaign of falsehood and hatred. The lapse of time has, however, enabled the truth to come to light. The measures adopted on June 30th were justified on the grounds of national emergency. Swift



HERMANN GOERING GIVING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO  
THE POOR



HERMANN GOERING GIVING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO  
THE POOR

MOBBED BY YOUTH



action on the part of the Government was the mere fulfilment of its duty to the people. The National Socialist Movement had always made it perfectly clear that in its Government the conception of justice had nothing in common with the administration of law as it had existed before it took over control. The National Socialist State does not admit the outworn contention that the law remains the law even if the whole system of things is collapsing. It does not consider that law itself is of paramount importance. The people are of paramount importance. The people come first, and the people made the law and the State. When the existence of the whole community is at stake, protracted legal investigation must be waived. The law of July 3rd, 1934, for the suppression of treasonable attacks had rightly justified the measures adopted to cope with these attacks as emergency acts for the defence of the State. But such legal ratification of those measures was, of course, not actually necessary. And the passing of this act was no mere formality. On the contrary it was an act of supreme political significance, inasmuch as in unequivocal official terms it stated that the measures adopted had been fully carried out, and that the return to normal legal procedure was obligatory. The statement made by the Prime Minister of Prussia was therefore a direct sequel to the great purging process which began on June 30th.

And just as Hermann Goering felt a strong bond of camaraderie linking him with his old staunch companions of the Party, and just as he put them in responsible positions commensurate with their character and capabilities, and as he availed himself of the benefit of their experiences and listened to their advice, so likewise he also protected the interests of the younger members of the Party.

"The movement must grow," he said. "It must be constantly gaining a greater striking power. Of course, we must have fighting men. We don't want National Socialists who are National Socialists merely through reason, and not through affection. They must come to us



with all their heart and with all their young enthusiasm, and they must be truly ours. But not all of those who join our ranks to-day, do so for economic reasons. There are millions who had no idea of what Nationalism stood for. Now the clouds have cleared away for them, and the light of the sun beams on them once more. They see something wonderful, they see how a movement which was reviled, persecuted, and regarded with aversion, brings a ray of sunshine to them. What was buried in darkness has been brought to light again. Men who had buried all their hopes have got courage afresh. And our fellow-countrymen who stand aloof are honest souls who may be our fellow-soldiers to-morrow. You must arouse them to greater zeal and strengthen them in their consciousness that they belong to the great army of National Socialism. We are the conquerors and therefore we can afford to be magnanimous and not to take petty revenge. What does it matter if a few people have reviled us? We were not ourselves National Socialists by birth. Therefore, as I say, let us be magnanimous. Let us admit that we too once held utterly different views, and let us be grateful to those who have been our leaders towards this glorious goal. The more we feel ourselves free and strong as National Socialists the more generous and liberal we can be in overlooking the past and in extending the hand of reconciliation."

These words uttered by Goering were never forgotten by the millions who after January 30th, 1933, joined the movement and stood loyally by the Fuehrer's side as true National Socialists. Hermann Goering knew his people well. He knew the weak as well as the strong side of the German soul. He knew that it was not the material, but the spiritual forces that formed the bulwark of the nation and of its power during times of crisis. Only that man can develop spiritual strength who has learned from his own experience the true meaning of the great depths of the internal strength of the people in times of danger and stress. Hermann Goering many times during his post-war life knew what it was to be without work. He knew the German workers and knew what it was to be poor, and how

terrible it was when people were in dire want. Goering was never a red-tape statesman. He not only fought against the faults of previous governments, but he learned a lesson from them. The example of the Fuehrer was always before his eyes. As a soldier he knew that the morale of the rank and file was an indispensable necessity for the winning of a victory. And as a statesman he knew that the main source of his success in his task was his close alliance with the working classes. In thousands of crowded meetings he repeated his declaration of his close association with his German fellow-countrymen, appealed to the conscience of the nation, stirred up the spirit of the German people—and learned much from them, too. Himself full of enthusiasm, he also understood how to arouse enthusiasm. Who could resist the appeal of his eloquence and the force of that unshakable confidence which came from his faith in the Fuehrer?

Again and again it was just a repetition of the same scene, whether in Berlin or Kiel, Hamburg or Frankfort, Treves or Munich, Erfurt or Essen, Mannheim or Stettin, or in the traditional meeting-place of the movement—the Sports' Palace in Berlin. Those vast multitudes were all inspired with the same enthusiastic yearning to catch the words that fell from the lips of the Fuehrer's paladin. Heartfelt determination and mutual sympathy were the emotions that vibrated through those serried throngs. Solid masses of humanity were packed in the halls and outside the approaches to those halls. There was only one comparatively open space, and that was the platform. And there was only one narrow laneway through the mass of humanity, and that was the passage along which the Prime Minister walked towards the platform amid an outburst of frenzied cheering which swelled to a tornado and spread to the adjoining rooms in which there were also densely packed crowds. Those people in the adjoining rooms could not see him, but they heard him, they heard his voice—that powerful voice, vibrant like trumpet-tones with his devotion to the Fuehrer and his passionate zeal for the cause to which he had consecrated his life. They heard a man

speaking who knew the language of the people, and knew how to speak that language to them.

That man who spoke to them knew that slogans are useless and that they carry no conviction. He was fully convinced that hearts are won only by cordial sincerity of speech. His language was the language of the comrade of the Party—the language of the air ace of the Great War, of the born warrior of the revolutionary National Socialist with the frenzy of the veteran fighter dating back to the period when day after day and year after year the movement had to sweep away from its path obstacles and barricades, meannesses, and lies. There spoke the comrade of the people who knew the worker not merely from his experiences of him on the platform, but who had struggled and fought hand in hand with the man at the anvil and with the industrial and agricultural labourers. His speech was no mere electioneering address—it was an ardent profession of his faith in his people and in his Fuehrer. It was the 'Song of Solomon' about the duties of the nation—words that were not merely spoken, but were to sink deeply into the heart of every individual listener—words whose effect would be enduring—a legacy like that given by the Fuehrer to-day, and like that bequeathed of yore to posterity by Fichte in days of Prussia's direst sufferings and misery.

Hermann Goering never counted upon mere rhetorical effect in his speeches. He never took the slightest trouble to endeavour to speak in carefully rounded phrases. The language he used was the language of the masses, and all his speeches breathed the spirit of patriotism. Hermann Goering never delivered any lectures. He believed that only blunt straightforward discourse brought the speaker's audience in sympathy with his point of view. Two or three little notes and a few catchwords scribbled in his own handwriting constituted the only preparation made by him for his speeches. And as a rule he jotted them down just half an hour before the meeting took place.

He always tackled his theme with great earnestness, but his arguments were always spiced with humorous sallies.

His words vibrated with his *joie de vivre* and with his intense interest in the momentous happenings of our days. Without any restraint he discussed problems presented to him by the man in the street, and replied to his questions in his own language. He ruthlessly and unhesitatingly assailed conditions and actions that clashed with the spirit of the time. To the rich and powerful he uncompromisingly pointed out again and again that the greater their privileges the greater were their responsibilities.

It was touching to hear Goering speak of his beloved Fuehrer, of his work, of his anxieties, and of his incomparable devotion to the welfare of the German people. His very countenance seemed to be transfigured when he expressed his thanks to him for the salvation of the German nation, and when he called upon the thousands who listened to him to renew their pledge of allegiance to Adolf Hitler. On such occasions his face, his gestures, and his voice were eloquent of the deep emotion which he felt. His words mirrored the intense vividness of his enthusiasm and of his spiritual vision. Thus his inspired eloquence invariably filled his fellow-countrymen with optimism, determination, joy, and courage.

And while in his speeches he always pointed out to his fellow-countrymen the fundamental outlines of the course they should adopt, his programme of work was determined by his realization of essentials, whether he was acting in his capacity of Prime Minister or as Minister who was primarily responsible for the development of the nation's economic interests, or whether he was working in his capacity as Minister of Forests for the Reich, or as Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force. His entire plan of action was based on the fundamental principle that true leadership is shown only when the leader is able to keep under his observation the multitude of individual interests under his control, and when he is able to co-ordinate them all for one great effective purpose.

Goering the statesman never ceased to be Goering the soldier, and his soldierly instincts prompted him to fight unceasingly for the welfare of the German land and of the

German people. As the Minister in charge of the carrying out of the Four Year Plan he advocated both in his public speeches and in his conversation with individuals, whenever the opportunity arose, through the medium of brief addresses and articles on economic *rapprochement* between the nations. And his pronouncements on this subject were passionate and candid without being hysterical, and without compromising in the slightest Germany's vital claims.

As a leader and politician he strove earnestly for political peace with the same earnestness which inspired the philosophy and the aims of the Fuehrer. No night was too long for him to sit through when it was a question of labouring for this ideal. Every foreign visitor, whether he was a diplomat, a business man, or a journalist, could get an interview with him, always provided that the man seeking the interview was a man of strong personality and influence. He was never weary of explaining the German point of view, even if it necessitated an exhaustive exposition of some humdrum topic. "You may think this a matter of very trivial importance, but I must explain it to you, because I am anxious to persuade you," he said to one foreigner.

And even if he could not see eye to eye with Goering, no foreign visitor ever ended a discussion with him without carrying away with him a profound impression of his sincerity and of his marvellous logical acumen.

'Goering is neither a doctrinaire nor a mystic. He is a man—a vital red-blooded man with an incredibly nimble intellect, with a sarcastic wit, and with a spontaneous impulsiveness which is the expression of an intensively original personality. Few men leave on one the impression of a greater and more seductive spontaneity than his. He has a power of expression that has two sides—blunt candour and an impulsive personality. Goering is a great force.'

Thus wrote Jules Sauerwein, the much-travelled journalist of world repute, in an interview in the *Paris Soir* of October 5th, 1933.

The question about the relations between France and

Germany as well as the question of peace and war formed the theme of that interview. Sauerwein was objective. "Every word of it is correct," said Goering when he was shown the *Paris Soir*. "We don't want any more war. I tell you this as a soldier whose business it was for years on end to act as a leader in war, and I shall tell you why we don't want any war. France and Germany can have no reason for desiring to destroy one another. They never succeeded in doing so in any war in the past, and they will never succeed in doing so in the future. We all recall the years during the course of which so much heroism was displayed. Great achievements were accomplished, but at the cost of appalling suffering.

"What nation could be induced to face such an ordeal again unless under the impulse of vital and urgent necessity. There is only one justifiable impulse for such action, and that is when a whole nation springs to arms to repel an attack on its territories or when an attempt is made to enslave it or to dishonour it. War songs and patriotic fervour are all very fine, but the crude actuality of war is quite a different thing. That war-lords, whose business it is to wage war, should yearn for a war does not surprise me. But we, the men of the people, who are led by the Fuehrer of a people, know that we have little to win and everything to lose. A war will never be waged for the sake of a scrap of territory, but we will fight to the last man and to the last breath in our bodies against an enemy who aims at destroying us. We do not cherish any ideas of revenge. There was an old song beginning thus: 'We will crush France with a great victory.' Well, I have given instructions that it is not to be sung any more.

"Are not the eternal squabbles and the strained relations that are always going on between our two countries both lamentable and absurd? Do you really think that there is a single subject of dispute between us for which it is worth our while to poison one another's very existence? There is none that I can see. All that is necessary on both sides is to give a psychological lead to our people to induce them to have the courage to adopt a completely different

course of action and to discuss every phase of the question without reserve. Men of great courage and great power must meet face to face. Such a man we have. If the Fuehrer pledges the German people to anything, his pledge is final and binding and unequivocal, and the whole nation follows him. Now, have you, apart from your Party wranglings and Parliamentary compromises, a man of this type? And can you bring him face to face with our Fuehrer? From the depths of my heart I hope you have, because, mark you, unless I am very much mistaken in my view, I am afraid that through sheer necessity, we must become either whole-hearted friends or uncompromising enemies. There is no middle course."

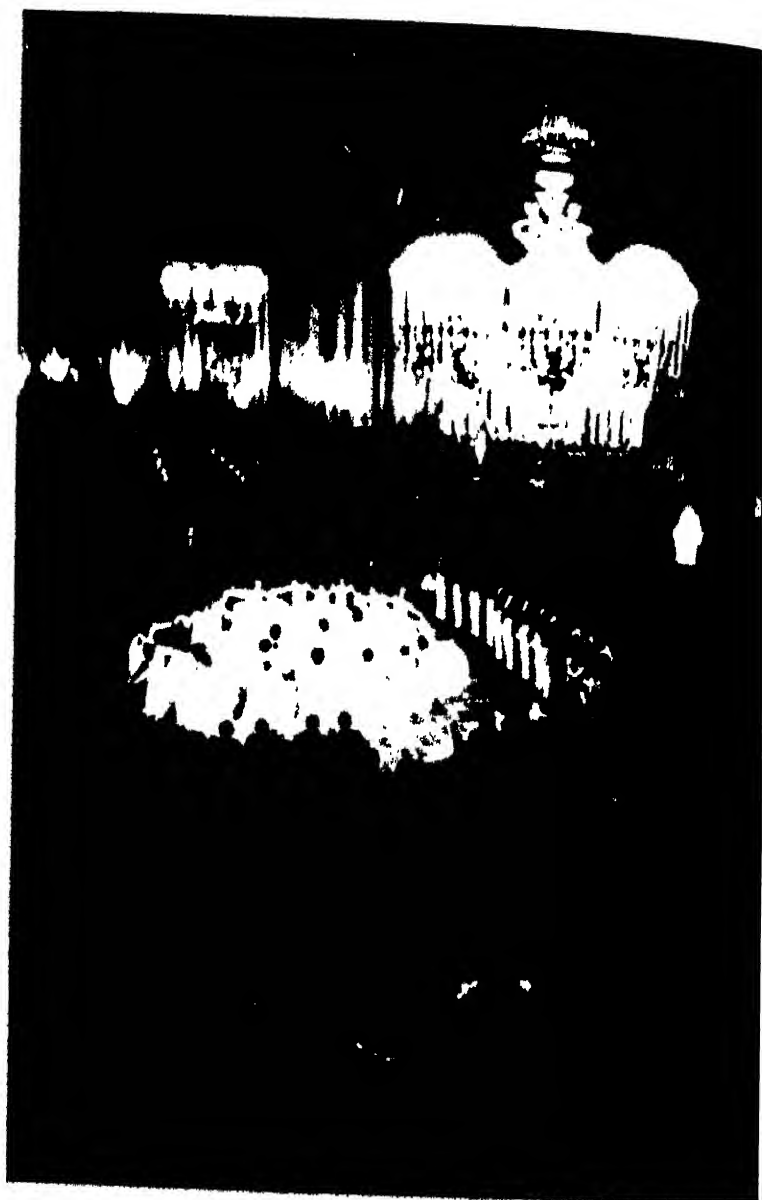
Those words are as candid as they are conciliatory. They were the outcome not of artificial calculation or diplomatic plausibility—they were the outcome of his firm faith in the mission of the German people, and were inspired by a firm conviction that man owes a duty to his fellow-men.

Disappointments are unavoidable during the course of one's lifetime. We have all to travel along a steep and rugged path, and Goering's path was particularly steep and rugged. With the tenacity which was typical of his character he was never weary of stimulating the desire for peace. His main hope for this purpose was centred in the old front-line warriors. The generation is still alive that saw shell-torn land spattered with human gore—the generation that witnessed the horrible inferno of modern battlefields. The chivalrous commander of the Richthofen Squadron felt that there was a bond between him and them, irrespective of the consideration whether they were his colleagues or his former enemies. They had all gone through the horrors of the War, and in tenacity, endurance, courage, and spirit, they ranked with the heroes of ancient days. They knew that the lost heritage of the people must perish and that the doom of Western civilization would be sealed if that fight which was the final warning of fate should flare up afresh. To these men, his comrades on both sides of the frontier, he turned in February, 1927,



AT THE OPERA





OPERA BALL.

with words of passionate appeal at the meeting of International front-line fighters :

"There are no better defenders of the cause of peace than the old front-line fighters. I believe that above all others they have the right to further the interests of peace and to establish firmly the foundations of peace. I award the right to mould the lives of the nations in the first place to those gallant men who with their weapons in their hands faced the hell of the World War for four terrible years, and I know that front-line fighters could be especially depended upon to preserve the blessings of peace for their peoples. It has repeatedly been said that it was the soldiers themselves who were the most rabid supporters of a 'War Party.' I am inclined to believe, however, comrades, that these individuals are most ready to rattle the sword in its scabbard who have never drawn the sword. Those who do not know the horrors of war can talk glibly of a new and triumphal war. But we know what a fearful thing it is to bring about a final clash between the nations. From the depths of my heart I most earnestly hope that this Congress may contribute its share towards establishing the foundations of a genuine peace of honour and impartial justice for all parties. You, my comrades, must pave the way towards that peace."

Is this the language of a war-monger, as a certain loathsome hysterical foreign newspaper has tried to depict Goering? If Goering in his own temperamental fashion has proclaimed again and again to the whole world that Germany does not desire to play for ever the role of an anvil, and that an anvil should be equipped with a hammer, there is not the faintest scintilla of the war-monger's inflammatory language about such a contention. It is only slanderers that can make such a contention. When in a noble frenzy he declared that Germany must forge her sword afresh and keep it sharp, he was merely demanding equality of rights for Germany and the German man's most ancient right to bear arms for the defence of his

native land. He always fought unremittingly for German honour, for German freedom, and for the most absolute equality of treatment. When the Fuehrer was battling both by day and by night for the freedom of the German people, and when he formed his momentous decisions, Goering was always by his side. The withdrawal of Germany from the League of Nations, the establishment of the right to bear arms, the occupation of the German territory along the Rhine, the tearing-up of the vile Treaty of Versailles, were actions making for peace on the part of the Fuehrer. And it is Goering's greatest pride that he assisted the Fuehrer in bringing about that achievement.

It is true that he has always been an uncompromising enemy of so-called pacifism, as pacifism is understood by defeatists. "When these defeatists accuse me of sabotaging the cause of disarmament," he said on one occasion, "I see in the charge they bring against me the proof that I am acting right in defence of the interests of my nation." Like a herald of the Reich, Hermann Goering always proclaimed to foreign nations and their statesmen the yearning of the German people for peace during the course of his journeys abroad.

Whether he went abroad as a private citizen, or, as was so often the case, he got the honourable commission to represent the Fuehrer, his journeys to foreign countries always helped to strengthen the bonds of friendship between Germany and the neighbouring States. They invariably led to profound political reactions. Goering's personal charm, his candour both of attitude and speech which made him greatly admired in diplomatic circles, his capacity for coming down to essentials without a long preamble, and to waive merely secondary issues, broke the ice quickly, even in the case of statesmen who were previously prejudiced against Germany. Goering had the great gift of sheer honesty of purpose, and owing to his extraordinary versatility he always found wherever he went some bond of sympathy with the individual whom he met at any given time.

During the course of his political missions to foreign countries, Goering not only established contacts with statesmen, but he also formed cordial friendships with the people themselves. A man of Goering's candid outlook on the world, a man who was buffeted about by fate as he had been, a man who made such a close study of the mentality of the industrial worker and the farmer, was bound to appraise with candour and sympathy the idiosyncracies and national traits of the nations outside the boundaries of the Reich. A man never succeeds in making such impressions as Goering made on foreign nations by a mere pose or by dramatic gestures. The masses are very shrewd in differentiating between cordial sympathy and empty outward show. Hermann Goering's sheer sincerity of demeanour, his extreme naturalness, his candour of approach without any artificiality or ulterior motive, always won the hearts of foreigners to him.

When Goering, in his role as a private citizen, was sitting in the 'Kith Royal' in Budapest, the Hungarians knew that he was pensively thrilled by the performance of the 'Zigeuner' band.

When he was attending the funeral of the late King of Yugo-Slavia in Belgrade—a great sovereign whose death he deeply mourned, he lowered his sword as he saw the people weeping while the First Yugo-Slavian Regiment marched past. And the grief-stricken people who witnessed this knightly gesture knew how deeply moved that grim-looking German soldier was. As he was returning from Sofia, the mile and half route from the capital to the airport was lined on both sides with dense masses of spectators, shouting enthusiastically: "Heil Hitler!"

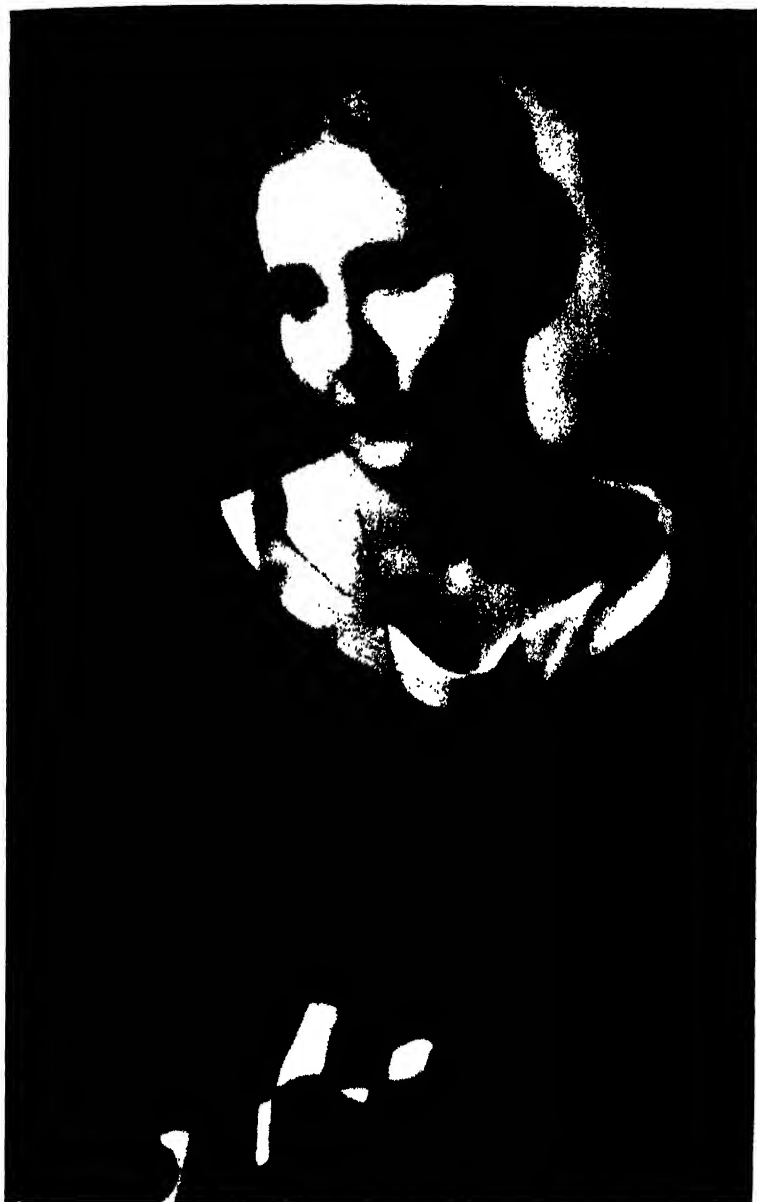
In the classical marble stadium at Athens in which an Olympian festival was held in his honour, 60,000 men rose as he entered, and, with typical Southern enthusiasm, greeted him with a tornado of cheering and hand-clapping. And even still you will hear the flower-girls talking for days on end in the Piazza di Spagna about the 'grand' uomo tedesco, who came one day quite unexpectedly in civilian garb to have a chat with them. In Naples when he appeared

on the balcony of the Palazzo beside their beloved Crown Prince, the crowd cheered him tumultuously. And the populace swarmed around him and applauded him so effusively on the beautiful island of Capri that he could hardly escape from their enthusiastic ovations.

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He who gets an insight into the life of a great man, who is in the full vigour of his creative power, and who sees himself that his greatest achievements are yet to be accomplished, is not in a position to make a complete survey—even if he can claim to be in the closest touch with that great man. It is extremely difficult to estimate the greatness of a man of outstanding character during his lifetime. One has only had experience of certain facts of the great man's life, and for this reason this delineation of Hermann Goering, the soldier and statesman, can be nothing more than a little sketch, which makes one fact, however, stand out clearly and emphatically. Hermann Goering is not merely a soldier—he is not merely a statesman. He is always simultaneously both statesman and soldier. That is characteristic of his life. The statesman Hermann Goering has the outlook of a soldier in all his actions. The soldier Hermann Goering has never issued a single order except from the point of view of a National Socialist statesman. This indissoluble blending of soldierly bearing and brilliant statesmanship which merge one into the other as the earth and the heavens merge, is the outstanding trait of this man of action, who in unswerving loyalty and unconditional allegiance emulates his Fuehrer and his exemplary life both consciously and unconsciously.

The Fuehrer has shown his appreciation of this single-mindedness and this outstanding ability as a soldier and a statesman by such marks of recognition as have never been given to another man. On February 4th, 1938, a few days after the end of the fifth year of the National Socialist revolution, Hermann Goering was promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal by the Fuehrer. By this act the Commander-in-Chief of the Army placed the soldier Hermann



EMMY GOERING



EMMY GOERING IN THE ROLE OF 'GRETCHEN'

Goering by his side as his chief military adviser. The last commander of the glorious Richthofen Squadron, who never placed any value on his own life when the safety of the Fatherland was at stake, and who also after the War always stood by the side of his Fuehrer and his people, is to-day his Fuehrer's Field-Marshal—the Field-Marshal of the Third Reich. A soldier's career has been crowned by the highest distinction that could be given to a soldier.

As a statesman, too, Hermann Goering is the Fuehrer's most trusted colleague. Never in the history of the world has the head of a State given a follower such plenipotentiary authority as the Fuehrer has given Hermann Goering for the purpose of carrying out his scheme to ensure the security of the nation's life as well as its freedom. The Fuehrer has chosen the best man, as he himself said on that occasion, for the accomplishment of this task. This best man he appointed as his deputy in the capital of the Reich, when he liberated Austria from a tyranny which was alien to the people, when he created Greater Germany, and by doing so satisfied the thousand-year-old yearning of all the German people. Hermann Goering's greatest badge of honour has always been this confidence which his Fuehrer reposes in him. It is from this confidence that the energy has developed that has made Goering capable of such great accomplishments. It is from this confidence and from his uncompromising *weltanschaulich* bearing that his strength of character, which has become proverbial, has evolved.

With a personality that inspires both respect and affection, he is feared by his enemies and passionately loved by his own loyal followers. And so he stands at this momentous epoch in his country's history, a model for all those who, like himself, have devoted their lives to the eternal service of their Fatherland.



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## THE WORKER AND THE WORKERS' FRIEND

ACCORDING to our present reckoning of time the year has three hundred and sixty-five days, and during that period there are rarely two days alike in the busy life of Hermann Goering. There is not, and indeed there cannot be, a uniform daily routine because a statesman with his responsibility does not know himself what is going to happen in the course of any particular day. The world goes on and events may develop which call for a sudden change in his programme. Goering's responsibilities are so varied that even an outsider can understand the difficulties in the way of a regular round of daily tasks, but just as there cannot be any great achievement without a well thought out plan, so is it essential for him always to outline a programme for his next day's work. But Hermann Goering knows, and every member of his staff knows, that allowances must be made for sudden alterations in this daily plan.

Every evening three lists are drawn up. The first contains the so-called official arrangements. These refer mostly to conferences, invitations to which have been issued several days before and which, owing to the nature of the subject to be discussed, have required long preparatory work; meetings with Ministers, orders to the commanding officers of the Air Force, official lunches and social intercourse with diplomats, interviews with military experts on the Four Year Plan, and consultations on many other matters which must have his attention in his capacity as Prime Minister.

The second list is a much more extensive one and is made up of several pages of typescript. It contains the names of men—and women, too—from Berlin, from every part of Germany and, indeed, from nearly every country in the world, who have asked Goering for a personal interview.

An examination of the letters in which requests for interviews have been made reveals the fact that all the people making such requests—almost without exception—want to speak to the Prime Minister about much the same things. On account of the importance of the matter they have in mind they all want to see him urgently and they all promise that they will certainly not take up more than five minutes of his time. We must believe their good intentions and that the two hundred people, who have certainly learned patience, are seriously minded persons who have something really important to say to Hermann Goering. They 'simply must see him' for they have been chosen out of thousands who have 'something of the utmost importance' which must be laid before the Prime Minister personally.

Finally, there is a third list. This contains the names of persons whom the Prime Minister himself desires to see in the near future. He has special instructions to give to some, and with others he has a bone to pick. Many of those on this third list are uncomfortably surprised when they receive his friendly invitation to call, and they often return to their homes very much humbled and upset.

Each evening—and often late into the night—Field-Marshal Goering decides upon the people he will receive during the following day. When there are no particulars on the list but the name of the visitor and the time limit for the interview, that means that Robert, his valet, must be on the alert. Summer and winter Goering usually rises between six and seven o'clock. He does not require long sleep. Five or six hours are quite sufficient. Whether he is at Karin Hall or in Berlin or Berchtesgaden, his bedroom always faces the east, and when the early morning sun penetrates into his room he often rises earlier and devotes an extra couple of hours to thinking over his daily programme. When the aide-de-camp is roused from his sound sleep by the valet, the Prime Minister is often already up and sitting in the brilliant sunshine on the balcony or terrace of his bedroom.

There are often great surprises in the house, especially for new-comers to the staff who do not yet know the ropes.

In this connection there is an interesting little story of the Nazi Party Rally in Nuremberg. During this time Goering stays with his staff at the hunting-box 'Pfeifferhuetten,' which is situated in a forest, not far from the main road to Regensburg and a little over a mile from Nuremberg. An aide-de-camp who had only recently joined the staff was on leave and, as young officers will, he had spent a jolly evening with some friends whom he had met in Nuremberg. He arrived back at the hunting-box shortly before 5 a.m. the next morning, and feeling very pleased with himself, he helped himself and his chauffeur rather noisily to another cognac from the stocks of his worthy host. "Well, here's to our health!" said the aide-de-camp, in a rather loud voice. "Your health, gentlemen!" came a voice from the terrace, "but be a little quieter about it!" The two gay tipplers disappeared from the picture like lightning, and when the aide-de-camp, later in the morning, went to offer his apologies, all that the Field-Marshal said to him was: "It's all right. I'm quite satisfied with the shock you got."

On important occasions it often happens that Goering is called to the telephone in the middle of the night, but from 6 a.m. until nine and sometimes ten, the staff have strict instructions not to connect him with anyone by telephone unless there is a call giving an order from the Fuehrer from the Reich Chancellery. This rule is adhered to every day, even to the minute, with unalterable regularity.

On rising, the Field-Marshal takes a shower bath in summer and winter, always in ice-cold running water. Meantime a cup of hot coffee is placed on a small table in his dressing-room. He always drinks this while standing. Why, nobody knows. Perhaps he himself doesn't know, but it has been his habit for many years. Then, clad in a dressing-gown and house shoes—he has a variety of these—he sits down in a large divan on the balcony in fine weather, or, if it is raining or snowing, close to his open bedroom window. The newspapers, from the *Völkischer Beobachter* to the illustrated magazines, are placed in his room. When he is in Berlin special news bulletins are brought to the

house at six o'clock in the morning. Sometimes Goering will take cuttings from the newspapers, but not often, because he is not very fond of getting his information from Press cuttings. Of the foreign Press he prefers English and Swedish newspapers, and reads magazines on economics. We must also include the hunting news, although he has little time left for this.

After the newspapers, he looks through the telegrams and reports which have come in during the night, or which have been put on one side the day before, so that he can attend to them in the quiet of the early morning. Then comes his best half-hour of the day, which, however, is sometimes extended to an hour. Books ! A dozen or so of his favourite books are always kept in his bedroom. These have nothing to do with his own work, but are either historical works or books on art and nature. They are a relaxation from the mental work with which he is continually occupied in the interests of the State.

During this hour he collects his thoughts for the coming day's work. It is an hour of internal repose, during which his little lion keeps him company, and Robert, the well-trained valet, creates a happy atmosphere with carefully selected gramophone records. For there must be music. The queen of the arts is not overlooked in the artistically arranged house of the Prime Minister. Nor does music disturb him in his work. Robert knows the tastes of his master exactly. With justifiable pride he explains that he knows the right moment to put on a record of *Fra Diavolo* or a scene from *Arabella* or Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, or when Beethoven's Third Symphony is most suitable. If the Field-Marshal has 'got out of the bed the wrong way' then Robert puts on the 'March of the Heroes' from *Götterdämmerung*. "That always helps," he says, confidentially.

During the interval between his reading-hour and nine o'clock, purveyors to the household call to receive their orders from his valet. Most important among these is the tailor. He has waited on the Prime Minister for years but has always expressed a 'holy fear' of the business—as he

calls it—because Goering is always in such a hurry. No less anxious is the hairdresser who, having thoroughly understood that his services would be required on the Monday, finds, after many calls, that he has to wait until Friday before he is able to practise Figaro's art on the Field-Marshal. There is one thing the hairdresser has never been able to understand, and that is, that the Prime Minister always shaves himself.

If there is time to spare there are others who call occasionally at this hour. There is the gunmaker, with whom the imitation of some old weapon may be discussed; the art dealer, who will exchange opinions with Goering on a picture or a sculpture, and the jeweller, who places before him designs for prizes which are to be made, or produces some small presents from which Goering selects a number to be given to artists of the State theatres, or to deserving officers and others. These personal gifts are always chosen by the Prime Minister himself. "Such presents must be made personally, otherwise they lose their value," he says.

Goering breakfasts punctually at nine o'clock. This takes about ten minutes, and by 9.30 he is ready for the day's work. Before the long chain of interviews, conferences, and meetings arranged for the day begins, Goering furnishes his closest collaborators with their instructions for the day. At this time Major-General Bodenschatz, the Chief of the Private Secretariat of the Air Ministry of the Reich, Ministerial-Direktor Dr. Gritzbach, Lieutenant-Colonel Conrath, the Field-Marshal's aide-de-camp, and Fräulein Grundtmann, his private secretary, who has stood loyally by his side ever since his fighting days, receive their respective instructions. After this, the aides-de-camp report on the special orders which they have been given to carry out. Then follows the inspection of the post and the signing of letters.

The signatures are quickly written, but a special book might be written on the letters received by the Prime Minister. Such a book would provide the reader with much food for serious thought as well as with many hours of amusement. It would be a document which would

give a deep insight into the thoughts and lives of the German people. Their moods and wishes, joys and sorrows, cares and love, reverence and loyalty, would be displayed as in an inlaid mosaic, in which the artist has employed hundreds of various colours and forms.

Every day Goering receives at least five hundred letters and cards, and the sorting of these means much time and work. The writers are from all ranks and classes, as their handwriting and style show. The post office reaps the benefit of a large number of registered letters and of some which bear an 'express' fee. Almost all the envelopes bear some special remark such as : 'With my own hand,' 'To be delivered personally,' 'Not to be opened in the Private Office,' etc. But the writer need have no fear that his letter will not receive attention, even though he may make some request which is as well meant as it is naïve, or, on the other hand, when he makes some exacting demand from the Prime Minister.

The majority do not write about their own affairs. In quite a number of letters the writers are concerned for the Fuehrer's health, and others ask the Prime Minister to give their compliments to the Fuehrer. Many others contain suggestions which bear witness to the fact that even the humblest folk are interested in the political problems of our time.

Once a touching letter was received from four members of the German Girls' Union asking Goering to reserve front seats for them in the Düsseldorf Stadium so that they might for once be able really to see the Fuehrer and be close to him. Again, a band of Hitler Youth asked for a new flag, adding that if they could also have another canoe at the same time they would be very grateful. On the other hand, there are often letters which call Goering's attention to conditions of deep distress, or perhaps to matters of public importance which call for the strong intervention of the Prime Minister.

During the last three months of 1936 Goering was almost exclusively occupied with work on the Four Year Plan, and found it necessary to decline all invitations to address

public meetings. During that time he received the following unique letter from Hamburg : ' Dear Hermann Goering, it is a long time since we last heard one of your vigorous and refreshing speeches to the German people—one like those you used to give us before you became Prime Minister. It is not necessary for you to come to Hamburg. You can speak over the radio. The people want to know that you are still about. We will be satisfied with any speech from you, anywhere, but it must be vigorous.' This was the refreshing language of a dock-labourer who was expressing the desire of a large number of his workmates. To Goering such letters come as a source of strength, and time or no time, he does not forget to thank such a man personally.

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From 10.30 a.m. on, Goering is ready to receive visitors. In a large study, sometimes in Berlin and at other times at Karin Hall, he interviews Ministers, State Secretaries, diplomats, economists, officers of the General Staff, foreign attachés, industrial leaders working on the Four Year Plan chief administrators, artists from the State Theatre, and journalists. Hermann Goering's manifold responsibilities demand constant change in the matters to be discussed. Sometimes it is the Four Year Plan. At others it may be an artistic problem, or matters dealing with the Prussian administration, or foreign policy. Purely military questions are followed by matters concerning the Secret Police, or the Forestry Department, the German Hunt, or the Party, or the Reichstag. In such work there is a change of thought and subject nearly every quarter of an hour, and that calls for the closest concentration and an exceptional range of sympathetic understanding.

This goes on until lunch time. Even then Goering is not free to be alone with members of his family. Two or three times a week he lunches with the Fuehrer at the Chancellery or—if the Fuehrer is staying in Obersalzberg—at the Berghof Wachenfeld. After lunching with Hitler, he often stays with him for some hours alone. During this time he is able to report to the Fuehrer on matters of importance and



receive from him helpful advice. These talks sometimes continue until the evening, and always have a tonic effect on Goering's mind. They are among his most precious hours, and he draws from them a new supply of strength and energy. Afterwards he returns to his work in high spirits.

On other days he himself entertains to lunch. His guests always have something to talk about and Goering likes to hear their views. These often give rise to lively political discussions, which are often ended by the aide-de-camp's discreet reference to the time, for the day's programme must continue. When important matters have to be discussed, it sometimes happens that lunch is not finished until 3.30 or even four o'clock. During the taking of a cup of coffee after the meal the secretary of the Prussian State Ministry, Goering's old travelling companion, Koerner, is privileged to dispose of any matters he may have on hand.

The Field-Marshal's afternoon is also fully occupied. This is mostly taken up with longer interviews. In the afternoons there are also meetings of the Reich Cabinet, the Prussian Ministry, the General Council of the Four Year Plan, talks on economics, conferences with chief administrators, meetings of the Prussian Privy Council, and other ministerial discussions.

If Goering has not sufficient time to finish with his morning visitors, or if he desires to continue his talks with them later, then they are resumed in the evening. He seldom has his evening meal before 9.30 or ten o'clock.

His morning and afternoon programmes are often interrupted by telephone calls from the Chancellery, when the Fuehrer desires to speak to his closest collaborator. Fresh tasks, new duties, and important matters have to be discussed and decisions taken. It is an exhausting round of activity sufficient to tax the nerves of even the strongest man.

After the evening meal he goes to the State Opera House or to one of the theatres to see a new play, often arriving only just in time to see the last act. Or else he sees a film in his house. These film shows are his only possible chance of relaxation. He prefers comedy and is a great believer in laughter. "It is good for the health," he says.

When he travels he is just as busy. Official tours are not holiday trips. Goering is always on duty, and whether in train or aeroplane there are always things to be dealt with as the day's work goes on. And after a journey he returns to find a desk filled with papers awaiting him.

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But how can Hermann Goering attend to all this work? Owing to the multiplicity of his departments it is impossible for him to acquaint himself personally with everything. The secret lies in the personality of the man, his far-reaching vision as a leader and his ability to distinguish between the important and the unimportant and to guide and direct any particular branch of his work on this principle. Whether he acts in his capacity as Prime Minister, Field-Marshal, Commissioner for the Four Year Plan or as Minister for Air, as Keeper of the Forests or as President of the Reichstag, he will never occupy himself with unimportant details, however insistently and frequently they may be put before him.

To every fresh task Hermann Goering devotes himself with unexampled energy, his main object being to get it completed within the shortest possible time. When he creates a new department, he quickly imparts the ideas of the Fuehrer to its personnel and then, in order to ensure its success, he chooses a man who he knows has the ability to take charge. In the first few days and weeks Goering must occupy himself with even the smallest details of such a department, but once it is running he is only consulted on the larger and decisive issues. And so he continues, with his titanic energy, to turn his attention immediately to fresh tasks when he is convinced that this department is being run in complete harmony with the Fuehrer's ideas.

Hermann Goering personally appoints the men who are to be held responsible for the smooth running of the great labour machine. Moreover, in the various ministries and official departments as well as in his own personal staff, there is not a man at the head whom he himself has not personally chosen and, so to say, tested for heart and

kidneys. From his co-workers he demands as first essentials : joy in work, readiness to take responsibility, National Socialist ideas in thought and action whether in public duty or in private life, and tireless energy in carrying out their tasks for the Fuehrer. It is understood that they must work just as much and just as happily as he does. When Hermann Goering has placed a man in a special post there must be no fixed eight-hour day and no self-interest. 'Always on duty!' is an old Prussian motto which characterizes the life work of the Prime Minister. To him that comes just as natural as the 'Amen' after a prayer, and it must also be the watchword which governs the lives of all his responsible collaborators. He is only unpleasant—and indeed very much so—if a man shows weakness of character, bureaucratic timidity, over-cautious pessimism, or is lacking in responsibility. On one occasion, when appointing a high State official, he impressed upon him the following words : "I like those collaborators best with whom I have least to do, for I know that they can go their way as a matter of course, fully alive to their responsibilities."

Goering dislikes long talks about detail with their eternal repetitions about the pros and cons of a thing, just as much as he abhors lengthy written explanations. 'When an official requires more than two or three pages of type-script to state his case, then he is as good as useless.' As a matter of fact, the Prime Minister does not read any communication which has more than four typewritten sheets.

Occasionally complaints are received about the so-called German bureaucracy, but as Supreme Head of his departments, under Adolf Hitler, he places the utmost confidence in his staff of officials and does not hesitate to make this clearly and definitely understood. 'Without bureaucracy in the best sense of the word, that is to say, without an expert and thoroughly trained Civil Service, the nation cannot be governed. As the clerk is to the soldier, so is the Civil Service to the nation, but it must be built upon sound principles.' On the other hand, many of the bureaucratic pettinesses which were forced upon the people before the National Socialists came into power, and which were

rightly ridiculed, Goering has finally cleared away. The old régime, under which every departmental leader thought he had the right of immediate access to his highest chief, is no more. In all his ministries, the one man responsible to Goering is the Permanent State Secretary, and in all military questions, the Chief of the General Staff. This does not mean, however, that in special cases a departmental leader may not act as spokesman for those immediately under him. In fact, Goering much prefers this to the custom of the former bureaucratic methods, with its long trail of document-carrying from one department to another and containing the German equivalent of 'Passed to you, please !'

Sometimes an official who has committed a fault may want to 'cover himself' by trying to obtain a decision on a point by what he calls 'correct official procedure.' But such a man can wait until he is black in the face.

Goering does not like so-called 'correct' people. Is there not always some hidden motive behind their methods, he asks. Is not this 'correctness' always associated with debasement, or slackness, or artificiality? These are traits that are revolting to him because they are foreign to his character. He holds that 'correct' people are not genuine! Have they any admiration for poetry, or music? Are they impressed with a love of the beautiful? Do the beauties of scenery or nature reveal themselves to the mind of a 'correct' person? Was not Ulrich von Hutten right when he said: "There was never an illustrious man, who had not at some time or other damaged his virtue?" Goering once called this one of his most forcible sayings. It is the upright confession of a great man who knows that he has weaknesses, just like other men. 'Correct' people are mostly those who have not 'put their foot in it' either because of indolence, or for fear of unpleasant consequences. They are not guided by the heart, but only by the intellect. "Great achievements are never dictated by the intellect alone. They are always isolated and imperfect works, and their success in relation to the future is uncertain," says Goering.

For his work Goering requires to be on terms of companionable relationship with his colleagues. It is upon that trait in great-hearted men that success in a large measure depends. But it is human nature that one can only be on such terms with the few, and that is the reason why in all his departments he holds one person responsible, whom he himself has appointed and knows. What could speak more strongly for Hermann Goering than the harmony which animates his subordinates in the service? Is it not remarkable that all have served him loyally for many years, that all are filled with pride to be able to serve him, and that he himself has never made a mistake in his choice of any one of these men?

Every Christmas, not only relatives, but many members of his staff are invited to his home, and when they are all gathered together around a large, illuminated Christmas tree, everyone feels that their exalted chief takes a personal interest in their welfare.

Is it surprising, therefore, that he wins their hearts, and that they all vie with one another, not in envy or jealousy, but to please their master by their loyalty and readiness to sacrifice themselves in his service?

Whoever serves under Hermann Goering is always prepared to go with him through thick and thin, come what may. Superior and subordinates, whether these be chauffeurs or clerks, domestic servants or officers, are bound together in a bond of loyalty, comradeship, and devotion. He himself is a living example of these essential military qualities.

He was deeply affected by the death of his Chief of General Staff, General Wever, with whom he had worked day and night on the rebuilding of the German Air Force. He felt that his best man had been taken from him. His closest colleagues were shocked at the way their chief took to heart the death of General Wever. On that day Goering would see nobody. He desired to be alone. And on the following day, after a memorial service that touched him deeply, he personally gave instructions for the dead General's military funeral. When at the graveside, accompanied by the roar of the engines of the Flying Squadron overhead,

the 'Song of the Comrade' was sung, tears were seen in the eyes of this man of iron. But he has never been ashamed of that. A year later, as an expression of that sense of gratitude for which he is distinguished, he unveiled in Berlin a memorial to the dead General, in the presence of the entire body of Generals of the Air Force—a memorial which, in its style and simplicity, corresponds to the manner and character of the man to whom it is dedicated. To future generations this stone obelisk, with its brazen eagle looking skywards, will speak of the life and struggles and victorious faith of General Wever, and of the comradeship of two men who were so closely united in the work for the Fuehrer, the people, and the Fatherland.

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This deep sense of fellowship is felt not only by Goering and his closest collaborators, but extends to all those who daily go about their work as a matter of course in all quietude, their names never appearing in the newspapers and their services never praised. 'Nobody must believe that he alone could perform a task. A great achievement is carried out not by one section of the people or by one type of worker, but by the co-operation of many thousands of brain and manual workers.' In present-day Germany factory chimneys are again smoking, cages are again rattling in the mines, large new buildings testify to the spirit of the times, German ships are again making their way out into the freedom of the seas, and all these things are the results of the millions of individual efforts on the part of unknown German productive workers. Be a statesman ever so wise and clever and possessed of a thousand energies, without that close association with the workman and without an understanding of his difficulties and needs, he could achieve nothing.

Where possible, Hermann Goering has spoken with the German mine-workers of Upper Silesia and of the Saar territory, with those on the German railroads and on the wharves of Kiel and Stettin, with the men of the gigantic businesses of the industrial west, with those who make the

German cellulose wool, with sailors and fishermen, as well as with the men engaged in the steelworks in the heart of Germany.

This personal touch with the workman is of deep significance. Even Goering's fame did not fall to him from the skies. He had to work with his brain and his hands to gain his position. For after the disgraceful revolution which the German people experienced in 1919, Captain Goering, the purposeful, fearless leader of the glorious Richthofer Squadron, became a workman. A workman like many millions of others who must earn their daily bread and provide for their necessities. As a wartime airman, he did not sit in his machine as the chief pilot, but was also his own mechanic, his own smith, and his own wireless operator. And later as a workman, if he wanted to buy a book or acquire a small object of art, he was often obliged to work more than twelve hours a day to earn the extra money. He has thus proved himself an officer and a workman, a man who did not shy at opening a parachute business, who has experienced disappointment and failure like many other small business men, a man who was proud of his friend who, as a night taxi-driver, helped him to finance a new business, and a man who has this same friend at his side to-day as First Secretary of State ! Only he who knows work, understands the difficulties of life, and he who knows life knows that the workmen must fight for this life. And with these manual labourers, who also work with their brain, Hermann Goering has an indissoluble connection. He knows, too, that this section of the German nation has always been the most loyal, because they must needs work harder for their daily necessities than the well-to-do classes. He knows their language and understands their experiences, and by these things he is united with them. And Goering expects that the workers should show this brotherly feeling toward one another.

On Labour Day Goering puts on a brown shirt and marches as a worker among workers to the Tempelhof Aerodrome. On the way he talks to coppersmiths, locksmiths, and others, and gets to learn the conditions under

which they are living. He wants to know what wages they earn and what deductions are made ; what is the attitude towards the National Socialist spirit in the business. When a Berlin humorist once answered him that : "He had no need to worry as they were already enjoying the plums," Goering's hearty laughter resounded along the Friedrichstrasse, and the whole column laughed with him. On the same evening the workers of the A.E.G. (the German General Electric Company) who were celebrating a social evening, sent him a telegram of thanks. It was addressed to 'Our Comrade Hermann Goering.'

Such minglings with the people do not always turn out so happily, however. On one journey in the Upper Silesian industrial territory he caught sight of some wretched hovels skirting the roadside, and ordered his car to stop. When addressing the miners in Beuthen, in Upper Silesia, he based his speech upon this incident of stark reality. To-day on the same spot where those hovels stood there is a model settlement for German workers.

Once a year the Berlin State Opera and the State Theatres are filled to capacity with Berlin workers. Their faces reflect the joy of happy holiday mood. The enthusiasm of such audiences is an inspiration to the artists on the stage, and the State Theatres of Hermann Goering all have a very wonderful day. Invitations are issued to the Berlin workpeople, so that at least a section of those hard-working and poorly-paid toilers can be provided with an evening of high class artistic enjoyment. Goering believes that for the worker only the best is good enough. These performances are part of the 'Strength through Joy' movement, which Robert Ley, the Reichsorganisationleiter of the N.S.D.A.P., has organized for the German workers. This movement is a practical expression of Goering's declared policy, that social and industrial activities by themselves do not attain the objective of a healthy solidarity of the people. He has always been keenly interested in the moral and spiritual culture of the people and promotes all forms of activity that aim at the welfare of the entire German people.





EDDA AND THE HAPPY PARENTS



EDDA'S FIRST OUTING

To farmers he has made it quite clear, that, although their property will never be taken away from them, the soil which the farmer has inherited and which he must one day leave to another does not belong only to him, but to the entire German people. Millions are ready to shed their blood in defence of the soil on which the farmer lives. The farmer must not forget that he has received his ground as a heritage from God and from the nation. "You farmers have sacred duties toward this soil, because it was on this soil that German history was made and from it has sprung the German people and the German Reich. You have duties toward this soil because innumerable others have given their lives for it, and are ready to give their lives again. This soil is sacred German estate, for which you are responsible and for which you must one day give an account to God. It is on this soil that the German nation is being reborn and it is on this soil that decisions will be taken to break any fetters which are imposed upon us."

With equal frankness Goering has explained to the German workers that the community ideal of the German nation has nothing to do with the 'share and share alike mania.' Privileges which are the result of a non-German development, or which have been acquired through pride of place or position, have certainly been abolished, but within the community as it is to-day there must always be different grades and a variety of duties. The work of one will always differ from that of another. One works at the anvil and another is at the head of the State. A community which aims at placing everyone on the same level is not a community, but a chaotic mess, without shape and without form. Such an idea of German political life is contrary to the conception of creative individuality and is therefore contradictory to the principles of National Socialism. When we bow before the greatness of genius, we acknowledge the work of the individual personality. The German Socialist has not to bother himself as to whether this or that principle has been violated. He has to ask himself whether the performance of this or that person is of advantage to the community. And the answer to that question alone

is decisive. Entire nations have been ruined through sticking to principles. The Third Reich demands liberality of thought in its internal affairs. Exceptions to the rule will always be made when such exceptions bring benefit to the community. 'In the days of class wars, tension developed into disunion. Under the present régime disunion has been justly put aside. That is the difference between German Socialism and the crazy, Marxist, Bolshevik view of life.'

In Goering's view, those who lay too much stress on the word 'national' and have no desire to know anything of the socialistic side of the new régime are not National Socialists. He is only truly national who lays stress also on German Socialism. If he does not do that, then he has not understood the true meaning of the word 'national.' To Goering, the essence of German Socialism is to give to every individual the right to his own work, to secure to him the right of existence and to reward him with promotion according to his services. In October, 1936, in a great speech on the Four Year Plan, he emphasized the guiding principle of the session in these words: "But the most important and most decisive thing is that, under all circumstances, we assure to the lower-paid workers, and above all to the hard manual working population, what they find necessary to maintain their strength and to carry on their work. The proclamation of the Fuehrer, that there must always be cheap and sufficient supply of fats for the lower-paid workers, will always be a sacred command to me, which must without fail be carried out."

Goering finds great satisfaction in being able to protect the weak. The German productive worker has a special claim upon that protection, because it was in the minds of such men that the idea of National Socialism was first conceived. And it was they who encouraged their work-mates, who for a time stood aloof from their ideology, until they too became National Socialists. It was they who destroyed the Marxist idea, attacking it relentlessly, until tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and finally millions looked to the Fuehrer in believing confidence.

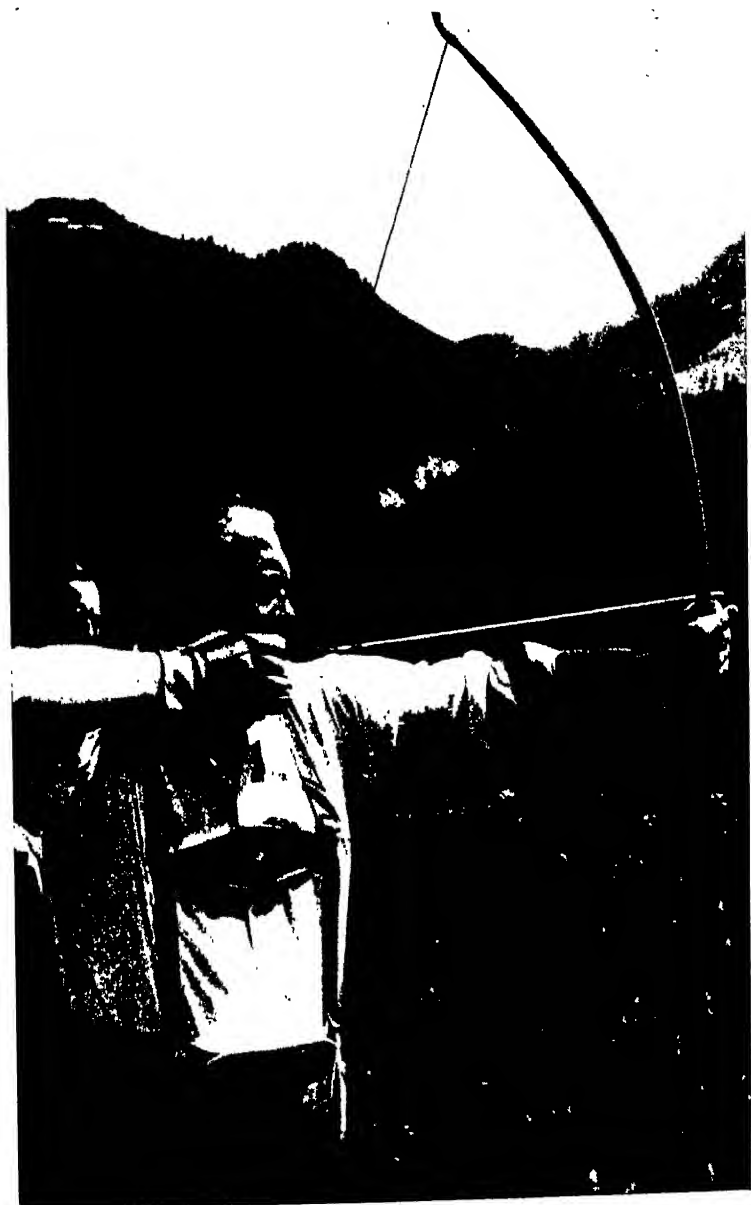
The State, the Police, and the executive departments could perhaps destroy mere outward forms, but the people who led the masses into the larger field of National Socialism, and inspired their souls with enthusiasm for its objectives, were the German workers themselves. These thoughts are in Goering's mind when he speaks every year on the evening of May 1st to the German workers and soldiers. This annual celebration takes place in the Lustgarten under the glare of thousands of torchlights, and is an unforgettable memory to all those who take part in it. And it is indeed a happy hour for Goering himself when he can have a heart-to-heart talk with the German soldier and the German worker. How often he has said, that he would be unable to bear the burden which has been placed upon him, if he did not know that the people were with him and were unshakable in their faith !

From the day of his first meeting with Adolf Hitler till the time when he assumed power, and even up till the present day, Hermann Goering has had the joy of knowing that he is surrounded by the affection of the people. Occasionally he has taken with him a representative of the foreign Press and shown him a vivid panorama of this great national movement. "Please walk around and look, and then write just what you feel about it all," he said to one of them. "Find out if there is any truth in all this empty talk that the worker is no longer with me and that the farmer has become tired ! Look at the people's faces !" Everywhere the people smile when they see him. Whenever he is expected to visit any town, the roads are crammed with traffic and the squares packed with enormous crowds. Even when it has been raining for hours, or if night has come on and they are kept waiting because he has been delayed on account of some new duty, the crowds wait patiently until they see the headlights of his car flashing in the darkness. Then loud cries of "Heil" sound through the night and re-echo along the streets. Hundreds of Hitler Youth proudly line the route. Their joy can be recognized by their attitude. The same joy is observed in the little old woman who has waited near the platform for

hours until Goering has arrived, so that, with new light in her eyes, she can raise her tired hand in the Hitler salute. It is in this universal affection of the simple folk that the work of Hermann Goering has its reward. It strengthens within him the consciousness that he has, in accordance with his sworn word to the Fuehrer years ago, helped to do his share in the regeneration of the Fatherland.

Hermann Goering has never toadied to the masses. If his popularity has become almost proverbial, it is because he lives in the minds of the people and receives his inspiration and strength from his experience. It is not only by his position as representative of the Fuehrer, not only by his loyalty and courage, not only because he is a soldier and a fighter, but because of his simplicity and naturalness as a man, that he has won the hearts of the simple folk. There is no veil over the life of a statesman who is really a man of the people and who goes out of his way again and again to cement his connection with them. The productive worker knows his 'Man of Iron' quite well. They tell one another many little stories about him. For instance, there is a story that sometimes he will mix with the people like a real old-time Muenchener, smoking a pipe and devouring sausage in the 'Franziskaner' restaurant in company with his fellow-workers and domestic servants! Another story tells of the social evenings to which Goering regularly invites his staff, from the charwoman to the Secretary of State, because he wants to be with them in their leisure hours as well as in their working hours. And yet another which relates how a worker once met the Prime Minister in a place where he certainly did not expect to meet him. It was one early morning in the central Berlin market. The Commander-in-Chief was making an inspection of the fruit and vegetable carts and pushing his way through lorries containing bread and meat!

But everyone knows where to find Goering on the Day of National Solidarity when the collections for the Winter Help Fund begins. On that day he and his wife first of all have a kind of family gathering to which are invited the members of his staff. Then Frau Goering makes her



WITH BOW AND ARROW



HERMANN GOERING AS A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER



way to the 'Berolina' in the Alexander Square, while the Prime Minister takes up his regular 'stand' in the Unter den Linden. Both have their own respective beats. Those who manage to get through the crowds and hand their contributions to Goering or to his wife, are immensely proud of the feat. Many do it a second time, so as to be able to see them twice. A great number, however, have to be satisfied if they only get a glimpse of them through a compact human wall. "I come from Glauchau," shouts one man on the outskirts of the crowd. "I can hear that," replies the Prime Minister, good-humouredly.

The working women from the north of Berlin are among the most loyal supporters of Frau Goering. Although they have not been able to save much more than a penny a month, they gladly give it to Emmy. On one occasion the Prime Minister received a collection of foreign silver and copper coins. "Hermann wants exchange!" said the givers joyfully. When collecting time is finished, Goering always makes his way to the north of Berlin to spend a happy half-hour with some of the old soldiers there. It is a brief spell of free-and-easy chatting and joking with these veterans.

Hermann Goering is very fond of wit and humour. Laughter and life go together, he says, 'The many jokes which are in circulation about his person have always caused him much merriment. Goering has never had cause to complain about the 'tone of this music,' and he never shows any pique at these jocose sallies of popular imagination. "When a nation has once lost its humour, my honoured friend," he once said to a diplomat, "then it is a bad thing for its spiritual welfare."

On every journey Goering is greeted with demonstrations of loyalty as spontaneous as they are original. One such experience may be told here. After he had made his great speech on the Four Year Plan in the Berlin Sports Palace, and a week later delivered an equally rousing address as Master of the Hunt on St. Hubert's Day, a worker pushed his way through the audience and patted the Prime Minister on the back with the words: "Well done, Hermann, you

are a great gun!" For a second everybody was non-plussed. But when Goering turned and shook the man's hand there was a sudden outburst of thunderous applause and cries of "Hermann, Hermann!" so loud that the 'Tally Ho' of the hunters through the German forests could only be called a whisper by comparison. Can a statesman receive a greater living testimony that he is really a man of the people?

Hermann Goering is popular with the people, and so they bluntly call him 'Hermann.' This popularity, which pleases him, which strengthens and refreshes him, was demonstrated in a very touching manner on April 10th, 1935, when he led his wife to the altar. In spontaneous demonstration, the people of Berlin made this personal affair of two people a festival of their own. They almost stopped the wedding procession and vied with the visitors from the provinces in showing their affection for the couple by showering upon them innumerable small gifts.

Wherever Hermann and Emmy Goering show themselves, they feel this love of the people for them. But they were made aware of this attachment in its most passionate and spontaneous form on June 2nd, 1938, on the day of the birth of their Edda. On that day a veritable shower of telegrams, letters, congratulations, flowers, and charming presents deluged the happy parents. When Hermann Goering, beaming with delight at the birth of his daughter, returned after visiting his wife at the nursing home to his house in the Leipziger Platz, he found it besieged by a jubilant crowd. They all wanted to congratulate him—they all wanted to shake hands with him. Never before in his life had the Field-Marshal spent such a happy day.

This common joy which the people shared with him and this demonstration of their sympathy Hermann Goering regarded as a token of the gratitude and the trustfulness which bound him as the loyal colleague of the Fuehrer with his comrades of the people. And it has always been with this sentiment that he has gratefully appreciated all the distinctions and all the tributes of honour that have been showered on him in such abundance all through his life.

## THE MAN AND THE ARTIST

‘**M**AY the heroic figure arise at last, that has not been found in the Goering family for centuries!’ This ambitious aspiration for the future of the family which appeared in the preface to a history of the Goering family written towards the end of the last century by a Goering, has been amply fulfilled. In the line of a family which became more and more distinguished as generation succeeded generation a benevolent destiny, combined with the restless determination to make the most of life, placed Hermann Goering in a position of such lofty responsibility as every family with a self-conscious German pride of race has dreamed of for its descendants. And yet it is probable that Hermann Goering, despite all his energy, would never have been able to attain his glory had not his ancestors, owing to the innate strength of will and the energy which they have shown for generations, prepared the way for him with their blood and their morale. Proudly conscious of the pioneer spirit of his ancestors and of their exploits Goering brought their work to a triumphant climax.

The Goering family came from Pomerania. The founder of their line, Juergen Goering, who apparently came from the neighbourhood of Danzig, went in 1570 as a teacher of German to Stolp where he also held the office of a clerk of the Courts. In those days the Goerings were to be met in almost all walks of life. The son of the founder of the line was a steward, the grandson was a mechanic, the great grandson was a distinguished merchant, and was held in high esteem as a senator in his native town of Schlawe. The two sons of Senator Goering entered the Civil Service. The elder, Johannes, was a mayor and a supervisor of excise in Wittstock, while the younger was a magistrate in Stargard. From that date onward the

paternal ancestors of Hermann Goering seem to have been mainly engaged in the public service when they were not either officers or merchants or landlords.

Michael Goering was a staunch Pomeranian, and efficient and conscientious in the discharge of his duties. He had to put up with a lot of petty annoyance at the hands of his superior officer, the Deputy-Master of the Household, because he refused to permit himself to be treated *en petit maître*. But when this Deputy-Master of the Household was made a Minister of State and Chief Administrator of a Province by the Pomeranian Chamber he vented his petty spite on his subordinate who had incurred his dislike. The intrigues of his superior officer culminated in Michael Goering's dismissal and the loss of his little estate. He died leaving ten children, who were reared by their grandparents and by their mother's kinsfolk.

The Mayor of Wittstock, Michael Christian Goering, a well-to-do brother of the dead man, took one of the nephews into his house. He was the great-great-grandfather of Hermann Goering, and later on was appointed a Counsellor for War and for Crown-lands. He was the first of the line to rise appreciably in the social scale above his ancestors. Consequently with him we begin to get a more detailed history of the family. Michael Christian Goering showed many traits of affinity with Hermann Goering. In one respect, however, there was a very marked difference between them. While Hermann Goering never for a moment entertained the idea of any other occupation but that of a military officer, Michael Christian Goering apparently had no liking for a martial career. He was born in 1694 in Rügenwalde, and at the age of nineteen he went to the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where he studied for three years, afterwards studying for a further eighteen months in Rostock. At the end of his academical career, he took up a job as a tutor in a family, and eventually inherited the estate and the official post of his uncle, the Mayor of Wittstock. On account of his extraordinarily Herculean build he was in constant danger of being more or less forcibly conscripted for Military Service in Prussia,

although he had already paid two men to serve in lieu of him, and kept in his pocket a written acknowledgment of his 'exemption.' But little as a soldier's life appealed to him, dependence on his relatives was just as little to his liking. Accordingly he decided to seek his fortune according to his own bent and went to Berlin. He was not long there before he was appointed as a regimental judge, simultaneously, however, taking up a job as a tutor in the Cadet Corps of the Crown Prince, later King Frederick William, until eventually the King made him regimental-quarter-master of the newly-formed Moselle Regiment in Wesel. And thus it was that the ancestral tree of Hermann Goering was transplanted to the Rhineland.

Michael Christian Goering was a man of solid ambition. At the age of thirty-seven he got the title of Counsellor of War, but in parsimonious Prussia official jobs were very poorly paid. It was only ten years later that this go-ahead man obtained from Frederick the Great, after the return of his regiment from the Silesian War, the post of Chief Counsellor of Taxation and of a *Commissarius loci* in the Earldom of Mark. In the letters-patent of that date it was stated that in his new office 'he was to supervise with due zeal, fidelity, and care the carrying out of the instructions given to all the counsellors of taxation, and to see in doing so that the orders of the King were carried out duly. He was also to keep the welfare of the town and the nourishment of the citizens constantly before his eyes. Furthermore, he was to take particular interest in the establishment of manufactures in the towns of the district committed to his charge.'

The main objectives of the economic policy to which the counsellors of taxation as district commissars had to devote all their energy were the furtherance of native industries in order to dispense as far as possible with imports from abroad, and the export of as much native produce as possible in order to get money from abroad. And for the attainment of this objective a rich and productive zone of operations was offered to Goering in the towns to the south of the Ruhr.

The Altena iron and wire foundries were then the chief features of the industries on the border. It was here that Michael Christian Goering got the best leverage for his far-reaching industrial activities. In the course of a year and a half he brought to a successful conclusion what others had been unable to accomplish in twenty years. He had a great many things to worry him while he was engaged on this formidable task, as enterprising and resourceful employers were as scarce as a sufficiency of skilled workers.

It was a source of great joy and pride to Michael Christian Goering when Frederick the Great expressed his royal gratitude to him by an Order of State, dated January 17th, 1755, for the work which he had accomplished under the greatest difficulties, and extended Goering's zone of operations to a still larger number of towns in the earldom. 'In return for his services extending over a great many years and in order that he might have all the more authority in his new domain,' the King conferred on him the title of a Counsellor of War and of the Crown-lands. This tribute from the King was all the more highly esteemed by him as the King had in general very unpleasant experiences with regard to his counsellors of taxes. As they were lacking in practical experience in many spheres, he was eternally scolding and complaining about them. There were counsellors of taxation who during their tours of inspection 'adopted the airs of Field-M Marshals' and who behaved with the imperious manner of 'Cabinet Ministers' in the towns that trembled when they visited them.

But the King regarded Goering as his greatest supporter in his role of Counsellor of War. His bearing towards the working classes of the population showed very clearly to what a great extent the great purpose of improving industrial conditions in the Earldom of Mark was influenced by his personality. In that area too the lack of industrial initiative and the apathy of the workers, brought about by the fatally slow development of our nation, had been very noticeable. The securing of competent skilled workers was one of the most weighty tasks attached to Goering's industrial policy.

. 'The boom in the iron industry for which he was responsible in the Earldom of Mark—a boom which entailed a doubling of the population in many areas—was abruptly interrupted by the Seven Years' War. When during the course of the War the baggage of the French Regiment du Boy was plundered at Annen by the peasants of Mark, the French in Hagen, where Goering had his home, pounced upon a number of hostages and took them to Düsseldorf—among them Michael Christian Goering. The hostages had to pay a ransom of 7296 livres to secure their liberty, but neither Goering nor his successors, who repeatedly instituted legal proceedings, ever recovered the money which was extorted from them.

In 1763 Michael Christian Goering died in Hagen after forty-one years of honest and faithful service to the King of Prussia. As a special acknowledgment of his services the great King had given him a sword which is at the present day in the possession of the Prime Minister. He was buried in the local Lutheran Church. In the funeral oration it was stated that he was 'strong and righteous, Christian and peace-loving—nay—it might be truly said he was everybody's friend.'

The second eldest son, Christian Heinrich, the great-grandfather of Hermann, who married Elizabeth Hermine Lueps of Orfoyk, continued the race of Goering. He lived during his early youth in Schwelm from 1740 to 1805. It was probably from him that Hermann Goering inherited his eloquence.

The director of the 'Realgymnasium' in Schwelm gave as the reason for a request made by the Mayor of the town that that institute should be called the 'Hermann Goering Gymnasium,' the interesting information that the Prime Minister's great-grandfather won the distinction as a pupil of that school of being among the 'nomina florentissimorum juvenum' ('the names of the most distinguished youths') and that that ancestor of the Prime Minister had been gifted with outstanding oratorical powers. As a proof of this he stated that he had won great distinction by two discourses written in Latin which he had gained at the age

of eight years. One of these was a treatise on 'The usefulness of the Sciences'—the other was on 'The fugitive nature of time.'

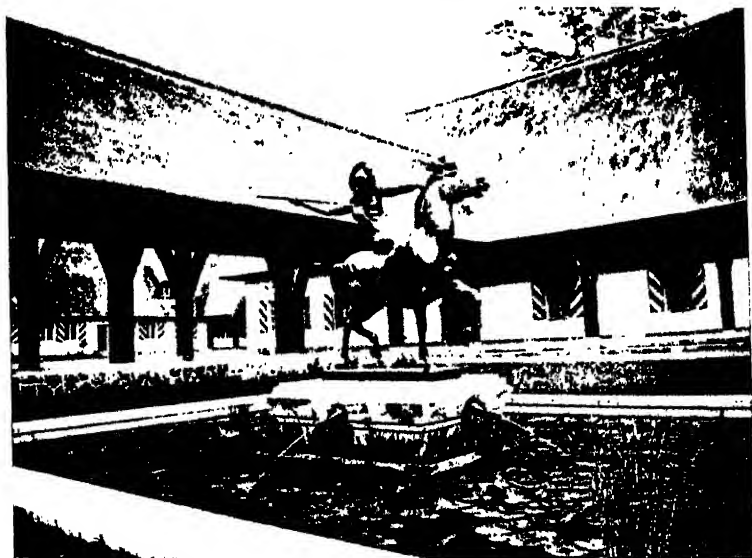
Christian Heinrich's parents had decided that he should be a lawyer. He studied at first in Jena, and afterwards in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where later on, his son, Hermann Goering's father, was also a student. The Goerings were always great votaries of tradition. But there was yet another reason for sending Hermann to Frankfort. The father had been anxious that the family which had been transplanted to the Rhineland should not sunder its links with Eastern Germany and its kinsfolk that lived in the Mark, in Pomerania, and on the banks of the Elbe. Christian Heinrich had also to look around for a long time in Berlin in order to broaden his horizon. After he had passed his examination he was for four years 'Referendarius' at the land-court in Hagen. After that he was appointed an assistant land-judge in Wesel, where he had a pretty strenuous time for ten years as he was associated under half-pay with the senior judge. The conditions attached to the land-courts were particularly unpleasant. Christian Heinrich worked harder than all the other members put together, and as there were no prospects whatsoever of advancement, he wrote a very strong letter to the Lord Chancellor. As he got no satisfaction from the Lord Chancellor he wrote to the King and requested him to approve of his resignation from the post of land-judge—a request which he had repeatedly put forward. It speaks very eloquently for the self-assurance of Goering that with full consciousness of his achievements and capabilities he coupled this request for permission to resign with a request to be appointed as Commissar of Justice in Emmerich. The King granted his request. Heinrich Christian Goering held this post until his death in 1805.

Wilhelm Goering, the Prime Minister's grandfather, was born on the little estate of Hassent which his father's mother had brought into the family as part of her dowry. It is an ideally beautiful country seat, and Hermann Goering always looks forward with pleasure to visiting it whenever





BIG RECEPTION-ROOM IN KARIN HALL



THE KARIN HALL COURTYARD

he goes to that neighbourhood. His father, who looked with aversion on 'the tiresome job of a land-judge,' sent his son to study medicine at the University of Duisburg. His mother, however, was very much opposed to the idea. And then one fine day she burst forth: "I am going to Duisburg. I don't want my son to be a privileged man-slayer." And she had her way, for he veered round and studied law. She was right in her decision. Wilhelm Goering proved to be a very distinguished jurist, who for a whole generation held the post of military court judge in Emmerich, and won general esteem by his rectitude and the interest he took in the welfare of the local population. During the course of court proceedings he always spoke to the peasants in their own dialect. And as the peasants had to work on weekdays in their fields, he usually stayed at home after church on Sundays in case anybody might wish to call on him for advice.

When in the year 1866, on the day of mobilization, his father-in-law died, he did not go to the funeral, because he always wished to be at home in case any of the soldiers might want to make their wills.

He had a dry humour which put all who came in contact with him at their ease. He tended with loving care the beautiful garden attached to the rural seat which he had inherited from his mother. He also felt very much at home in the adjoining wood or in his big library which occupied the two rooms of his study.

So ardent was his love for his Fatherland, as a Prussian as well as a German, that to show his appreciation of the spirit shown by Germany at the beginning of the 1870-71 campaign he invested more than half his capital to establish a fund for the widows and orphans of those who fell in the War. He was married to Caroline de Nerée, who came from an illustrious Rhineland noble family.

. . . . .

In many traits of Hermann Goering's character we see indications of tendencies that he inherited from this line of ancestors. His mechanical turn of mind he inherited

from his Pomeranian ancestors. In his negotiations with his fellow-men we perceive that stern sense of justice and that dislike of men with petty minds which were characteristic of his ancestor the judge. His go-aheadness and his grim energy enabling him to attain the object for which he sets out, were legacies handed down from Michael Christian Goering, the Counsellor for War and for Crown-lands. From his great-grandfather, Christian Heinrich, he inherited both his eloquence and a courage that would make him plunge his hand into a wasp's nest, reckless of the consequences. His instinct for probing into the unknown and to fathom the depths of thought and the well-springs of action of his fellow-men, his placid way of browsing over good books and dreaming over their contents, no matter how full his hands were with his official duties, his love of the beauties of nature, his patriotism and his intrepidity—all these traits he inherited from his grandfather. But the characteristic which is most typical of him, of adopting with thoroughness and unflinching courage any scheme which in his inmost heart he knows to be right—and, if necessary, to hazard his property and his life in defence of that scheme—is a heritage that his father bequeathed to him.

Whenever he spent his holidays in Veldenstein or Mauterndorf young Goering listened, his eyes sparkling with excitement, to his father's stories about his adventures in bygone days. The inquisitive and imaginative lad was very keenly interested in his father's campaigning as a Reserve officer in the Wars of 1866 and 1870, but he was even more thrilled by his accounts of his pioneer work as Reichs Commissar for South-West Africa, of his journeys through the Kalahari Desert and his fights with Maherero, the black King of Okahandja. Young Hermann was extraordinarily proud of the fact that it was Bismarck himself who had assigned this post to his father.

Hermann Goering's father's boyhood and student days were very happy and care-free. He fought sixty-three student's duels without being ever once seriously wounded. He passed all his examinations in due course, and was

first appointed as a district judge in Altkirch in Alsace-Lorraine, which had only recently been incorporated in the Empire, and later at the age of thirty-five he was sent to Metz as a county-court judge.

His first wife died in 1879, shortly after the birth of his fifth child. When in the 'eighties Germany's colonial problems were becoming more and more important, he placed himself at the disposal of the Foreign Office for overseas service. In the archives of the Foreign Office we find a statement that 'County-Court Judge Heinrich Ernst Goering showed sound and shrewd judgment, confidence, and alertness as well as a strict impartiality in the discharge of his duties.' It was this record that induced Reichs Chancellor Bismarck to entrust him with the responsible post of first Reichs Commissar in the German Protectorate of South-West Africa. The first step had been taken. German enterprise had become firmly consolidated in the South-West. The second and much more difficult step, that of bringing the Germans in the South-West into close relations with the German Reich and to establish the colony on a firm basis, was reserved for Goering's father. In 1885, at the age of forty-six, he undertook the journey to Africa. His record there was a glorious chapter in German colonial history.

His second wife, Franziska Tiefenbrunn, followed him later on to Africa after the birth of their eldest child. As his loyal companion she shared with him all the ordeals of his exacting work and all the discomforts of that deadly climate. She accompanied him on all his expeditions. She always went with little Karl Ernst and her husband, escorted by the 'military column,' consisting of seven German colonial soldiers and over a hundred black troops, in their 'State carriage.' This carriage, a very imposing-looking means of transport in such an environment, Bismarck had used during the war in 1870, and had afterwards made a present of it to the Goering family. She always accompanied her husband to the front when new fights flared up with the Hereros, the Bergdamaras, or the Namaguas. And when the negroes had treacherously

attempted to burn their den (for that was all it was) over their heads, they had both to fly for their lives.

When in 1890, after nearly six years of hard, systematic, and loyal service Dr. Goering had to leave the new German Colony of South-West Africa for health reasons, the German flag was flying from Cape Frio to the Orange River and from the sea coast over an area extending five hundred miles inland. It was undoubtedly owing to the strenuous work of Hermann Goering's father that the German colonists were enabled to carry on their work in peace in this newly-won territory.

After a long holiday in Germany Dr. Goering went to his new post as Resident Minister and Consul-General in Haiti for the German Reich. Towards the end of 1890, his wife followed him to the West Indies, taking her children with her. Karl Ernst, the eldest, was now nearly five years old. He was the champion of his sister Olga, who had seen the light of the African sun a year before they left for the South-West Colony. His mother herself had to look after little Paula, who was just exactly six months old.

Life in Haiti had its bright as well as its gloomy side. Even the wife of a Resident Minister had by no means an easy time. When her husband had to go on long journeys in the discharge of his duties, she had frequently to defend herself against the attacks and robberies organized by the blacks. On three occasions she was alone in the house during earthquakes.

If it happened to be raining on a day when the Goerings were entertaining guests, the servants fled from the house in a panic of superstitious fear. And if they returned after the rain was over, they usually fetched along all their families with them and stole the guests' horses.

Ants that bored their way through the floor of the kitchen and plagues of scorpions were very unpleasant companions in the home. But the Resident Minister's wife was a courageous and a tenacious type of woman, capable of coping with any emergency. And then a riotously luxuriant nature made up for many of the inconveniences that had to be endured in Haiti. A hospitable home after the big

hunting expeditions in which Frau Goering, who was an expert rider and huntswoman, took part, made the family forget many of the discomforts of the West Indies.

Two years later Frau Goering was expecting the arrival of her fourth child, and was anxious that it should be born in Germany. She sailed for home in October, 1892, and on January 12th, 1893, her second son was born at Rosenheim, near Marienbad.

Ten weeks after Hermann's birth Franziska Goering had to sail for Haiti again, as her home and her children needed her presence. Unfortunately she could not take her youngest child with her, as she dreaded to submit him to the ordeal of the long voyage. She remembered her dreadful journey with her little daughter Olga, then only a few weeks old, by the old sailing vessel from Whale Bay to Capetown. It had been reckoned that the trip would take three weeks, but it worked out at six weeks, towards the end of which she had not even food for the child. In fact, had not an English man-of-war eventually taken them aboard, the child would not have survived.

Hermann had to remain in Germany, where he was left in the care of Frau Graf, his mother's closest friend. And so it was that Hermann was never either in Africa or Haiti, although many of his friends assert that he was. But one thing is very definite, and that is that the romantic Hermann in his early years was very jealous of the advantage that his sisters had enjoyed by travelling to foreign lands. And whenever they told him about their free untrammelled life in Haiti, their pony rides, and their trips in sailing-boats, he forgot for the time being the bonds of affection that bound him to his brothers and sisters.

For the rest Hermann Goering always got on very well with his brothers and sisters. When he had to return to school after the holidays, an ever-recurring aspiration always came to his lips : " If only the whole town of Fürth went on fire ! "

Hermann Goering always felt most happy when he was in the bosom of his own family. And even to this day family affection and loyalty to old comrades are very dominant

emotions with him. He is still as enthusiastic as he was in his childhood at Germany's great festival of Christmas. And he still keeps the other German festivals, Easter and Whitsuntide, in company with his brothers and sisters and his other kinsfolk. Nowadays he is regarded as a sort of patron saint of the whole Goering tribe. And in that role he discharges his duties very thoroughly. Any of his relatives who come to him at those festive seasons with reasonable requests are sure to have them gratified.

He himself looks after the education of his nephews, the three sons of his elder brother who is dead. Ellen Sonnemann, his wife's niece, who is attending the School of Dramatic Art attached to the State Theatre, lives in his house, and is treated by him as if she were his own daughter. And, of course, all his nephews have celebrated their Confirmation festivities in company with Uncle Hermann. In fact, it would be almost impossible to find a more generous or loyal kinsman than Hermann Goering. He is always delighted when he can spend an hour or two with his nephews.

Anybody that happens to drop in during those reunions will enjoy a very pleasant experience. On the top floor of Karin Hall, Hermann Goering has had a miniature railway line set up, which has not only aroused intense interest among the members of the Berlin Model Railway Club, but which has won the enthusiastic admiration of Benito Mussolini, the Duke of Windsor, and many other well-known people. The whole concern, which covers about a hundred square yards, is a masterpiece of German miniature technique. From two dynamos which drive eight locomotives past forty electric points and signal-boxes, run express trains, goods trains, and military transport trains across a bridge which spans rivers, while underneath some of those bridges run electric trains through the streets of artistically laid-out towns, villages, woods, and meadows. And amid the network of railway lines running into some 1800 feet, toy soldiers wage a deadly battle. There is nothing lacking that could delight the heart of a boy. Fire-spitting tanks roll onward relentlessly against the foe, and *minen-werfers*

shoot tongues of flame. The infantry is gassed, anti-aircraft guns fire on aeroplanes which are hanging from fine wires and soar over the war-zone and drop their bombs on railway stations, bridges, and woods. And Hermann Goering, the children's friend, sits in the midst of this mimic warfare, his face beaming with delight while he watches the faces of his nephews, alternately expressing amusement and gravity as they see this pageant of battle, and as he listens to the childish laughter of Roswitha, his youngest niece.

Christmas is, of course, the greatest family festival in the whole year. During that festival the family circle is not limited merely to kinsfolk. All those are invited who are intimate personal friends of the Prime Minister and his wife. It is the day on which Hermann Goering expresses in a touching fatherly way his thanks to every individual who stands loyally by him for his fidelity and his loyal fulfilment of his duty. During those unforgettable hours Hermann Goering's chauffeurs stand in front of tables laden with presents. They are assisted by his nephews and by Cilly, his faithful housekeeper, as well as by the housemaids and his nieces and his sisters. Fanny and Etna Graf, the friends of his youth, are present, of course, as they had been decades ago. And his dear old foster-mother also. The Christmas candles shed their mellow rays on all those radiant faces. They are all full of the Christmas spirit— young and old alike—and none of them more so than the giver of the feast, Hermann Goering.

He himself had received a wonderful Christmas present before his guests had gathered round the Christmas tree. That present was the gratitude of five hundred children—the children of the very poorest, who had rallied with beaming faces in the afternoon around 'Uncle Hermann' and 'Aunt Emmy.' He had received the thanks of the parents of these little ones, who for the first time for years had been able to bring their children beneath the lights of such a resplendent Christmas tree and had enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. To Hermann Goering, this presentation of gifts to the children of the poorest is his most enjoyable experience at Christmastide. Week by



week from the beginning of November the steward who is responsible for the organization of this treat for the poor children, gets detailed instructions in order to make sure that everything is shipshape for the presentation of their gifts.

The invitations are issued for 12.30 p.m., but an hour before that all the children and their parents are present with joyous expectation. A military band plays Christmas carols while chocolate and cakes are distributed. And then when Hermann Goering and his wife enter the hall a Christmas pantomime is given. The children's ballet from the Opera House is present, and Robin Goodfellow and Father Christmas indulge in all kinds of merry pranks. Albert Florath has come from the National Theatre to fill the role of Father Christmas. So intent are the children on enjoying the pantomime that for the time-being they have forgotten all about the presents that they are to receive.

Hermann Goering considers that merely giving Christmas presents is not enough. The giver must make certain that his presents are appropriate. From his own recollections of his childhood days he knows how a child's heart exults when it gets the kind of present it likes. He still recalls how on one occasion when he was eight years old he got a very nice suit of clothes for Christmas. The gift made him furious, and he expressed the bitterness of his soul to Frau Waschnik, a shopkeeper's wife in Mauterndorf, from whom he used to buy chocolate with his pocket-money. "What do you think of this?" he exclaimed. "My parents have given me a suit for Christmas! That is not a Christmas gift, because at any rate I would have to have a suit. I couldn't run about naked."

Well, at any rate, the children whom he gathers around him at Christmas, not in his role of Prime Minister, but in his role of National Socialist comrade, are badly in need of stockings, woollen jackets, caps, gloves, and shawls—and they get them. Every one of them also gets a food parcel, consisting of butter, sausages, chocolate, marchpane, nuts, cocoa, and meal. But, above all things, he sees that they all get their toys, too. "Give them the best of the best,"

he orders. The girls get pet dolls, work-baskets, round games, sets of toy kitchen-ware and toy sewing-machines. Each child receives three separate toys. The boys get tin soldiers, S.A. and S.S. men, tanks, air-guns, and skates, as well as bombing planes. And in the midst of this Christmas revelry stands Hermann Goering and his wife. At one moment you will see him shooting playfully with a toy pistol—a moment later he will be wiping the tears from the eyes of a little girl who is weeping from sheer delight. The parents have cast aside all care and are as gay and happy as their little ones. And when at 4 p.m. the children go home not only are they and their parents delighted, but they say farewell to a host who is happier than they are.

Like a true German paterfamilias he personally selects the presents which he gives to his wife, to his kinsmen, and to his fellow-workers on Christmas Eve. How he does this, nobody can tell, and it will always remain an insoluble mystery how he can think of everybody, and anticipate everybody's wish regarding the most acceptable present. One day perhaps he will himself reveal the secret.

Ever since 1923 the Graf family have been regular guests of Hermann Goering on November 9th. Last year he asked Frau Graf's daughter what her mother would like for Christmas. "I don't think I should tell you, much as I would like to do so," replied Erni Graf. "My mother could do very well with a fur coat, but I am afraid that it is rather an unreasonable wish."

"Just a moment!" replied Hermann Goering, his face radiant with joy. "I say, Robert, come here."

Robert was instructed to fetch a book in which the names of those who were to get Christmas presents with a description of those presents were written.

'Mother Graf—warm fur coat,' he jotted down.

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Friendship and hospitality are typical of the German character, and they were always typical of Hermann Goering both in his days of poverty and in his days of prosperity. Were it not that his manifold duties make such a demand on

his time, he would keep open house all day long for his friends. It is consequently a source of great regret to him that, except when they all go for a day's hunting, he can only spend a bare hour at luncheon time with his old comrades. The few evenings on which he is free he spends with his wife, except when they are both obliged to attend official social gatherings.

In higher diplomatic circles and in the world in which dignitaries of the State move there is a conventional international atmosphere connected with official social gatherings. The codes dealing with them were drawn up long ago by versatile experts, and are now stereotyped and regarded as unalterable. In company with a few men of kindred mentality Hermann Goering does not consider himself absolutely tied by such conventions. In this respect he is an iconoclast, although hardly anybody can vie with him in his regard for old traditional customs. Mere traditional forms, which are only empty meaningless conventions, make no appeal to him. The suggestion that he should invite men to a social gathering, merely because it is obligatory on him to do so, clashes with his views about a host's duties. When a host and a hostess do not wholeheartedly discharge such social duties and are not personally interested in the entertainment of their guests, such reunions may be called social gatherings, but there is no atmosphere of genuine hospitality about them. When you are a guest at Goering's house you feel at once that you are in a completely different environment. The Goerings have never invited guests to their house with whom they have not some human contacts. The house of Goering will have nothing to do with formal invitations of guests in accordance with their various social categories. When you enter its portals you will meet people drawn from the most varied walks of life—people, however, that are drawn together by sympathy of tastes and associations—people who have something to say to one another. There is some unique attraction carefully planned out beforehand by the host and hostess for each of these social gatherings to which, on principle, not more than thirty, or, at the very outside, thirty-five guests

are invited. The personality of the host and the charm of the hostess are seen in all the amenities of the gathering—in the table decorations and in the catering for the æsthetic tastes of the guests. There is an individuality about these gatherings for which the English have coined the word 'Goering-like.' Goering himself looks after the arrangements for those evenings. There is no arrangement of tables which has not previously been submitted to the host, and there is no arrangement of tables submitted to him which he does not alter in some of its details. He is not in the slightest degree preoccupied by the questions of precedence which other people take so seriously. His experience is that it is by far the best plan to put congenial souls side by side. And the unrestrained camaraderie one sees among his guests always justifies his idea.

It is typical of Goering's hospitality that he always takes a personal interest in the menu and the wine-list for these gatherings. And yet he himself cares very little about the pleasures of the table. 'He eats too little and does not sleep enough' is the constant complaint of his wife. When he stops for a meal during the course of a journey, and is asked what kind of wine he prefers, he almost invariably replies: "I would like a glass of beer best." Goering is Spartan-like in his appetite. His favourite meal is supper, which almost invariably consists of cold fish, three slices of sausage, his favourite black radish, and two glasses of beer. And it is always understood that the crispy *Brot-kante* must always be placed before the host himself. Such is Goering's supper-table as a rule, but when he has guests, the best of the best is good enough for them. On such occasions the chef of a very famous Berlin wine establishment finds it very difficult to cope with General Goering's requirements.

His solicitude about the comforts of his guests would not of itself be sufficient to make Goering's social gatherings unique, if the artistic sense of the host and the æsthetic taste of the hostess did not impart a special significance to the entertainments which they get up. Goering is passionately devoted to art—it gives life a beauty and

meaning to him. It was the mutual love of art that brought Goering and his wife together, and now in their free hours they devote all their time to art. Lovers of art find themselves always at home in their house. An atmosphere of art pervades all their social gatherings. At the garden fête which the Prime Minister and his wife gave at the Olympian Festival in honour of the Olympian Committee, the muse was seen in her brightest mood. It was an evening of gay camaraderie which gave the guests assembled from all parts of the world a very wonderful display of the personal touch typical of Goering's social gatherings.

It was a festival of unrestrained and heartfelt German gaiety which forged many strong links between the German and foreign guests. Very rarely were so many cries of joy and appreciation heard in all the languages in the world as on that evening.

A similarly joyful spirit is seen at the Opera Ball which has now become a regular feature, as it is organized every year by Goering and his wife in support of the Winter Relief Work and the Fund for the Prussian State Theatre. This festival also is both a social and an artistic event.

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It is often maintained that the outstanding man is not recognizable so much by his works and the effects produced by those works as by the grooves into which his private life merges. This contention is true within certain limitations. Goering, for instance, does not know the meaning of the term 'private life,' in the sense applied to it by the free citizen. Hermann Goering has only a few free hours at his disposal. Often for weeks on end he has not even a single hour to spare for weeks. And then he will deliberately break away from work just for one day, in order to be able to feel what it is like to be a free agent once more. But even during these free hours he cannot move about with the freedom of the average citizen.

Goering would like, above all things, to be able to mingle unknown and unobserved among his fellow-men. He often tried to do so, but always had to give up the attempt.

His fellow-citizens always see in Hermann Goering the man, in Hermann Goering the Prime Minister, and in Hermann Goering the General, their own Hermann. When he is doing his Christmas shopping in the Leipziger Strasse, a queue of men reaching as far as the next corner forms up behind him—a queue of men who admire and love him, but for all that cramp his movements unintentionally. And if he and his wife venture to take a quiet meal in a restaurant the other customers lay down their knives and forks to gaze in admiration on their Emmy and their Hermann.

Goering had to cut short his honeymoon in Wiesbaden after being there three days because, despite his instructions, the police could not keep away the worshipping crowds. And so he had to flee from his hotel as if it were a beleaguered fortress, and return to Berlin. Is it to be wondered at that Goering spends all the time he has to spare in Berlin or in Karin Hall among his own intimate friends, when he is in quest of relaxation and repose after his exacting toil.

Goering does not make arrangements with clock-work precision of detail for the employment of his spare time. Generally speaking, there are three characteristic features of his private life—a passionate love of the beauty of nature, a restless determination to keep physically active to the best of his ability and, finally and chiefly, a deep love for art and for matters æsthetic.

‘Away from the desk and out into the open!’ How often has Goering been obsessed by this yearning, and how often has he had to resist it! But whenever he has been able to snatch an hour or two from his daily toil he hurries off to his beloved forest. He does not always carry a gun or field-glasses on these trips—woodsmen frequently come upon him when he is picking mushrooms—a favourite amusement of his. Visitors to the Obersalzberg frequently meet the Prime Minister when he is returning home with a big bunch of flowers from a long stroll among the mountains towards his little Bavarian home which lies three hundred feet above the Fuehrer’s mountain house.

Goering’s love of flowers is well known to everybody. In

all his rooms you will find an abundance of blooms of the season. He has beautiful gardens attached to Karin Hall, to his Obersalzberg home, and to his house in the Leipziger Strasse in Berlin. They have been all laid out in accordance with his own special instructions.

When the warm spring days come along Goering makes his garden his study. There he smokes his Virginia cigarettes with relish, and in such congenial environment even the most boring preoccupation with memoirs and statistics and his countless other tasks cannot ruffle his serenity of soul.

Goering's love of nature sent him rambling among woods and mountains from his earliest years, and all the forms of sport that he has always liked are linked with his love of nature in some form or other. He is still just as keen on ski-racing and on mountain-climbing as he was in his early youth.

He had just left off work two years ago when without undergoing any previous training he set out to climb, heedless of a hailstorm accompanied by thunder, the eastern slope of the Watzmann-Jungfrau. His companions urged him to relinquish the attempt, but they might as well try to chew granite. He even enjoyed the terrible weather, as he considered that it lent a particular zest to his mountain trip. Not a year passes without his climbing occasionally from the green banks of the Obersee amid forests, Alpine meadows, and steep precipices, to his little shooting-box at Roeth. And when from this mountain valley, 6000 feet above sea-level, overhung by the peaks of the Teufelshoerner and the Watzmann, he gazes in rapture on the sun rising amid this romantic scenery or hunts the chamois, Hermann is in his element. And then just as in old days he buckles on his skis and from the expression of radiant happiness on his face his comrades can see how deeply he appreciates the beauty and majesty of nature.

It is unnecessary to dwell further on Goering's achievements in the air during the War years, but even at the present day he is an enthusiastic airman. He has, of

course, given up stunt-flying. Looping the loop and all such mad pranks in the air he leaves nowadays to his young comrades. But he is still a pilot and drives his own machine. When he soars in his well-known red Ju above the white sun-kissed sea of clouds the Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force feels his heart beat as wildly with sheer exaltation as it did in his younger days. But flying and mountain-climbing, hunting and skiing are not the only sports that he goes in for. He is an enthusiastic horse-rider, and his friends can tell you how he sets the pace when he is playing a game of tennis. He is also very keen on all forms of water-sports. With the same zest with which on his journeys through Germany he sits at the wheel of his car himself and speeds through the country, he also steers his own motor yacht, which was incidentally a wedding-present to him by the heads of the German motor industry. Year by year, he steers the vessel, which is really a little ship, from Berlin, through the waters of the Mark and down the Elbe through the North Sea to Westerland, when he is visiting his wife who regularly spends a few weeks there in summer. If he has sufficient time he goes through the Kaiser-Wilhelm Canal and across the Baltic to Stettin, and then back again to Berlin. These trips the Prime Minister regards as bracing interludes in his life of strenuous toil. With his aide-de-camp and his crew of three men he is then alone on his boat with his thoughts, which are ever subconsciously centred on his country's welfare.

Sailing, swimming, archery, and in the early morning Swedish drill, are also among his sporting fixtures in Karin Hall.

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Hunting and sport are Hermann Goering's physical relaxations. He finds his intellectual entertainment in his interest in art. In this interest he finds a way of escape from the cares and anxieties of the workaday world. It gives him mental strength to cope with the endless succession of new and onerous tasks that he has to face.



When he took over the office of Prime Minister of Prussia, he devoted all his energies, despite the fact that other weighty cares of State were occupying his attention, to the revival of the German theatre. He was determined to found a National Social Theatre and to make all artistes into National Socialists. He was resolved, in short, that only men steeped in the philosophy of National Socialism should appear on the Prussian stage. An indispensable preliminary qualification should be histrionic ability, of course, because while one could easily convert a good actor into a National Socialist, one could not, without much ado, make a good actor out of an honest National Socialist. The sentiment, the driving force, and the enthusiasm of the future stage must, of course, be German. The German actor was to be the interpreter of the soul of the people. With this purpose in his mind the Prime Minister set about the task of reorganizing the Prussian theatre.

To put an end to the chaotic condition of the theatre, he called a meeting of all the Prussian stage-managers and spoke very candidly to them. He pointed out to them that the Fuehrer's cultural creed was to be the fundamental principle for the management of every theatre. In the German theatre the same basic insistence on solidarity must hold sway which National Socialism had outlined as a dominant moral axiom. The actor of outstanding talent would and must always obtain special recognition, but the discipline of devoted service to the community must not be relaxed in consequence. For the future it was not the 'Star'—it was not the individual actor—it was the relation of the whole theatrical community to art that should decide the vocation of a theatre. Of paramount importance in Goering's estimation was the question of recruits for the profession. "Seek and sift—be discoverers!" he said to those stage-managers just a few months after he had taken up office. On that occasion he laid the foundation stone of an edifice which his fellow-campaigner, Doctor Goebbels, as the Reichs Minister in control of the German stage, was to build up in a laborious process of education extending over a number of years. And eventually Doctor Goebbels

completed this structure with a masterly skill which earned him appreciation and admiration far beyond the boundaries of Germany.

In gratitude for the pioneering work of the Prime Minister the Fuehrer, in the process of reorganizing the German theatre, entrusted to the personal charge of Hermann Goering the control of the Prussian State theatres, which comprised, in addition to the State Opera House in Berlin, the State Theatre and its offspring, the so-called 'Little House' and the 'Kasseler Staatstheater.' And in this domain, too, Goering justified the confidence which the Fuehrer placed in him, and showed his gratitude to him by an achievement which in itself showed what a remarkable æsthetic appreciation he possessed.

He showed himself an enthusiastic friend of art in his discharge of the duties of his office. He never failed to attend a 'first night,' he took pains to get all information about stage arrangements and preparations, and he showed an unerring critical acumen in appraising the artistic value of every theatrical performance. He was also a good comrade to his actors—in short, he himself took an active part in the theatrical business.

And the actors were very grateful for this interest in their welfare displayed by their patron. For years on end many of them had not even once seen their theatrical managers. But now there was a new atmosphere pervading their little world. Hermann Goering took a lively interest in everything. He spoke to the stage carpenters, asked them to show him their decoration schemes and to explain to him their lighting effects. He went down through trap-doors and climbed into rigging-lofts. He visited the actors in their dressing-rooms, and joked and laughed with them. He won all their hearts by his natural and unaffected manner.

But he did not cry halt by seeking a knowledge of the mere externals of stage technique. For some years he filled the role of head manager himself. He made all the arrangements himself even down to the most trivial detail. Weekly programmes, new performances, the engagement

of actors, starring-performances—he insisted on being consulted personally on all these points. He studied the actors' contracts and put them on a more satisfactory basis. He saw to it personally that there should be adequate funds available to make it possible to do away with the 'one Star' system, and to give certain picked actors contracts which tied them for several years to the Opera House or to the State Theatre. He also made arrangements on his own initiative during those early years of reorganization of the stage that, wherever there were not adequate State funds available, financial assistance should be given by private individuals. And even at the present day he personally contributes generously to the support of theatrical enterprises.

He was not merely the delegate of his actors—he was also their best friend. He associated himself with them not merely in the discharge of their professional work, but he also welcomed them into the circle of the Goering household. He placed men at their head who had expert knowledge of their business—men who were able to lead and who possessed his confidence and the confidence of the actors also. The interests of German Opera and of the German Theatre were in the very best hands when they were entrusted to State Councillor Tietjen and to State Councillor Gruendgens. They were both not merely general managers and 'Regisseurs.' Tietjen was himself a conductor, while Gruendgens was the leading actor in his own theatre. Both co-operated loyally with the Prime Minister in his activities, both of them were of outstanding artistic ability, both of them had tact as well as a natural gift of working harmoniously with a select coterie of actors, almost all of them men of world repute, in true professional camaraderie.

The old traditional high standard of acting of the Prussian stage which had sadly degenerated during the period of the 'System,' has not only been revived to-day by Hermann Goering, but it has even been surpassed. Hand in hand with Furtwängler Tietjen and Gruendgens, he has revived the glories of the Opera House and the State Theatre. He has rallied to his side the leading actors to inspire a new

spirit into the theatre. He himself gave of his very best to this brotherhood of art, he gave his iron will, his powerful patronage, and that holy enthusiasm inspired by lofty ethical principles which is the driving force behind everything that he does. "Art is a sublime calling which demands fanatical zeal," as the Fuehrer said in his memorable address on culture on the Reichs Party Day.

Nowhere in the world to-day will you find a better musical institute than the Berlin State Opera House. The fame of its incomparable achievement at the Paris International Exhibition is still fresh in people's memories. Goering's theatres are admittedly superior to all the temples of the muses on either side of the frontier. Perhaps it is on account of the spirit of solidarity that inspires it and the great achievement born of that solidarity that the professional critics and—what is more important to Hermann Goering—unanimous popular verdict—has given to the State Theatre on the Gendarmenmarkt the proud title of a German National Theatre.

You have only to look at Hermann Goering as he sits in his box radiant with happiness to realize that he probably gets more delight out of his æsthetic environment than out of the proceedings on the stage. Anybody who has caught a glimpse of that radiant countenance cannot fail to realize that Hermann Goering has taken such an interest in the theatre not merely because he himself loves it above everything else. He has not associated himself so closely with the artist because the artistic and creative artist must be a man after his own heart owing to his love of the theatre. He has given this sympathetic support of the State and of his own personality to the Opera and to the Theatre principally because dramatic art is not merely play-acting, but because it is called upon to give back in that most complete form the works of our great poets and composers to the German people to whom they belong and from whose bosom they sprang.

Hermann Goering's work in connection with the theatre was carried on in the quiet of the evenings, and often until late in the night. His wife was always his best companion

and adviser in this task. They frequently conversed about Opera and Drama until late in the night—they discussed technicalities about production and lay-out as well as more abstract questions about the present and the future of art and artistes. Even in her more noble position as wife of a great statesman, Emmy Goering has remained true to herself and in her steady progress towards ever greater and greater successes demonstrated to those who tried to dissuade her from going on the stage that a theatrical career was the only one that appealed to her and that enabled her to lead the fuller life. From Hamburg her theatrical career led her to Munich, Vienna, Stuttgart, Wiesbaden, and Weimar, to the city of Goethe and Schiller which she specially loved, and which was a second home to the woman whose roots were fixed in the north and everything Nordic, and thence to the representative German stage in Berlin—the house on the Gendarmenmarkt which was rich in tradition. During the course of this itinerary Emmy Sonnemann, the actress, got ample proof of the success of her professional career in the increasing demands that were made on her powers of dramatic presentation. As Gretchen in Goethe's *Faust*, as Klaerchen in *Emmont*, as Elizabeth in Schiller's *Don Carlos*, as Portia in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, as Victoria in Frank's *Storm in a Tumbler*, as Marianne in Molière's *The Miser*, and in many other roles in outstanding classical dramas or modern society plays, she feelingly portrayed as a woman who reacted to the most secret emotions of a woman's heart, the destinies of great women with a poignant humanity and an unforgettable universality of expression and action. In her last leading role she played with such matchless dramatic ability the part of Queen Louise in *The Prince of Prussia* that the audience felt that those characters of bygone days were brought to life before them once more. In her favourite role as Minna von Barnhelm, she said farewell to that stage which had also been her world. It was an evening when her heart was torn with conflicting emotions, an evening that brought in its train jubilation and happiness as well as sadness and a sense of renunciation. The goddess Fortune gave to the

actress Emmy Goering a privilege that is rarely bestowed on members of her profession. She was able to say farewell to the stage at the zenith of her career as an actress, and, nevertheless, despite all her joy and glory she felt in her heart the bitterness of seeing her 'last curtain' rung down.

But one emotion she felt deep down in her heart on that last evening on the stage, and that was that an indissoluble link would bind her forever with the theatrical art and with actors even after she had said farewell to the footlights. And what she was in her little circle in Weimar she is now in the great community of theatrical performers. She is the 'benign spirit' to whom her former comrades turn in all their troubles great and small, and all who come to her always get help and advice. She is always particularly anxious to look after the welfare of elderly members of the theatrical profession and to help her former comrades. But above and beyond all the claims of art and culture, in which the National Socialist Movement is specially interested, she never forgets that her first duty is to the man who has faithfully served the world of art with his great ability.

In March, 1936, after a long electioneering campaign which took him to every quarter of Germany, Hermann Goering delivered his last address in Weimar on the night on which the German troops were crossing the Rhine. At the request of his wife he paid a visit also on that occasion to the Marie-Seebach Institute which had been founded by that great actress in 1895. It had done a tremendous amount of charitable work, but times were hard, and it became more and more difficult after the War to make ends meet. William Heinrich Holtz was the curator of the Institute.

Emmy Goering had given a lot of help to the charitable work of the Institute even in her old Weimar days. But on that day in March, Hermann Goering was informed about the great difficulties entailed by the effort to keep that home for aged actors going. He immediately decided upon giving it a yearly endowment from some funds at his disposal. But in the course of his speech he remarked that

that endowment would be nothing more than a drop of water on a hot stone. And forthwith he decided that in addition to the Seebach Institute he would found another home for actors, which would be called after his wife.

A year later the Emmy Goering Institute, a model home for actors, was built. It was a building planned with all the loving care and æsthetic taste of a benevolent patron of art. It was a restful home combining beauty and a sense of quiet seclusion with all the amenities and comforts that could appeal to a man in the evening of his life. It stands amid exquisite surroundings far away from the maddening tumult of cities, behind a rampart of lofty chestnut trees.

"Those who will enjoy the amenities of this home should pour their benedictions on you. There is nothing left to wish for here for an actor." Such was Hermann Goering's remark to the architect of this home for aged theatrical folk. Not only did he place the new institute on a satisfactory basis by a substantial grant, but he restored the adjoining Seebach home to a sound financial basis by investing fresh capital for its upkeep.

. . . . .

No creative domain is more personal than art, but also none is more universal. In art it is not sufficient that the sculptor should be merely a sculptor, the painter merely a painter, and the actor merely an actor. As the inspired poet derives the source of his inspiration from all incidents and phenomena of human life and of the idiosyncracies of the people, similarly every other true artist, whether he be a painter or a composer, or an engraver, or an architect, will draw his inspiration from all domains of culture in the nation, and not merely from those of his own profession. The Fuehrer is a master of such universality of genius. There is no domain of art of which he has not an intimate knowledge. And it is on this intimate knowledge that he has gained inspiration for the new philosophical culture with which he has endowed the nation.

In the domain of plastic art also Hermann Goering has

always kept the Fuehrer's inspiration before his eyes. It is not merely opera, music, and dramatic art that have woven their spell around him ; he devotes his spare time with equally passionate zeal to the patronage of the other arts—poetry, sculpture, painting, and, last but not least, architecture. As a statesman and a National Socialist he supports the arts to the very best of his ability. As Prime Minister of Prussia, he took steps in co-operation with the Prussian Minister of Finance, Professor Dr. Popitz, to have the magnificent Guelph collection, which had passed into the hands of a private Jewish syndicate, restored to the German nation. With justifiable pride he showed this glorious and historically very valuable collection of German medieval art to his foreign guests at a festive gathering in the Berlin Castle during the course of the great exhibition of international hunting trophies. By building the Academy as an annexe to the 'Hermann Goering Master School of Painting' at Kronenburg in the Eifel mountains, he gave a dramatic expression to his appreciation of art. By this great service to the cause of culture he made it possible for an art-teacher of eminence to remove his pupils from the cramping environment of the city to the congenial surroundings of beautiful natural scenery.

As the Master of the Hunt for the Reich, Hermann Goering furthered the cause of art by giving contracts for statues and paintings of animals. He also extended his patronage of the arts to architecture. He insisted that the cause of art and of artists should be considered in connection with every building for which a contract was given. A definite percentage of every building grant was earmarked for artistic embellishment. He considered that painting was unthinkable without a harmonious architectural setting, which should always get prior consideration.

The reception-hall and the sitting-rooms in the Air Ministry testify to Goering's taste in architecture. Architecture is the expression of the age—it is political science expressed in stone, and it was always so in the days of the ancient Greeks, during the period of the Roman Empire,



in the medieval Germany, in the era of Prussia's glory and right down to the rebirth of the German nation of to-day. Athens, Rome, Ravenna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Speyer, Worms, Munich, Nüremberg, and Potsdam, were centres in which politics and architecture were united for the purpose of handing down an imperishable legacy to mankind.

The appreciation of the correlation between statesmanship and architecture which is so deeply implanted in the Fuehrer, the architect of the German Reich, has also made Hermann Goering an inspired and æsthetic innovator in the domain of architecture. His personal co-operation in the building of great official structures does not exhaust his potentialities as an æsthetic creator in the domain of architecture. Consequently it will readily be appreciated that a man endowed with Goering's qualities as a statesman and a man of real dynamic energy should have both the inclination and the taste for arranging his own home in a style in keeping with his instinct for personal orderliness and also in keeping with his æsthetic sense and with his appreciation of beauty.

When in the year 1933 he visited the official home of the former Minister of Industry in the Leipziger Platz, which was henceforth to be his own home, he knew after a hurried examination of the house that he could not work for a single hour in peace in those intricate mazes, those over-ornate and uncomfortable rooms which were built in the singularly bad taste of an era that had passed away. In the course of a week he drew up plans himself which made such a complete change in the house that its old-time builders would hardly have been able to recognize either its exterior or its interior. The gaudy pomposity of a so-called 'Representation' style disappeared as if by magic. Whole cartloads of rococo ornamentation were removed from the structure. Four rooms with hideous niches were converted into one great spacious workroom whose straight lines and tasteful furniture fill every visitor with admiration. The elaborate and pretentious staircase built in the style in vogue at the end of the last century was scrapped in order to make room

for the spacious reception-hall. The neglected garden which had been darkened by hideous brick walls assumed a different aspect when the magnificent groups of trees and the new spacious stretches of green sward were revealed to view. And before very long this dismal and cramped garden which had run wild with rank vegetation was converted into a park which was greatly admired by the visitors to the annual garden fête.

In Rominter Hermann Goering acted as architect himself for a typical German hunting-lodge laid out in harmony with the tranquillity and beauty of the Rominter heath, a magnificent hunting-ground. This building was roofed with a massive 'Rethdach' in the ancient German style. He was anxious to start the fashion of reviving old and almost forgotten styles of architecture. Around the spacious hall which is the centre-point of the whole structure are grouped the simply-furnished living-rooms and guest-rooms for friends and statesmen from foreign lands who always enjoy the opportunities for hunting and for revelling in the beautiful scenery of Rominter. And when in the courtyard of this magnificent wooden structure, on the building of which all varieties of German timber have been tastefully and skilfully blended, the torches are lit after sunset, and the blast of the huntsman's horn rings out. 'The stag is killed,' Hermann Goering's soul is suffused with care-free serenity.

The Waldhof in the Schorfheide is a magnificent piece of architecture. Its name keeps ever fresh the memory of Karin Goering who sleeps her last sleep here in a grave hedged by juniper and broom, near the banks of the tranquil Wuckersee famous for its venerable oaks. The building of Karin Hall which has no parallel in the world, and which even a constructive thinker like Goering could only conceive once in a lifetime, was the realization of a yearning which Hermann Goering has felt deep down in his soul for many years. During all those long years he had dreamt about this building. His mind was working out details of its planning although he had no idea then that his dream would ever come true. And it was only because he had

been mentally evolving his scheme for many years, until he had prearranged all the details about the architecture, the outlook, and the furnishing of his dream-house—in short, it was only because he ‘had it all in his head,’ in the phrasing of the people—that he was able to complete the work in ten months. As sole architect for the structure he translated his dreams into craftsmanship exact in every detail. He had thought out and designed everything—the building itself, the gardens, the furniture, the lighting system, the mountings—the smallest minutiae, even down to the door handles. And, of course, he carefully selected himself all the pictures and *objets d’art*. He had found in the two young architects Hetzelt and Tuch, of the Department of State for Architecture, very competent technical advisers with regard to the carrying out of his plans.

The desire to come closer in contact with nature is as old as the origin of civilization and of towns themselves. All people who had in the dim distant past reached a high standard of civilization associated the conception of home and nature as inter-blending with each other, and, as a matter of course, the houses rose from the ground simultaneously with the trees that surrounded them. It was under this inspiration of a sense of spacious environment that Hermann Goering, the architect, chose the site of his house in keeping with the landscape. That was probably the finest of his achievements in house-planning. No matter in what direction you look, no matter from what window you look, your eye always rests on the lake or on the forest, and even when you are standing in the central courtyard you are enthralled by the vision of the stately pines towering with their lofty cone-shaped crests over the beautiful building around which they stand like sentinels. It was in accordance with a definite æsthetic plan of his own that Goering arranged the setting of his home among the trees.

Hermann Goering knows his Schorfheide very well. He knows its aspect in spring, in summer, in autumn, and in winter—he knows every change of nature in his forest. He is ever attracted towards it—he feels that in the tranquillity of his Schorfheide which he loves so much he can formulate

his plans and he can do his work far away from the flurry and the tumult of the city. Here he is able to find congenial environment for that mental concentration without which he could never cope with the colossal tasks that he has to face.

Karin Hall is no mere week-end home—this house in the woodland setting is absolutely indispensable to Hermann Goering as a 'workshop.' Like all other men Goering feels he has onerous duties to perform, and that one of the foremost of these duties is to maintain his strength and his energy for the service of the Fuehrer and the Reich. And it was under the stimulus of this sense of duty that he built Schorfheide.

An unforgettably beautiful avenue between rows of ancient trees leads to a great inner court, around which the lofty main buildings and its wings are arranged. An ambulatory, supported by powerful oaken beams, encircles the imposing courtyard. Ancient portals of great magnificence, mementoes from a southern clime, have been built in as gateways, and their artistic beauty only emphasizes the severe simplicity of their setting. The roof of the house itself as well as of the lodge is of rushes, and blends more harmoniously with the landscape than one of slates or tiles. Magnificent masonry of squared granite blocks of different colours and wonderful metal-work greet the eye on the first approach to the building. The whole structure has the stamp of restraint and simplicity, despite the fact that it is built of the best and most costly materials.

The whole interior of the building shows evidences of Goering's personal touch at every point. The lay-out of the rooms and the entire scheme of interior architecture are on a generous, impressive, and yet a modest design. As Hermann Goering conceived the ground-plan and the structure on lines that expressed his own strong and self-willed personality, and as he gave expression to the severe simplicity of the present-day style of architecture in the solid durability of the construction of the house, so likewise, in accordance with the recent æsthetic revolution in our German art, and with a clearly defined sense of rhythm

and elasticity, he has co-ordinated the blending of the style and decorations of the various rooms so as to make one harmonious whole, and thereby has given a very valuable contribution to the architectural expression of our time.

The visitor who enters the great gallery situated in the centre of the building is under the impression that he is standing in a little museum. Goering is a most enthusiastic curio-hunter. He is not one of those who causes sensations in auction rooms through the medium of agents equipped with money-bags. There is no æsthetic ability shown by buying odds and ends of arts when you have plenty of money to throw away on them, but it thrills you to search for them yourself, and to discover treasures when you have not much money to spend on them. Here in Goering's home the visitor will find presents from all nations in the world—from monarchs and from statesmen, as well as a considerable amount of valuable articles which Goering discovered and purchased himself. His splendid old masters, and especially his Lukas Cranach pictures as well as his wonderful old Gobelins, are an eternal source of delight to him. They are all articles of really intrinsic value, which give the same delight to the connoisseur as the treasures of antiquity or the statues, furniture, and pictures of the golden age of Gothic art.

Close to the gallery is the huge workroom in which Goering carries out his official duties and receives reports. The huge library adjoins it. And then if the visitor passes on into the reception-room and sees the stout oak beams of this spacious apartment it seems to him to symbolize the energy and the self-reliance of its owner. The stair-cases leading to the rooms on the upper story take the visitor through the hall which is adorned with the splendid trophies that have been taken home in triumph from the German forests by the Master of the Hunt for the Reich. And then there is a little room completely fitted out with Tyrolese furniture and fittings dating back to the year 1410, and adorned with Gothic treasures, which permits the master of the house to have complete seclusion. In that sanctuary it is possible for him to concentrate his

thoughts and plan out important decisions. A private loggia to which there is no access from any quarter, permits him to get out into the open air, and commands a view of the lake, a patch of nature in her loveliest and most silent mood. It is here that he does his work in summer, while during the other seasons he works in his private room which adjoins the card-room.

A glance into the little library attached to his private workroom, which contains only works which were selected by Goering himself, gives one an idea of the types of literature that specially appeal to him. In addition to a vast collection of works dealing with the Nordic nations, it also contains all the books dealing with prehistoric Germany and works on military science and on German history, on which Goering is a very sound authority. In the large library downstairs you will find all types of books such as are to be seen in any comprehensive library—classical books, works dealing with every department of service, books on hunting, belles-lettres, editions *de luxe*, and complete sets of works of all the leading nations in the world.

In the card-room, which is adorned with portraits of Frederick the Great, Moltke, and Napoleon in his younger days, the Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force holds his conferences with his staff.

It is impossible to describe in such a brief compass all the details about the varied wonders and the artistic beauty of Karin Hall. To do adequate justice to the theme would take a special volume with numerous illustrations.

It should be mentioned that while Goering is very solicitous for the welfare and comfort of his guests, he never forgets to look after his subordinates and his servants. They are provided with bathrooms just as the guests are. Furthermore, Goering has furnished the rooms of his dependants as comfortably as his own. While other masters show petty economies in this domain, Goering declares that such an attitude is false and is contrary to the spirit of National Socialism. The rooms belonging to all his fellow-workers are cheerful, bright, and comfortable, and are

decorated in accordance with a scheme specially arranged by Goering himself.

In the cinema attached to the building there are seats for the wood-rangers, who, were it not for his thoughtfulness, would never have an opportunity for such a welcome relaxation in that region so far from the beaten track. An evening spent at a game of skittles frequently brings him into social contact with his servants or with his officers.

Hermann Goering called Karin Hall his 'Waldhof.' If it is desired to give the structure a title which aptly describes its individuality and a title the meaning of which would be more generally comprehensible, one might say that it is suggestive of an ancient German baronial hall placed in the setting of a typical Nordic landscape. It is the expression of the imaginative faculty of a National Socialist who, as the leading man of the Third Reich, is resolved to leave to posterity a permanent monument of culture.

. . . . .

We have just had a glimpse of the work, the struggles and the creative force—of the vital energy and the sheer uncompromising integrity of Hermann Goering. We have seen his force of character and his great achievements in their mutual reaction destined by fate. It seems as if fate had ordained that that strong-willed youth of Veldenstein and Mauterndorf should travel along the path which he laid down for himself, and that the young officer of 1914 should become the Commander of the most famous air squadron of the world in the darkest hour of his Fatherland, when he displayed the courage and determination which were to fit him for the day when he came face to face with Adolf Hitler. It seems as though fate, the wisest, most maternal and staunchest friend of great men, deliberately predestined that he should come into close contact with every phase of human activity, from the very highest to the very lowest, in order that she might stimulate and develop the great mental resources of the man for whom she had marked out such a glorious future.

Hermann Goering's person and Hermann Goering's

achievements are revealed to the heart and eye of the German people in the most perfect harmony as the expression of the nation itself. His life has been one of devoted service from the beginning, and it will continue to be one of devoted service until he draws his last breath—a life of devoted service to the Fuehrer and to his people. "I serve not because it is expedient for me, but because the impulse to serve comes from my heart and from my blood, simply because I cannot do otherwise."

In his life every incident that has been recorded is calculated to inspire the coming generation to emulate his achievements. In his achievements everything is comprised which a nation could demand from one of its sons. "The strength of nations is maintained by the great men born to them at the psychological hour," said Frederick the Great. Let us be grateful to fate, which has proved the truth of this epigram in the person of Hermann Goering.

The German nation has opened a new chapter in its immortal life, and has rallied around the man whom fate had destined to be its leader. Fate was gracious enough to rally around the Fuehrer a band of men who, like pillars, support the edifice on which he is eternally working, his hand outstretched and his thoughts firmly concentrated on the fulfilment of the destiny of our day. Hermann Goering has inscribed his name in the scrolls of our history with the pen of action. Why this happened and how it happened, has been described in this book.

The verses written by Walter von der Vogelweide, the most Germanic of all German singers, which were an inspiration and a clarion call to Hermann Goering from his earliest days, are immortal :

'Unyielding as a rock his strength of soul,  
His loyalty is straight and true as an arrow to its goal.'





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 her hysterical outburst in Reichs-  
 tag, 142

# HURST & BLACKETT'S

## *Spring List*

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### General Books

#### HERMANN GOERING—The Man and His Work Dr. Erich Gritzbach

Preface by R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

Author of "GUNS OR BUTTER", etc.

Here, from the pen of General Goering's Chief-of-Staff, is a full-length biography of one of the most prominent characters in the Crisis of last autumn. It must be an important work to the British public because Goering himself, as chief of the Nazi Air Force and Hitler's right-hand man, is obviously a leading figure in European politics.

The book deals with the General's parentage, upbringing, war career, his flights to Switzerland and Sweden, his two marriages. It describes his actions during the critical phases of the Nazi movement, his drive in putting the Four-Year-Plan into operation.

It shows General Goering to be a great statesman and a sublime patriot: it dwells with emotion on his love of children and for the poor.

We give below an extract from the preface by R. H. Bruce Lockhart.

"I doubt if the average Englishman possesses anything like a true picture of the personality and character of Herr Hitler's chief assistant. In his mind General Goering is probably fixed as a cross between a brutal tyrant and a festive Falstaff with a private wardrobe as large as that of the late Marquess of Anglesey.

"How far Herr Gritzbach's biographical study will correct these false impressions is a matter for conjecture. But *the book must be read. It is of prime importance as a study of present-day German mentality.*"

The book is unusually well illustrated with fine-quality photographs, and as an authentic and detailed account of Goering's career and personality will interest many people in England, whether or not they are sympathetic to the regime of which he is one of the central figures.

*Large Demy 8vo. Illustrated. About 18s. net.*

(February publication.)

UNSOUGHT ADVENTURE

Charles Barry

Author of "THE BOAT TRAIN MYSTERY", "A CASE DEAD AND BURIED", etc.

It is ten years since the late Lewis Melville, well-known biographer of Thackeray, wrote as follows in his autobiography *Not All the Truth* :

"There was Charles Barry, a name which veils, but does not disguise from his friends, the identity of one who, having been private soldier, artillery and staff officer in the Tsar's army during the War, found it advisable to leave the Russian ranks after his refusal to swear a provisional oath of provisional allegiance to the Provisional Government which followed the Revolution. He does not talk much of his subsequent work in the British Army, and all that is known of his activities is deduced from his habit of turning up suddenly in the most extraordinary places, such as Archangel, Tagg's Island, or Jassy, under various aliases. It is to be feared that these aliases baffled his friends as much as they were calculated to mislead the enemy, for it is, he tells me, a fact that at one time our War Office, his employers, granted him two commissions under the impression that he was two separate and distinct people. After the War he found an outlet for some of his energy in editorial work for the International Labour Office of the League of Nations ; but regular office hours and life on the placid shores of Lemman palled, and he is now writing mystery tales which—I hope that he will not mind my saying—for all their thrills, must be pale, anaemic things compared with the plain and unvarnished autobiography which I am trying to persuade him to write."

Where Lewis Melville failed others have succeeded, and since Charles Barry claims that he never looked for trouble—the result is *UnsoUGHT Adventure*, a story of experiences such as fall to the lot of few in modern times. It is a story that has that "different" something about it which lifts it apart from the ordinary autobiography of adventure.

*Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

(February Publication.)

( 2 )

## **"THEY ALSO SERVED"**

**The experiences of a private soldier, a prisoner of War in German Camp and Coal-mine, 1916-18**

**Cecil Thomas**

Taken prisoner on Vimy Ridge in May, 1916, during a German attack in which, a British History states, "the fire was among the most concentrated and deadly of the whole war", the writer gives a vivid account of the fighting and of the fate which befell himself and many of his fellow-privates in a London Territorial Battalion.

The description of the events leading up to their capture and their treatment by the Germans in the trenches is followed by that of the starvation and horrors of life in a concentration camp, relieved only by the unexpected appearance of some "Old Contemptibles", captured during the Retreat from Mons.

Having soon been drafted to a coal-mine at Dortmund, in the heart of industrial Westphalia, the writer gives an authentic record of the privations endured by some four hundred British, French and Russian prisoners, doing forced labour "down below".

The book abounds with thrills, not least of which are the several attempts at escape, the strikes, and the mine disaster. In this last, fifty Englishmen, expelled from the mine cage to make way for as many Germans, stand aside, only to see the wire snap and the new occupants dashed to destruction half a mile below.

Of particular interest, also, are the accounts of the Revolution; the mutiny in the British Navy—shown on all the placards; the reception of the Armistice by the German working-man, and, especially in the light of the present political situation, the manner in which Germany greeted the return of her "victorious soldiers".

Every incident in the book is authentic—every character is that of one who actually played his part in Germany from 1916 to 1918, and through it all runs the theme of the humour and soldierly bearing of even the civilian-trained British soldier, who, deprived of his arms and in the hands of the enemy, yet thought it worth while to keep his buttons bright for the honour of his country.

To him the book is dedicated.

*Large Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.*

(March Publication.)

## WE SAW HIM ACT

### A symposium on the Art of Henry Irving

A series of Essays, Articles, Anecdotes, Personal Reminiscences, and Dramatic Criticisms, written by his contemporaries, collected and collated by H. A. SAINTSBURY. Edited by H. A. SAINTSBURY and CECIL PALMER.

The object of this magnificent volume is to form a permanent memorial to perhaps the greatest figure on the English stage—Sir Henry Irving.

The book comprises forty-nine chapters, each chapter dealing with one of the forty-eight parts played by Irving at the Lyceum and Drury Lane Theatres, and a final chapter on Irving as stage manager. Each chapter is by a different writer, who saw Irving act the part he describes, and each impression is supported by biographical notes, anecdotes and stories, describing characteristic phases of his acting and personality from many varying points of view, thus forming a complete picture of Irving the artist and Irving the man. In each chapter is included the programme and cast of the play described.

Edited by a distinguished actor, H. A. Saintsbury (well known for his 1,400 performances as Sherlock Holmes, his Edmund Kean in *Ned Kean of Old Drury*, his Louis XI in *The Vagabond King*, and also as the author of several plays) and Cecil Palmer, the well-known author and journalist, *We Saw Him Act* will provide a much-overdue literary memorial to one of the greatest figures of the English Theatre.

A selection of admirable drawings by such eminent artists as Sir Bernard Partridge, Tom Heslewood, H. Halladay-Hope; and many interesting photographs are included.

A substantial portion of the profits arising from the sales of the book will be allotted to the Henry Irving Centenary Memorial Fund.

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## SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS, 1939

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*Royal 8vo. About 21s.*  
(February Publication.)

NOTE.—An attractive prospectus will be issued of this important work.

## **THE WORLD OF WINGS**

**Recollections of an Air Pioneer**

**Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe, O.B.E., F.R.Ae.S., M.I.Ae.E.**

It is only a little over thirty years ago that A. V. Roe, now Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe, piloting a machine of his own design and construction, made the first short, brief flight over British soil.

During his experiments at Lea Marshes, 1908-9, he was nearly arrested for carrying out his trials there.

His firm, A. V. Roe & Co. Ltd., built the first British seaplane in 1910, and the first cabin aeroplane in 1912.

He was responsible for the famous AVRO 504, on which thousands of pilots learnt to fly during the Great War. No type of machine has ever been made in such numbers. It was adopted, also, by numerous governments for training purposes.

Since then Sir Alliott's firms, A. V. Roe & Co. Ltd., and Saunders-Roe Ltd., have produced many excellent types of aeroplanes and flying-boats.

Knighted for his outstanding services to British aviation, Sir Alliott, by his exceptional genius, courage, and determination, occupies a unique position in the world of flying. He is referred to, with justification, as the Father of British Aviation.

In this book, which deals with his life and work, he tells from first-hand experience of the pioneer days of flight; of his trials and tribulations which were only surmounted by great faith and indomitable pluck; of the great heroes of the air; of his work in commercial aviation; and of his view of the great possibilities and developments that offer themselves in the future.

The story of his remarkable career is a romance in itself, and it provides an inspiring and amazing account of the life of one of Britain's Greatest Sons.

The work will contain a unique series of historic photographs.

*Demy 8vo. About 15s. net.*  
(April Publication.)

## KING'S NURSE . . . BEGGAR'S NURSE

### "Blackie" (Sister Catherine Black)

The name of Sister Catherine Black is familiar to millions all over the world as the nurse who nursed the late King George V with such skill and devotion. From the time of His Majesty's first serious illness, in the winter of 1928, until his death seven years later, she was constantly with him, and during that time "Blackie" as she was known affectionately, endeared herself to all the Royal Family. Some of the most fascinating chapters in her book deal with her experiences in the Royal Household, for she gives intimate glimpses of the late King and of Queen Mary and their children, tells of their family life, paints with touching simplicity the portrait not of the Sovereign, but of the man who was King George V.

But apart from her link with the Royal Family, Catherine Black's life is in itself an enthralling romance. She writes of her childhood in Donegal in the old stormy days of friction between the great English landowners and the peasantry on their Irish estates: of her hospital training under white-haired sisters who had served their apprenticeship under Florence Nightingale. She tells of the real-life dramas of the operating theatre, of the tragedies and comedies enacted in the wards of our great hospitals, of the romances of research work . . . stories more enchanting than fiction.

At the London Hospital, where she trained, Nurse Black followed in the footsteps of Edith Cavell, and she was actually in Brussels while the latter was organizing her hospital there; the story of that heroic endeavour is one of the most poignant passages in the book.

Then the scene changes to the Great War, to casualty clearing stations behind the British line in France, where the wounded were brought in straight from the trenches, and the surgeons operated night and day with the roar of the guns in their ears. Nurse Black saw four years of the horrors of modern warfare, saw it from the Aldershot Hospital where she was in charge of a ward filled with hopelessly disfigured men, saw it from base hospitals and emergency dressing stations in No Man's Land, where air raids took their toll of nurses and patients alike.

She tells of her return to civilian life, of her experiences as a nurse in other countries, of a tour in Australia, where she visited lonely hospitals in the "back of beyond" and met the famous flying doctors and bush nurses.

*Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.*

(March Publication.)

**PRINCESS OR PRETENDER** Mary L. Pendered  
Author of "THE FAIR QUAKER", etc. and Justinian Mallett

In the year 1866 there was tried, in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, a case that was probably the most extraordinary on record. It dealt with a claim to the title of Princess by a Mrs. Olivia Wilmot Serres, brought, after her death, by her daughter, and opposed by the Attorney-General for the Crown. The case was supported by a mass of documents, including birth certificates, several of them asserted to have been signed by George III, Lord Warwick, Lord Chatham, and other distinguished persons, who all testified to the claimant's rights as the legitimate daughter of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. Among these papers appeared a marriage certificate stated to be that of Hannah Lightfoot, reputed wife of George III when Prince of Wales, a marriage that is still regarded as hypothetical.

Its effect was startling. The jury was, not unreasonably, shocked when the certificate was read in Court, and the Attorney-General indignantly declared it to be nothing less than an attack on the reigning monarch. The Judge denounced it as "an intimidation", as, if genuine, it showed that George IV and all his brothers and sisters were illegitimate. Thereupon the plaintiff's case was summarily—and some people thought unjustly—closed; certain affidavits were not permitted to be read, and the whole batch of documents, having been declared "gross and impudent forgeries", was impounded. They have never been seen since.

But there were certain enigmatical features in this case that have not yet been fully explained. Of late some interesting matter concerning it has come to light from papers in the possession of Mrs. Serres' great-grandson, which would seem to suggest that the whole of this case was not adequately investigated. They are, at least, worth examination, and this has been done very carefully during the last year.

Whether Mrs. Serres was a princess, an impostor, or a victim of self-delusion, she was undoubtedly a very remarkable woman, whose dramatic story, told by two competent writers, should prove engrossing.

Set in a Court and Society full of colour, intrigue, and scandal, in that picturesque but squalid period of our history when princes followed their own sweet will undeterred, when it was possible for any unscrupulous woman, gifted with wit and beauty, to found a noble family, it should attract and rivet attention.

*Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net.*

(Late Spring Publication.)

## ADVENTURES ON THE HIGH SEAS

Captain H. G. Kendall, R.D., R.N.R.

This is one of the most exciting, amusing and gripping sea-yarns of modern times. It begins with windjammer days when the author went to sea in the prettiest ship that was sailing the Atlantic, and we follow him through all kinds of thrilling adventures across the world, including mystery and ghost story, Australian gold-fields and pearling in the South Seas, battering round Cape Horn, South American fever-ports; West African pestilential rivers; hard-case skippers; San Francisco in the bad old days and the Klondike Gold Rush.

Transferring from sail to steam, the author endured shipwreck off Newfoundland and the experience of crashing into an iceberg. As Master of the C.P.R. liner *Montrose*, Captain Kendall was able to bring about the capture of the notorious Dr. Crippen. This dramatic account, with the employment of wireless to Scotland Yard, the gradual ripening of suspicion to certainty, and the daily conversations with Crippen till Inspector Drew comes aboard disguised as a pilot, is one of the most amazing detective yarns outside fiction.

Whilst in command of the famous liner *Empress of Ireland*, this same Captain Kendall was sunk by the S.S. *Storstad*. The whole story from chapter to chapter is one long series of adventures that will keep the reader enthralled. As Marine Superintendent at Antwerp in August, 1914, when the victorious German Army was sweeping into Belgium, Captain Kendall rose to a great occasion in a glorious episode. Two valuable British liners at Antwerp seemed certain of falling into German hands. Hastily putting aboard a scratch crew, the one vessel towed the other full of refugees across to the Thames.

During the Great War as Commander R.N.R. of H.M. Armed Cruiser *Calgarian*, Captain Kendall passed through some remarkable incidents: searching for German raiders; escorting British submarines. As Commodore of Convoys, he spent a notable period dodging U-boats, until finally U-19 torpedoed H.M.S. *Calgarian* twice, and she sank with heavy loss of life. But Captain Kendall survived and lived to be entertained at Hamburg.

Altogether this is a book of great historical value and entertaining interest.

*Demy 8vo. Fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.*

(April Publication.)

## **"BEHOLD OUR NEW EMPIRE"—MUSSOLINI**

**Louise Diel**

Translated from the German by KENNETH KIRKNESS

Frau Diel already knew Africa, and her third visit was undertaken with the encouragement, and at the personal request, of Signor Mussolini. The Duce said, "Go and see for yourself what things are like in our new country," and, in an interview which took place on the eve of the author's departure for Italian East Africa, he prophesied, "You will find a good deal less 'Africa' than you expect."

Louise Diel, who actually was the first woman to visit the new Abyssinia, spent several months touring the country by motor, aeroplane, and special caravan, gaining a wealth of unique experiences, and receiving a multitude of first-hand impressions, which are recorded in this volume. The enthusiasm of the nation, and its determination to make the most of the new colonial opportunity, is the outstanding feature which emerges from these pages. What has been achieved in Italian Ethiopia during the last eighteen months—all circumstances considered—is almost without historic parallel. A new land with modern thoroughfares, railways, bridges, hospitals, towns and aerodromes is being created at fabulous speed. The soil is being made to deliver up its riches and bear fruit.

In addition to describing the experiences of a journey which took her to Asmara, Gondar, Assab, and Addis Ababa, as well as to Gambela, Harar and Mogadiscio, the author reviews the tasks and problems of a political and, especially, of a commercial and industrial nature with which the builders of the New Empire will have to wrestle.

This is a book of considerable actual interest and importance, whose lively descriptions and excellent qualities of entertainment should be widely appreciated.

*Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.*  
(March Publication.)

## **TIN CAN ISLAND**

**A story of Tonga and the Swimming Mail Man of the South Seas**

**Charles Stuart Ramsay and Charles P. Plumb**

Just as *Trader Horn* stood out as reality against the novelist's imaginative descriptions, so does *Tin Can Island* provide one of the few genuine pictures of a South Sea island.

This is a book which gives a true yet dramatic account of life on Niua Fo'ou, an island in the Tongan group.

Ramsay has spent the best part of twenty-five years copra-trading there. He has captured the atmosphere, the life, love and beauty of those sunny islands. As a young man he went South, and there he found it possible to combine work

with beauty. The natives are friendly, intelligent, and far from being the languorous degenerates many people suppose them to be.

When he discovered that few ships called with mail because of the treacherous shores, Ramsay arranged to swim out a mile or more to meet them, night or day. The island mail was flung overboard in a sealed tin can, and many thousands of letters were delivered in this way. Throughout the Southern Hemisphere Niua Fo'ou is now known as Tin Can Island.

Ramsay has had adventures—plenty of them—and his accounts have the simple ring of truth. There is intense interest and humour in his stories of native guile, and he imparts to his readers something of the glamour that casts its spell over these lovely islands.

"An intimate and sympathetic account of his life among these happy people (the Tongans)."—*The Times*.

"It is all fascinatingly attractive."—*Sunday Mercury*.

"A book which gave me pleasure and enjoyment beyond measure . . . no reader will escape the fascination of these pages . . . I recommend it without hesitation to all."—JAMES WHITTAKER.

The book is superbly illustrated with photographs taken by the author and his collaborator.

*Demy 8vo. 77 photographs and 4 maps. 15s. net.*

## **BLACK BARBARY**

**Patrick Turnbull**

"In this account of journeys in the interior of Morocco the author breaks new ground. He ignores the tourist-frequented cities of Fez, Meknes, Marrakesh, Rabat and Tangier, and strikes out into the country beyond the Grand Atlas Mountains which is still under military control. Travelling by car in this Zone d'Insécurité he wanders up and down through the land of the Berber tribes, visiting villages, towns, Kasbars and oases in regions difficult of access, sometimes separated by wide stretches of the Sahara Desert.

"Of his kindly and courteous reception by French officials and native notables he writes with enthusiasm. He has gathered from many first-hand sources a wealth of knowledge concerning native life and folk-lore which he sets down most attractively. Descriptions of the fertility and picturesqueness of some of the regions form a revelation. Nor does he neglect to furnish much information on the history of the tribes, who for centuries have been warriors conducting remorseless internecine wars.

"There are interesting chapters dealing with the Foreign Legion, the Spahis and Goumiers in their long-drawn-out struggle with the natives, which only quite recently ended in the final conquest of this country. Mr. Turnbull greatly praises the success of the French method of colonization, which preserves almost completely the native customs.

## SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS, 1939

"The charm of this volume lies not so much in its claim to unconventionality as in the novelty of its setting, and the author's ability to hold his reader's interest throughout. A map and many excellent photographs complete a record of travel well worth reading."—*Blus Peter* (COMMANDER A. T. STEWART, R.N.).

"*Black Barbary* is no ordinary traveller's account of Morocco. He journeyed off the beaten tracks and visited towns and villages of which we hear little elsewhere. In doing so he became well acquainted with the Berbers, a race whom the author likes and describes well. He also has had first-hand experience of the Foreign Legion. These wanderings are intermixed with history told in a style which interests and informs. There is more in this book than descriptions, and it is well worth studying."—*The Field*.

*Demy 8vo. 53 photographs and a map. 15s. net.*

## ENGLISH ESCAPADE

· **Brian Meredith**

Author of "ESCAPE ON SKIS" (Recommendation of the Book Society).

*English Escapade* is the title chosen by Brian Meredith, the Canadian author whose *Escape on Skis* was recommended by the Book Society last January, for his next book. He has been writing it, or, as he remarks, living it, for two years or more, and he brings to it the new and unbiassed viewpoint of a stranger and a "foreigner"; thus we feel that something unusual is to be anticipated. All people, and not alone the English people, like to hear themselves "talked about, analysed and psycho-analysed", and on the basis of a casual but critical travel-autobiography he has made many informal and entertaining excursions into the English scene.

He writes from an entirely new viewpoint. England has been discussed, damned, described, and defied by every variety of foreigner, but not yet by a Canadian, who finds England ". . . dear, but faintly incredible". He treads upon toes and gets his own trodden upon. As a journalist he works in Fleet Street, covering various assignments and describing various aspects of English life for Canadian magazines, thus giving amusing and outspoken sidelights on his experiences and impressions.

But he is as analytical of his own country as he is of England, and incidentally the English reader will absorb a lot of information about the Dominion. The book will be hard to classify, but it will undoubtedly be an oddity to attract the intelligent reader and one bound to command the attention of critics.

The title *English Escapade* is appropriate to the contents, dealing as it does with gay mental adventurings in Great Britain, thus linking inferentially with *Escape on Skis*, the book's predecessor.

*Demy 8vo. Illustrated. About 10s. 6d. net.*  
(March Publication.)

## THE NAUTICAL WEEK-END BOOK James Hanley

Author of "DRIFT", "BOY", "HOLLOW SEA" (Recommendation of the Book Society), etc.

Here is a really original book. Heaven knows why no one thought of it before. Considering that the vast majority of people have an intense love of anything nautical, it is all the stranger that nothing of this kind is in existence.

James Hanley has compiled an exquisite collection of sea miscellanea covering every conceivable phase of life in, on, and evenly remotely connected with the sea.

It is essentially a hotch-potch and not a book of studied orderliness. Mr. Hanley has deliberately made it as unorthodox as possible simply because a mere handbook would give no idea of the glorious contrasts and surprises which are part and parcel of true seafaring literature. Here we have a compôte of sketches, stories, biographies, jokes, reports, ships' logs, etc., etc.; strange and traditional oaths are interlarded with classic verse and ships' menus. Unusual bills of lading share a page with accounts of epic voyages. The end of a biography of some old pirate of the past is spliced, as it were, to a particularly tarry limerick. There pass in procession queer weather forecasts, great escapes, battles, disasters, mutinies, stories of terrific storms, disappearances, mysteries and the like. Blowing right through the book is the authentic tang of the sea.

Here is what the author says :

"Writers go to sea and sailors write, it seems. Sea literature has had its romantic as well as its realistic interpreters, just as it has had its writers who are interested in ships and those who are merely interested in men. But the area covered has largely been that of the familiar and the significant, albeit with many variations. *The Nautical Week-End Book* has aimed at bringing in its opposites, the insignificant and the unfamiliar.

"We are all more or less aware (at least we ought to be) of Joseph Conrad's *Typhoon*, but how many are aware that there exists in such work as Rabelais' a superb sea chapter (and the French are not usually good writers about the sea)? Or, for that matter, that Audreyev wrote superbly about a ship he had never seen?

"This excursion off the beaten track has yielded many discoveries, and they are set out in this book for the reader's entertainment and information. The tempo of the book is like that of the excursion train that rushes off its passengers on an unknown, a secret journey, and in travelling has collected the odd and the fantastic as well as the plebeian and the utterly significant.

"In brief, therefore, this book is a rich haul that has been netted from the depths of nautical literary history, and which, carefully prepared for the discriminating reader's palate, has been generously garnished, here and there, with a modern sauce."

*Demy 8vo. Illustrated. About 10s. 6d. net.*  
(April Publication.)



## **BRITAIN'S JEWISH PROBLEM**     M. G. Murchin

The problem of the Jews in Britain, and the power they wield in public affairs, is a matter of the most absorbing interest in these days when propaganda has clouded the issue and made it almost impossible for the ordinary man to see the subject in its true perspective. This book throws an entirely new light on the Jewish question as it affects the man in the street. It is a critical but strictly impartial analysis written, under a pseudonym, by a well-known Fleet Street journalist who has studied the whole problem for a number of years in the light of events since the Great War.

*Britain's Jewish Problem* is the first really detailed study of a subject that is of interest to every man and woman in the country. It deals with such controversial topics as Jewish Commercial Morality; Is Communism Jewish?; The Jews and Public Morals; Jewish Control of Gold; The Jew in Politics; The Jews and the Press; Jewish Trade Monopolies; The Jews and Crime.

The author's object is to deal on a strictly factual basis with the arguments advanced for and against the Jews, and to present the problem exactly as it is, without distortion or bias. *Britain's Jewish Problem*, coming at a time when large-scale immigration adds to the confusion of the public, must be read by all who are interested in this vitally important topic.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net.  
(February Publication.)

## **GERMANY'S CLAIMS TO COLONIES**

F. S. Joelson

Founder and Editor of "EAST AFRICA AND RHODESIA", and Author of "TANGANYIKA TERRITORY", etc.

Unquestionably the most authoritative and comprehensive work on this important question—which is likely to be thrust into the forefront of world affairs during this year, and which therefore demands study and thought by every citizen.

Mr. Joelson has written far more on this subject than any other British journalist, and has for many years been recognized by British Africa as the leading authority on the subject, to the discussion of which he brings exceptional personal experience. He lived for some years in German East Africa while it was under German rule, served on the British Intelligence Staff at G.H.Q. during the East African Campaign, saw the change to British administration, has kept in closest touch with developments ever since, and recently paid another long visit to the different British East and Central African Dependencies. A fluent German scholar, he has also made a special study of the writings and speeches of the leading German Colonial propagandists.

The author does what has not been done before, namely, sets forth every German argument and examines it. Likewise he applies realistic tests to various proposals publicly made in this country for the satisfaction of the German claims.

He emphasizes that British honour is deeply engaged, and that to transfer to Germany territory in either East or West

Africa would involve the British and French Empires in particular in the gravest strategic dangers. A series of specially drawn maps reveals clearly the nature of those dangers.

In brief, this book completely destroys the case put forward by German propaganda, and shows why it is impossible for Great Britain or France to permit the Berlin-Rome Axis to be extended to East or West Africa.

Every public man, everyone interested in the development of British Africa, and everyone seriously concerned for the future of Great Britain should read this volume.

*Crown 8vo. About 7s. 6d. net.*

(March Publication.)

## **G**ERMANY PUSHES WEST

**Dr. Gerhard Schacher**

Author of "GERMANY PUSHES SOUTH-EAST," etc.

Here is a new book by Dr. Gerhard Schacher. His correct prophecy about the annexation of Austria and Nazi-Germany's encroachment on Czech independence has been remarked by the entire Anglo-Saxon world. There is hardly an author who forecast the tragedies of 1938 for his public so opportunely and on such logical grounds.

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